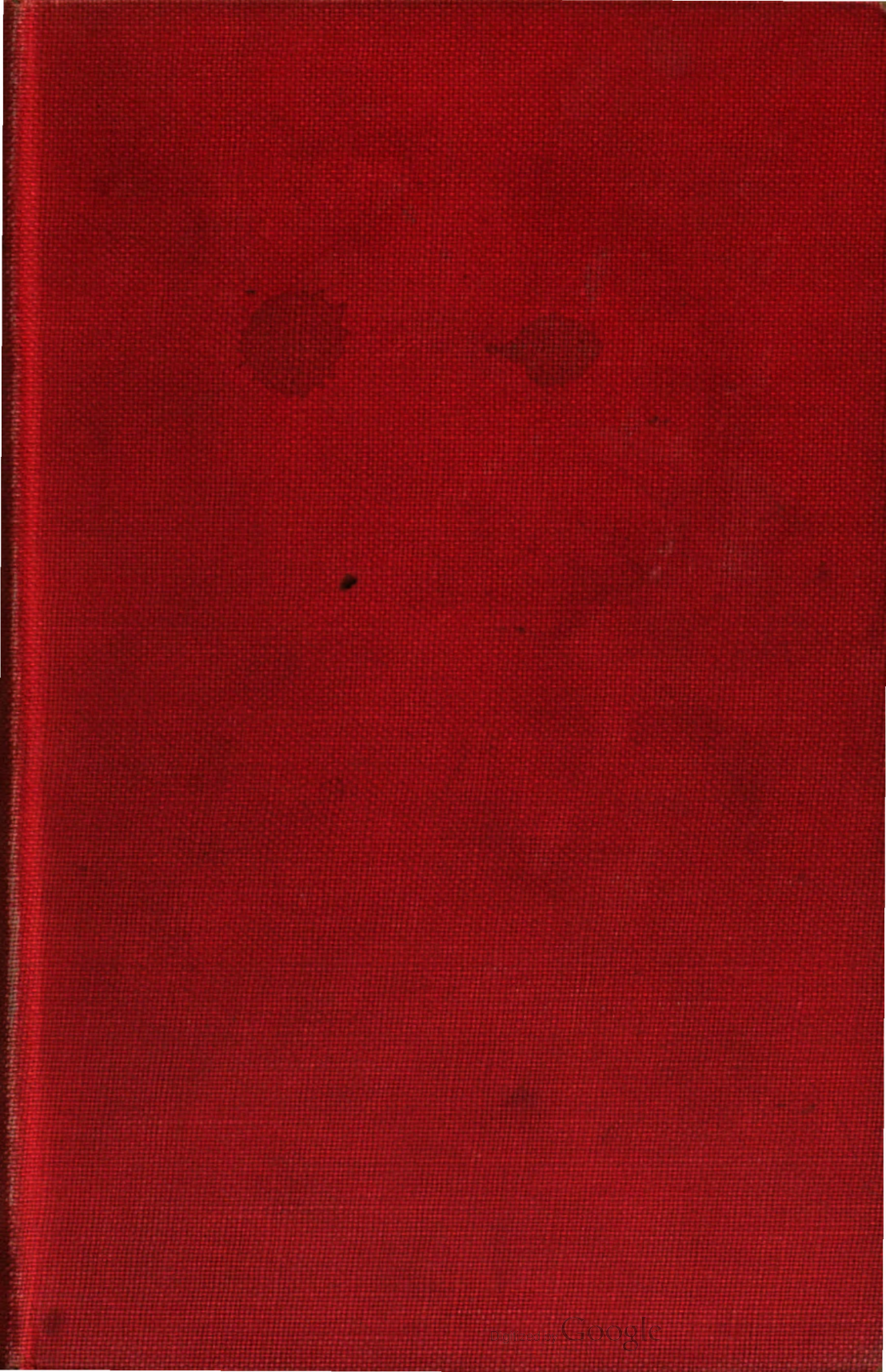

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JAMAICA

J A M A I C A

An Island Mosaic

BY

PETER ABRAHAMS

LONDON

HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

1957

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1868
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A series of illustrated volumes under the sponsorship of the Colonial Office dealing with the United Kingdom's dependent territories, the way their peoples live, and how they are governed. The series has been designed to fill the place between official Blue Books on the one hand and the writings of occasional visitors on the other, to be authoritative and readable, and to give a vivid yet accurate picture. The books are being written by established authors whose qualifications include, where possible, experience of colonial administration and first-hand knowledge of the territory concerned. Neither Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom nor the Governments of the territories necessarily associate themselves with the personal views expressed by the authors. Each volume will contain maps and be fully illustrated.

FOREWORD

By the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston S. Churchill

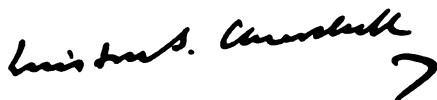
K.C., O.M., C.H., M.P.

NOT since the days of the Roman Empire has a single nation carried so great a responsibility for the lives of men and women born outside her shores as Great Britain does today. Within her forty or so dependent territories dwell eighty million people for whose welfare and enlightenment Britain is, to a greater or lesser degree, answerable.

There has been no lack of critics, at home and abroad, to belittle Britain's colonial achievement and to impugn her motives. But the record confounds them. Look where you will, you will find that the British have ended wars, put a stop to savage customs, opened churches, schools and hospitals, built railways, roads and harbours, and developed the natural resources of the countries so as to mitigate the almost universal, desperate poverty. They have given freely in money and materials and in the services of a devoted band of Civil Servants; yet no tax is imposed upon any of the colonial peoples that is not spent by their own governments on projects for their own good.

I write 'their own governments' advisedly, for however much diverse conditions may necessitate different approaches, the British have for long had one goal in view for their overseas territories: their ultimate development into nations freely associated within the Commonwealth framework. The present state of the Commonwealth is the proof of the sincerity of this policy.

It is because I believe that Britain's colonial record is too little known and her politics too little understood that I welcome the books of the Corona Library. The aim of these books is to present a contemporary portrait, at once reliable and attractive, of each territory. I warmly commend the series to the attention of the public at home and abroad, for if these publications do even a little to clear away the clouds of misunderstanding and prejudice that have gathered round the very idea of colonial government, they will have been well worth while.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Winston S. Churchill", followed by a large, stylized flourish or checkmark.

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Drawings by Rosemary Grimble

Jacket by Namba Roy

Folding map at the end of volume by Directorate of
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Front:

The view of Port Royal from the sea is taken from a coloured lithograph by J. B. Kidd. On the left is a portrait of Sir Henry Morgan (1635–1688), buccaneer and Governor; on the right that of Lady Nugent, the diarist, and wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir George Nugent, who was Lieutenant-Governor from 1801–6. The pictures below are taken from coloured lithographs by P. Benoist after A. Duperly. Both date from the mid-19th century. The view on the left is of Cornwall Street, Falmouth; the view on the right is of Kingston Church.

Back:

Here the emphasis is on slavery, its background and overthrow. The notice of auction is for what were to be the last generation of slaves. *Centre* is William Wilberforce who after many attempts finally saw his Bill for the abolition of slavery become law in 1807. *Right* is Edmund Burke, speaking in the House of Commons in support of Wilberforce's first Bill. *Below, left*, Rose Hall, St. James, from a print (1825) by James Hakewill. *Right*, the destruction of Roehampton Estate in the rising of 1832.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Permission to reproduce photographs is gratefully acknowledged to: Hulton Picture Library, for Sir Henry Morgan (end-paper); Messrs. Tate and Lyle, Ltd., for VIII (b), XVI, XVII (a) and (b); Messrs. Elders and Fyffes, Ltd., for XVIII (a); Alumina Jamaica Ltd., for XIX (a), (b), (c), and (e); Duncan Keith Corinaldi (Kingston), for XIX (d); Amador Packer (Kingston), for XIII (b); Gerry Murison (Montego Bay), for XX (c); *The Daily Gleaner*, for X (b) and XIII (a); Jamaica Tourist Board for VII (a) and (b).

PREFACE

It was in order to write this book that I came to Jamaica, but no sooner had the manuscript been delivered to the Colonial Office than I felt the pull of this sunny island once more, and I returned here to live.

I did not go to the Cayman Islands or to the Turks and Caicos Islands. The former are about 180 miles away to the north-west, and the latter over 400 miles to the north-east, and indeed much nearer to the Bahama Islands. For details of these Jamaican dependencies I must refer the reader to the Colonial Office List.

The people of the West Indies are famous for their warm hospitality and helpfulness. I experienced this hospitality and helpfulness to the full from public servants and private individuals, from the most highly placed as well as from the most humble. Everyone—from Governors, Administrators, leaders of governments down to humble peasants and washerwomen—always had time to answer my questions or allow me to engage them in discussion. It would be impossible to list all these people or adequately express my indebtedness to them.

I owe an especial debt of gratitude to the Officers of the Development and Welfare Organization in Barbados. Their over-all grasp of the economic problems of the entire region supplied me with a basic perspective. My political perspective was formed as a result of discussions with Sir Grantley Adams of Barbados (who received me in hospital during an illness), Vere Bird of Antigua (who took time off from leading the Government of his island to conduct me on an intensive tour), Albert Gomes and Eric Williams of Trinidad, and that 'grand old man of Federation', T. A. Marryshow of Grenada.

In Trinidad the United Kingdom Information Officer, Gordon Ash, was especially helpful and Mrs. Ash was a charming hostess.

The Jamaicans overwhelmed me entirely, so much so that I find it difficult to single out individual names. I have mentioned many names in the text. To mention all those

PREFACE

who helped in the making of this book would require several pages; and still there would be important omissions. So, to those who opened their homes and their hearts and minds to me; to those who housed, fed and entertained me as I wandered about the island; to those who shared my wanderings with me; to those who put their knowledge and experience at my disposal; to the authors who gave me permission to quote from their works; to the dedicated field workers and the devoted executives, my deepest gratitude for helping me to feel as well as see and understand Jamaica.

It was in the hills of Upper Trelawny, while living among the peasant hill-folk that I realized what an important symbol Jamaica was in our race-ridden world. But that, too, is found in the text.

PETER ABRAHAMS

Coyaba, Red Hills
Jamaica

May 1957

JAMAICA

*I saw my land in the morning
And O but she was fair
The hills flamed upwards scorning
Death and Failure here.*

*I saw through the mists of morning
A wave like a sea set free
Faith to the dawn returning
Dark tide bright unity.*

*I saw my friends in the morning
They called from an equal gate
'Build now: whilst time is burning
Forward before it's late.'*

M. G. Smith

1. LANDFALL

i. *Out of Time*

AT over 10,000 feet up there was no earth, no vast Atlantic; only the massed clouds far below, delicately misty, stationary, or so it seemed, and tinged with golden-yellow dawn rays from an unseen sun way below the mass of fleecy, snowlike clouds. Suddenly, a shaft of light sneaked through an opening in the cloud mass and touched the wing-tip. The plane-wing leapt into a fairy-tale brightness that shimmered and glowed in the early light.

I looked at my watch. It had stopped. Perhaps that was as it should be. For how was I to work out what time it was, poised up there, moving through space at over 300 miles an hour, unable to see land or sea? I was moving backwards in time and would be five hours back by journey's end. How then determine at what precise point in time and space I was?

The shaft of light fell away from the wing-tip. Ahead was darkness: behind, the light raced to catch up with us. There was an air of unreality about it all. My mind was charged with fantasy as I peered out of the port-hole, seeking some hint of the Atlantic far below. But there were only clouds. I invested three with the shape of ships. I called them the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, the *Nina*. They were Columbus' ships making the first voyage across the Atlantic: and instead of its being 3rd September, 1955, it was the dawn of 3rd September, 1492.

The *Santa Maria* was a decked ship of 100 tons, the other two were half-decked vessels of fifty and forty tons respectively. They had been at sea more than a month. Among the crew were many who were worried and riddled with fear. They were going into the unknown on the strength of one man's dream. There were about ninety on the three ships. Our single air-borne craft had sixty passengers as well as crew. We had left our point of departure very late yesterday afternoon. There was no fear among us.

At Gander time had three faces. There was Time, London: Time, Gander: Time, New York. I chose the past; Time,

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London. I would hold on to that till the unknown became the known. But no sooner were we above cloud again than the watch stopped. I gave up, took it off and pushed it into my brief-case. I was both ahead and behind Columbus. At New York I studiously avoided looking at the clocks, changed into another Stratocruiser and abandoned myself to the unreality of being lost in time and space. Gradually, imperceptibly, the world of sky and space grew more radiant. The plane swooped down. Reality returned; the sea was below; a placid misty green, but striking light from the bright sunrays. It was a tropical sea, not the cold, grey Atlantic; a sea of light and rapidly changing colours. The plane made a gentle curve and went down over Nassau.

The slogan said: WELCOME TO NASSAU. A smiling black steward offered us a tray of drinks, and on each glass was stencilled: *Jamaica Rum Punch*. The air was fragrant with the scent of many flowers. It was less than twenty-four hours since I had left London.

In the Caribbean I deserted the luxurious B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser for a snub-nosed British West Indian Airways Dakota. There was a homely intimacy about the bulky little plane and those who travelled in it. People were less formal, more relaxed and friendly. Accents were strongly West Indian. A young man journeying back to his small island, after a spell in the United States, engaged in conversation. The friendly West Indian stewardess conversed freely.

We came down on a small island. A large, colourful reception party waited for one of the passengers. It was all very informal, very social; everyone was relaxed and easy-going. The sun and air made for relaxation, for laughter and friendliness. I soon discovered that many of the 100 or more people there had not really come to meet anybody. They had just come. This was contact with the outside world: a social occasion, a general family affair.

We took off twenty minutes after landing. Behind, I left friends who had invited me to stay with them next time I passed through. I tried to remember their names but failed.

We came down on another little island. There was the same easy-going reception committee, the same sense of social occasion. Arrivals and departures were not sad, drab affairs.

LANDFALL

I felt, quite suddenly, that the B.W.I.A. Dakota was more than just a plane to these people. It was an integral part of their lives, the link that made their little islands less isolated, more a part of the bigger world than they had been for hundreds of years. And because air travel had come comparatively recently, it was not yet taken for granted. Memories of the years of isolation, the long journeys by ship and longer waits for ships, were still close enough to evoke a special welcome for B.W.I.A. planes.



B.W.I.A. began its service on 27th November, 1940 with a solitary Lockheed Lodestar. This operated a daily service between Barbados and Trinidad, and a thrice-weekly service between Trinidad and the nearby small island of Tobago. In 1942 they acquired two additional Lockheeds to carry out charter operations between the American military bases in the area. Soon, Grenada, British Guiana and the Dominican Republic were added to the schedule. And on 16th December, 1944 commercial flights between Trinidad and Jamaica began.

Today B.W.I.A., a B.O.A.C. subsidiary, operates a fleet of four Vickers Viscounts, five Vikings and three Dakotas in a

JAMAICA

network service that covers the entire Caribbean and links it with the United States and Latin America. It has an enviable accident-free record.

* * *

I was back on the Dakota. The unknown had become the known. I had completed my 'familiarization tour', made the 2,000-mile sweep from the Bahamas down to Trinidad, stopping for a few days at each of the major British islands. In bustling, thriving Trinidad I had, among other things, climbed a hill and looked across at the coastline of Venezuela, delved into the island's communal problem, taken a quick look at its healthy, oil-based economy and talked with officials of the Caribbean Commission.

In Barbados, Development and Welfare (the organization for Development and Welfare in the West Indies) had been my host and its officers had attempted to instruct me in the complexities of the economic problems of the British West Indies. I had wandered over Barbados, the most 'English' of the islands, and seen the precariousness of its one-crop economy, the acute poverty of the bulk of its people and the racialism that seems the besetting sin of so many English settlers in the tropics.

On lovely little Antigua I had climbed the Shirley Heights, and stood among the ruins of what had been an English garrison in Nelson's day. I had looked down on the tranquil pool of water with its narrow outlet into the sea, known as Nelson's Dockyard because part of his fleet had once docked there. And not far away, on a stretch of sloping land, a solitary black peasant had toiled away at his patch of soil.

The sense and feel of history, of the past, hung strongly over the islands. Columbus and his Spaniards had started it. Drake, Rodney and Nelson had been this way. And many others whose names are not to be found in history books—bondsmen and free, black and white.

We flew over a small island that might have been St. Kitts. Suddenly, there was a rainbow below. It rose out of the sea in a riot of colours, huge and solid, upright and as though one half of the circle of colour were under water.

We travelled for hours more. I was vaguely aware that all

LANDFALL

the pretty stewardesses I had encountered on all the B.W.I.A. planes had been white. Pity. It would have been more representative of the Caribbean if some had not been.

The sun was setting. The Dakota banked sharply. When it straightened out there was land to port. It rose sheer out of the sea, misted and tinged with purple in the setting sun. Lower down, the coastal plain took sweeping shape, lush and green; and behind it were the hills, each succeeding one higher than the one before. The plane swept down to the Palisadoes. This was landfall: Jamaica.

x The island rises out of the sea, and keeps on rising till it reaches a height of 7,402 feet at Blue Mountain Peak. This is the highest point in the British Caribbean. It is striking in an island of 4,411.21 square miles whose greatest length is 146 miles and whose greatest width is fifty-one miles. The mountains are always with one, everywhere: there is no escaping them, and no desire to do so. The profusion of lush vegetation along their slopes, and the sun casting a purplish haze over them, give the island a rare, breath-taking beauty such as I have seen in no other land I have visited.

+ Jamaica is almost in the middle of the Caribbean sea. Trinidad is 1,150 miles away; the distance to New York approaches 1,500 miles; Hispaniola (now Haiti and the Dominican Republic) is 100 miles to the east; the Bahamas as well as Jamaica's tiny island dependencies, the Turks and Caicos Isles, lie between 400 and 600 miles north and north-east. Jamaica is 600 miles from the Panama Canal and 500 miles from the nearest point in South America. It lies on the direct trade routes from Panama to Europe, North America and South America.

ii. *The Gentle Arawaks*

Columbus sighted the north coast of Jamaica on 4th May, 1494. And as he approached land he was not surprised to see canoes coming toward his ships. He had found most of the other islands inhabited by Indians, and he recognized these as the same Arawak Indians he had found on the other islands. What surprised him was the hostility of these people. They brandished darts and shouted in anger. The Indians he had met on

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Hispaniola and the other islands had been friendly, humble and filled with fear at his coming; not bitterly hostile as these.

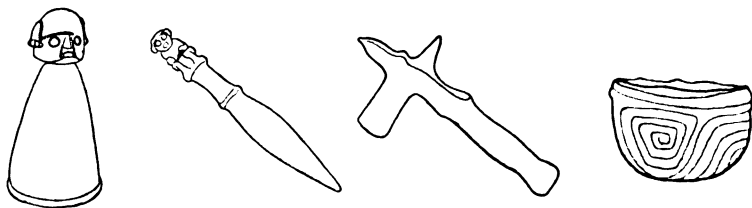
He sent a single bloodhound and a few Spanish bowmen to deal with them. A few Indians were killed and a few savaged. The rest were soon as filled with fear and anxious to please as the others had been. Columbus then bartered with them for the food his ships needed.

Columbus returned to Jamaica two months later and this time explored the south coast. Here his reception was most friendly. The Arawaks met the strangers with gifts of food and fruit. The Jamaican historian, W. Adolphe Roberts, quotes the writings of one Andrés Bernaldez who was with Columbus to the effect that the Cacique or chief offered to embark with his household to pay homage to the supreme lord who had sent Columbus. Accounting for the hostility on the north coast and the friendliness of the south, Mr. Roberts suggests: 'It can only have been that the north, with its easier access to Hispaniola, had heard how the white demigods were persecuting the Indians there, and that rumours had not yet reached the south.'

After this friendly encounter Columbus sailed from Portland Bight, past the still unnamed and unexplored Kingston Harbour, and then back to Hispaniola.

The Arawaks of Jamaica, as of all the other islands, had no written language, and of their history before the Spaniards came there is little first-hand information. But a great deal of research has of late been undertaken, with the blessing of the Institute of Jamaica, and an outline of the story of the Arawaks has emerged from this.

They had come, probably less than five centuries before Columbus discovered them, from the Latin-American main-



Arawak stone objects. Together with two weapons and a bowl is a ceremonial object. Date c. A.D. 1400-1600

land, starting their journey in Trinidad and gradually moving up the islands, pursued by another and more warlike Indian tribe, the Caribs. Wherever they met, the Caribs destroyed the Arawaks and took their women to wife. But the Spaniards appeared before the Caribs reached Jamaica.

Jamaica had an Arawak population of between 60,000 and 80,000 when the Spaniards appeared. They lived in small villages near the sea. In *Jamaica: The Portrait of an Island*, Adolphe Roberts echoes other writers on the gentleness and happiness of the Arawaks:

'Arawak life was the most idyllic in the New World. They loved games, music, and the dance, and they detested fighting. The tribal name meant "eaters of meal", their principal food items being cassava, maize, and sweet potatoes, along with fish and fruit. Now and then they snared coney or birds.'

They were a Stone Age people, and the use of metal was unknown to them. To make their boats they felled trees by firing and with stone axes; then they gouged out the trunks. In these dug-out canoes they fished in the warm tropical waters.

They cultivated the land, clearing it by fire, and grew cassava and maize. Their cultivation of cassava must have been very extensive and successful, for when Columbus visited them the second time, in 1503, they regularly supplied him and his 230 men with cassava bread.

Physically they were a smallish, copper-brown people, rarely passing five feet in height, but perfectly shaped. They seemed remarkably free of diseases, went about naked and honoured their women. They practised a loose form of polygamy and a brand of primitive communism in which each contributed to the general pool and all shared in the available goods. Tribalism with them seems to have been free of some of the ugly features generally associated with it: there are no records of human sacrifice or ritualistic blood ceremonies. Their priests did not exercise any particular authority. It is very likely that they flattened the foreheads of their babies in very early infancy. They were skilled potters.

They buried their dead in caves, helping the departed spirit on its way with food and water. If a Cacique or chief died without a male heir, his nearest eldest female relative succeeded him.

JAMAICA

They had great rubbish heaps, or middens, in which broken pottery and the remains of food were dumped. These, and the caves in which the dead were buried, are, today, the great treasure houses of information about the Arawaks.

* * *

In 1509 the Spanish authorities on Hispaniola sent Juan de Esquivel with seventy men to establish a colony in Jamaica. Esquivel and his men landed at St. Ann's Bay, the place Columbus had named Santa Gloria, on the north coast. They immediately set about building a capital, Sevilla la Nueva. They commandeered food from the Indians and forced them to work on building the capital. A church and palace were laid out. Indians were rounded up and forced to cart the huge stones that were to go into the building. Others were set to digging mines, for the Spaniards were always seeking gold. But the hunt for gold was soon abandoned. Instead, the Indians were forced to grow food.

Esquivel imported horses, cattle and pigs, which the enslaved Indians groomed, fed and looked after. Ten years after his arrival Esquivel could send both horses and food to help Cortes in his invasion of Mexico.

In Hispaniola the Indians had been all but exterminated, and by 1502 Negro slaves had been brought in to replace them. Jamaica imported her first quota in 1517. But this did not save the Arawaks. Less than fifty years after the coming of the Spaniards they were virtually extinct. Nothing remains of them today except their middens and burial caves, and their one utilitarian gift to the world: hammocks.

2. THE STREETS OF SPANISH TOWN

i. *Spanish Jamaica*

SPANISH Town is a drab, dusty little town of winding narrow streets curving and twisting in all directions. But it pulsates with life. The main street, King Street, is a sea of animated dark faces and flashing white teeth. I walked through one narrow street and there were only a few school children about; I turned into another and was forced to leap for the non-existent pavement as some lunatic cyclist, head down, rear in the air, bore madly down on me. As he flashed by my rage got the better of me. I hurled the most potent single-syllabled Jamaican word after him, realizing, a second after it had left my lips, that people are fined for its use. The policeman a little farther down the street must have heard me. The cyclist turned his head, waved, showed his teeth and was gone. I passed the policeman. His look made it clear he had heard me. We both smiled. I carried on down the street.

I might have been walking the streets of Freetown or Takoradi or Accra. The people here looked as the people of those African cities look, moved as the people of those African cities do. There was the same air of run-downness; the same human warmth and animation. Only, the sun was kinder here, the atmosphere less oppressive.

I turned another corner and climbed the wooden stairway to Nina Lee's restaurant. I went to the balcony, sat down and ordered the finest dish of fried rice and shrimps I had ever eaten. While I waited I watched the street below.

On the other side of the street a black woman came out of a corrugated-iron house carrying a pile of washing in a galvanized tub. She went to a small corrugated-iron structure which might have been either an outdoor toilet or a Heath-Robinson shower-bath contraption. An exposed water pipe ran at a sloping angle from the house to the little building. Several big, clean boulders were in the unfenced yard. The woman dumped her laundry, ran water into the tub and began to wash. She spread the whites on the boulders for the sun to bleach. Periodically she poured water over the whites to keep them wet.

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A little distance from the woman a slim, big-eyed boy of seven or eight played with the tiniest five-cornered home-made kite. It dropped like a stone each time he threw it up and ran. The air was still; there was no hint of a breeze. But it was not oppressive. People ambled easily up and down the street. The occasional cars on the road had to slow down and hoot vigorously. Pedestrians seemed reluctant to give way to traffic. Dare-devil cyclists, all in a mad haste, twisted and turned in and out among the pedestrians and miraculously did not run anyone down.

Immediately below the balcony, a strapping black man in the full flower of young manhood was breaking up the road. He wore a pair of khaki pants and a khaki bush shirt open all the way in front. He had a big, round, amiable face. Sweat glistened on his face and the exposed parts of his body. Regularly, methodically, he raised his pick-axe and brought it down with a grunt. Ten blows, then a pause, then he spat on his hands before starting ten more swinging blows.

I finished my fried rice and shrimps, drank an ice-chilled glass of Captain Morgan rum and left the restaurant to wander about the streets of Spanish Town. One drab, twisting, narrow street after another led me, inevitably, to the square which is in the centre of the town. It was quiet here—few people were about—and very clean. I had, for the first time, a sense of uncrowded space.

The Rodney Memorial, to the north, dominates the square. It is cut in marble and set in a confining Romanesque temple whose pillars tend to obscure a clear view of it. It is elaborate in the extreme. The great English admiral is turned into a Roman proconsul with a laurel wreath on his head, and is dressed in Roman tunic and sandals. His left hand rests on a Roman shield, his right is outstretched theatrically, holding a baton. A sense of comic irreverence surged up in me. I felt sure the down-to-earth old sea-dog would have preferred being reproduced as himself rather than the alien and flowery Roman which the sculptor, John Bacon, had made of him. The two captured cannons are more apt reminders of Rodney's victory at the Battle of the Saintes.

To the west of the square is the old King's House façade. It was destroyed by fire in 1925. The old House of Assembly is

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to the east and the courthouse to the south. Beside the Rodney Memorial, to the left of it, is the Public Records office.

But the square itself is immensely more interesting than the memorial and public buildings about it. Only the Cathedral of St. Catherine, a few yards away going south-east, is of greater historical interest than the square. Both were laid out by the Spaniards, and, despite the ravages of time, war and change, the sites are still those marked out by the Spaniards, the foundations still those laid by them.



'The peace that passeth all understanding' fell over me as I entered the cathedral. I was alone for a few seconds, then the coloured canon of the Cathedral was beside me. He told me about the church as we walked through its vast peacefulness. We were walking over the oldest church foundations in the British colonial empire. Our feet echoed on the black and white marble paving stones of the aisles. We walked over the underground tombs of the long-dead great of the island. Here and there we paused to read an inscription telling of the noble

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virtues of a lord or knight or lady. The light of the sun threw the angel figures on the windows into fine relief. The canon's voice was soft and soothing. He was proud of his church, of its past and of the great of the island who were buried there and in the churchyard beyond these walls. They were all English, or, rather, British. I asked about the Spaniards. The canon smiled faintly and said the present church was the second built by the English since they captured the town from the Spaniards in 1655. I waited for him to tell me how the soldiers of Cromwell's puritan army had desecrated the first church when they captured the town. The canon was silent, aware, I fancied, of what was in my mind. Then he rested his hand briefly and lightly on my shoulder, and murmured: 'I can see your mind is on the past. This is a good place to think on the past', and left me. I moved to one of the benches and sat down. It was a good place to think on the past.

The Spaniards had begun the building of the town of Sevilla la Nueva but had not completed it, and in 1534 the place had been abandoned and a new capital founded on the south coast six miles inland from the sea. Spain was engaged in the conquest and looting of the great treasures of Peru and Mexico. Jamaica had become something of a supply depot for the *Conquistadores*. Her principal dealings were with the South American mainland, and for this purpose the approach from the south coast was more direct. The south coast also had a large land-locked harbour with a narrow entrance that afforded protection against attacks from the sea.

The Spaniards called their new town Villa de la Vega. The sweeping Rio Cobre passed north-east of the new capital, ensuring it an adequate supply of water. They laid out their church and square and built their homes about these. The church was built in the shape of a cross.

The colonists established a port for their new capital on Kingston Harbour and another on Portland Bight, which they called Esquivel in honour of the first Spanish Governor.

Life for the Spanish settlers was comparatively easy. They had slaves to grow their food and herd their cattle and work in their homes. There were horses in plenty and what more wonderful in this beautiful land than to ride along the banks of the Rio Cobre to the point, high up, where it poured through

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a mountain gorge and the sun struck light on its flowing foamy white! What more wonderful than to lie in a hammock, the invention of the vanished Arawaks, in the shade of a tree, plucking the latest tunes from Spain on a guitar! They were far from Spain and the Inquisition, and could be lax even about their religion. There were feuds between clergy and officials, but these did not disturb the settlers' lives.

There was news of French pirate ships raiding Hispaniola and Havana, but they didn't take it seriously. Spanish supremacy was unquestioned, unquestionable. When a French privateer docked at their port they treated it lightly, allowed the privateer to stay in their port for twenty days and bartered their produce for its cargo of stolen Spanish property. To teach the Frenchmen a lesson, twenty-two brave sons of Spain-in-Jamaica captured the privateer's longboat one dark night, killed some of its crew and held the rest captive. Later, other privateers appeared.

Sir Anthony Shirley landed there in 1597, captured and sacked the town, whose citizens had fled into the hinterland, and left after collecting a small ransom. Sir Christopher Newport was not as successful when he landed in 1601. The Spaniards had sighted his ships in good time and prepared strong defences. Newport landed upwards of a thousand men, marched on Villa de la Vega and walked into a blistering attack from the Spaniards that forced him to retire and depart from the island.

For four decades after this the island was left alone. Neither the 'gentlemen adventurers' nor the Spaniards regarded it as more than a poor, third-rate colony. The population numbered approximately 1,510 at this period. The town remained a drab, easy-going, sunlit Spanish town where nothing of any real significance took place. Certainly, the citizens could conceive of nothing that could disturb the even, unhurried tenor of their days. No doubt they heard lurid tales of marauding English buccaneers from the crews of Spanish ships that called. But they were not unduly disturbed.

They were not unduly disturbed when Captain William Jackson landed 500 men at their port, Caguaya, in 1643. They waited for him where they had met and defeated Newport. But Jackson and his men were made of sterner stuff. They

fought until they overwhelmed the Spaniards, then they marched on the town and took it.

Jackson fined the town 7,000 pieces of eight, 200 cattle and 10,000 loaves of cassava bread, and only withdrew after the ransom had been paid in full. On this raid twenty-three of Jackson's men deserted to the Spaniards.

While life in Spanish Jamaica was in this comparatively orderly state, much was happening on some of the other islands. One event that was later to have a very direct bearing on Jamaica was the coming of English settlers to the West Indies. The first settlement was established in St. Kitts on 28th January, 1625. Other settlers landed on Barbados on 20th February, 1627. This proved such a success that more settlers were brought to the smaller islands.

This was a direct and practical application of England's repudiation of the famous Papal Bulls that divided the world outside Europe between Spain and Portugal, giving the New World to the Spaniards. In 1580 the English Government had declared that it considered effective occupation the sole determinant of sovereignty. The Dutch and French had followed England's lead and had also sent out settlers to occupy small uninhabited islands.

A second event of great importance was taking place in England at this period. Oliver Cromwell had risen to power, and in 1654 he set his Western Design in motion and challenged the power of Catholic Spain. He sent a fleet to the Mediterranean under Admiral Robert Blake to pin down Spanish forces. He sent another fleet and an army to the Caribbean to attack Hispaniola, Puerto Rico, Cuba and the Spanish Main, but gave his commanders wide discretionary powers as to the final choice of objective. They chose Hispaniola.

There were thirty-eight ships under the command of Admiral William Penn and 2,500 soldiers under the command of General Robert Venables in the force to take Hispaniola. The first port of call was Barbados, where the invading fleet arrived in January, 1655. Venables announced that royalists who had been shipped to the islands as bondsmen would be welcomed as volunteers in the army. Bondsmen left their masters to enlist; small landholders sold their land and volunteered. Others, bondsmen and free, came from the smaller

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islands to enlist. Soon the original 2,500 men were swelled to more than 6,800. The invasion fleet sailed for Hispaniola three months after arriving at Barbados. But matters were not running smoothly. There were continuous disputes between the army's general and the navy's admiral. And, to make matters worse, neither was a particularly competent officer. They reached Hispaniola in April.



The fleet had rendezvous west of the city of Santo Domingo. Venables decided to land 5,000 men. Penn was difficult about full support. They quarrelled again. No proper advance party was sent to spy out the land. Supplies were in a mess. But Venables landed and moved on Santo Domingo. On the fifth day ashore part of his army was thrown into confusion by an ambush of Spaniards numbering less than one-tenth of his own force. On the seventh day the main body was repulsed as its vanguard approached Fort Jeronimo. Venables' own regiment was thrown into confusion by survivors trying to escape. By the time Venables reached the walls of Santo Domingo, some ten days after landing, his men were demoralized by sickness and defeats, and the enemy were well prepared. The engage-

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ment that followed was more an execution than a battle. The invasion army withdrew, utterly defeated. On their retreat they were assailed by fever and dysentery. Men complained against their officers, officers against their men. And both blamed the fleet for not giving them relieving fire. The entire venture was a sorry mess.

It was out of this defeat that the idea of invading Jamaica came. Those in command knew that it was essential to give Cromwell a victory if all officers were not to be consigned to the Tower on their return. So the fleet gathered and steered west.

They reached the south coast of Jamaica on the evening of 9th May, 1655. The assault party landed at Caguaya at dawn next morning. The Spanish fort stood on the water's edge with woods growing out of the sea on either side of it. There was a brief exchange of fire, then, as the English soldiers rushed it, the Spaniards withdrew into the woods. The English raised their puritan banners with 'God with us' blazoned on them and were all for pursuing the enemy there and then. But Venables, now grown over-cautious, wanted reinforcements and ordered them to camp where they were for the night.

The fort was on low-lying country, marshy and waterlogged in many places. The soldiers spent a miserable night, tortured by mosquitoes. In the morning they set off in massed strength. There were no ambushes, no opposition. The Spaniards had discerned that this was no raiding party of pirates but a great invading force. A few hundred men could do nothing against it. Instead, they had availed themselves of the respite the invaders had given them to take up all their valuables and desert the town.

The invaders found only a few Portuguese Jews and the paralytic Spanish Governor, who signed the surrender terms five days later. These laid down that all who wished to stay in the town would be allowed to, and could keep all their property except their slaves. Those who did not elect to stay would be sent to the nearest Spanish territory but would be allowed only their clothes and books. The twenty-three men who had deserted during the Jackson raid were excluded from this. They were outlaws who had to be surrendered.

This was a hollow gesture, meaningless in reality. The

Spaniards had gone into the mountains and forests, taking their slaves with them and driving their cattle and horses before them. They took their old people and children to the north side of the island, where Columbus had first landed. From there they sent them to Cuba or Hispaniola in canoes. This left only the strong and able-bodied. The Spaniards armed their trusted black slaves and prepared for guerilla war.

They knew the land. They had been on it for 160 years. They knew how to cope with its sickness and fevers. Out of their need they had devised means of preserving meat in the tropics without salting it: they cut the meat into strips and smoked it dry. To do this was to 'boucan' the meat; from it had come the name of those wolves of the sea—the buccaneers. To them the mountains and forests, the rivers and marshes, the mosquitoes even, would be friends and allies against the invaders.

ii. The Spaniards Expelled

Venables' army settled in at Villa de la Vega, and, as soon as some semblance of order had been achieved, parties were sent out to explore the surrounding country. Other parties were sent to take the Spanish post at Portland Bight. It was then that they became aware that the enemy was not so far away after all. Stragglers were attacked and killed, and by the time the troops rushed back in response to the death-cry of one of their numbers the Spaniards and their slaves had gone. Sometimes the Spaniards boldly ambushed small parties. On occasion they set fire to buildings on the outskirts of the town. Though unseen, they were always about, harrying and killing the English soldiery.

Villa de la Vega had been built to house a population somewhere in the region of 1,500. The English army greatly overcrowded the little town. And, to make matters worse, the newcomers were ignorant of the most elementary precautions necessary in dealing with food and water in the tropics. They left their stock of biscuits, inadequate in any event, to exposure and damage on the beaches where they had landed. It was months before someone in the fleet thought of erecting a shelter for food, arms, armour and tools. By then, the food had been damaged. Hunger set in. Soldiers went out in parties to hunt

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the cattle and wild hogs that roamed the forests near the town. They killed some, but the rest withdrew deeper into the forests. Almost invariably, the Spaniards and their slaves lay in wait and killed some of the hunters.

The English had not yet learned how to 'boucan' the meat, so much went bad. At last there were no more cattle and hogs to hunt, and hunger turned to famine. In the end, men lay dying of starvation in the streets of St. Jago.

In the midst of all this the Admiral sailed for England, taking nearly all his ships with him. Then General Venables followed him. Other senior officers left, including Vice-Admiral Goodson who sailed in search of plunder at Santa Marta on the Spanish Main.

When Penn and Venables reached England the Lord Protector straightway clapped them in the Tower, an action that must have won the approval of practically all the soldiers in Jamaica.

A really competent officer, Colonel Edward Doyley, now took charge. Morale improved; the army began to look like an army again. Towards the end of the year General Robert Sedgwick was sent to take command. The new general was in command just long enough to begin the building of a fort on the sandspit tip of the landlocked harbour. A village sprang up around it, and ships called at its waterfront. This village grew, later, into the famous Port Royal of the buccaneers. Sedgwick died a few months after his arrival. Doyley again took charge; but in December he was again replaced by a general from England, General Brayne. Sedgwick had brought 830 men with him, Brayne brought about 1,200 more.

Shortly after Brayne assumed command the first English colonists arrived; some seventy men, women and children. And early in the New Year more settlers came from the small island of Nevis. Sixteen hundred men, women and children moved to Jamaica under the leadership of Luke Stokes. They settled where Port Morant now stands. They built homes, tilled the earth and put seeds into the ground. The southern plains of the island began to assume the face of a place where men and women lived and worked and worshipped their God in peace, and where the laughing voices of children could be heard. The army hoped the settlers would help solve their

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food problem. But within three months of their arrival 1,200 of the settlers had died.

So it was not till two years after they had captured Villa de la Vega that things began to look up. By then army morale had been restored; they had survived the first famine and pestilence that had hit them; they were acquiring skill in detecting and fighting the Spanish guerillas and their slaves.

General Brayne died in September of 1657. Once more Doyley took command. This time his command was confirmed.

On the Spanish side, meanwhile, the guerillas had thrown up a natural, gallant and resourceful leader, Don Cristóbal Arnaldo de Ysassi, who had been born and had grown up in Jamaica as a member of one of the most influential families in the Caribbean. To Ysassi Jamaica was home in a way the Spain of his forebears never could be. He was determined to drive the English out of the island. He organized the Spaniards into first-class guerilla fighters; he freed loyal slaves; he sent urgent messages to Cuba begging those in command there to send reinforcements. While he waited for these, he harried the English, killing their stragglers, burning their buildings, ambushing small parties that went hunting or exploring.

In October, 1656 the King of Spain confirmed Ysassi's leadership by appointing him Governor of Jamaica. A few months after this 500 men were sent from Cuba to strengthen his forces. They landed at Ocho Rios on the north coast, not far from St. Ann's Bay where Columbus had first landed. Ysassi, who had been operating near the English positions in the south, marched his men across the mountains and took command of the new arrivals.

When news of the Spanish landing reached Doyley he decided to attack. But instead of marching his army across the mountains, as Ysassi expected him to do, he shipped them round the east coast.

The battle of Ocho Rios was fierce but short. Doyley's forces greatly outnumbered those of Ysassi. The English stormed and took the Spanish positions at a high cost in casualties. The Spaniards withdrew into the forest. The survivors of those who had come from Cuba went back there. Ysassi took his remaining men to an inlet cove near Santa Gloria and used it as a hiding place. This was later named Don Christopher's

Cove. There he reorganized. Doyley's forces rounded the east coast and returned to Villa de la Vega.

Ysassi received further and larger reinforcements a year later. These came mainly from Mexico, and brought six guns with them. Ysassi built a strong fort east of Ocho Rios.

Doyley again sailed round the east coast. This time he brought a smaller picked force of sturdy veteran troops with him. The English landed under fire from the fort's six guns. Doyley sent a man under flag of truce and demanded the surrender of the Spaniards. Ysassi tipped the messenger handsomely, gave him a jar of sweetmeat for his commander and told him to remind his commander of what had happened to General Venables' force at Santo Domingo. The stage was set for the battle. Ysassi had 1,200 men; Doyley only 750.

The battle was joined early on a clear sunny morning. The six Spanish guns thundered; those from the English ships replied. Roundshot poured into the Spanish stockade, causing heavy casualties. Then Doyley launched his foot soldiers. They overran the fort. Ysassi and a few hundred Spaniards withdrew into the forest. They left behind them nearly 500 dead and wounded. The English force had lost under a hundred. The last battle for Jamaica had been fought and won; the date was 27th June, 1658.

Ysassi and a handful of devoted followers—the survivors of those who had come from Mexico had returned there or to Cuba—remained on the north coast of the island for a few months longer. In the end Ysassi's last camp was betrayed to the English by a hostile chieftain of the ex-slaves who had fled to the mountains, and whom the Spaniards called *cimarrones* or wild men of the mountains. In the surprise attack Ysassi's remaining forces were cut to pieces. But Ysassi and over seventy of his followers managed to escape in two large canoes.

The place from which the gallant Spaniard, the last Governor of Spanish Jamaica, sailed when he left his native land was named Runaway Bay: not a gallant gesture to so sturdy an opponent.

At last, five years after their landing, the English were in complete control of Jamaica. The Spaniards, who had been there for more than 160 years, had been driven out.

Cromwell died in 1659. The Restoration took place in

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England in 1660. In 1661 Edward Doyley was appointed the first Governor and Captain-General of the island. Doyley had been denied the recognition due to his ability during Cromwell's rule because of his royalist sympathies. The Restoration brought him due recognition.

Doyley ordered a census to be taken in 1662. This showed, excluding the *cimarrones* or Maroons in the wild mountains, a total population of 3,450, including 584 slaves. Of the white population 2,458 were men, 454 women and 44 children. It showed, further, that of the total land area of 4,411 square miles roughly 2,580 acres were under cultivation.

Doyley retired from the Governorship towards the end of the year. He had governed with the advice of an elected Council. Lord Windsor came as the next Governor, bringing with him a constitution which allowed for an elected House of Assembly. Windsor only stayed two months and was then succeeded by Sir Charles Lyttelton, under whose Governorship the first House of Assembly met in 1663-64. The Council with whose advice Doyley had governed became the Upper Chamber.

The battle for Jamaica had begun in the streets of Spanish Town. The final expulsion of the Spaniards had been planned there; soldiers had marched through the streets of Spanish Town on their way to the ships that were to carry them to the accomplishment of the task. Spanish Town had been the first capital of the island under the British; the home of the first Governor. The first elected representatives of the colonists had sat in the House of Assembly which still remained on the east side of the square.

* * *

I left the silent Cathedral and went out into the sun. For a while I sat in the churchyard. It was quiet and peaceful. About me were the tombs of the English notables in the island's early history.

The sun was slanting westward, so I got up and wandered out of the quiet churchyard, through the square, through the drab and dusty winding streets, back to Nina Lee's restaurant.

The woman across the way had finished her washing. Her whites lay spotless on the stones, snowy and almost glowing in

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the late afternoon sun. Instead of tea, I ordered a glass of Captain Morgan rum, heaped it with ice and moved to the balcony. The strapping young black man was still digging up the road. Sweat still glistened on his face and the exposed parts of his body. He paused, spat on his hands, then swung his pick-axe again. The rumshop on the corner across the way began to fill; the street became more crowded. A friendly Jamaican joined me at the balcony. When he discovered I was a stranger—I never heard the word 'foreigner' used—he insisted on my having another Captain Morgan with him. He was much too charming to be denied. We had another, and another—till I realized I was in danger of having too much. I found this an ever-present danger, not only in the streets of Spanish Town where Jamaica's early history began, but all over this warm, friendly island. I did not always recognize, or want to recognize, the danger in time. Captain Morgan is a most friendly drink.



3. MORGAN'S TOWN

*You was a flyer, Morgan,
You was the lad to crowd,
When you was in your flagship,
—But now you're in your shroud!*

THE seven-mile-long sandspit that swings from east to west and forms the eastern side of the narrow entrance to land-locked Kingston Harbour is called the Palisadoes. Towards the end of 1655, during his brief period as commander of the English forces, General Sedgwick had built a fort at the tip of the Palisadoes. A village had immediately sprung up around the fort. A port had quickly grown up on the fine protected semi-circular beach. After the Restoration the fort was named Fort Charles, and the village Port Royal.

There are two ways of approach to Port Royal. There is the highway from the mainland, and driving along it one passes the international airport somewhere midway on the sandspit. The road dates back to the early 1930s and only became a much-used highway after the airport was built.

But the older, and at one time only, approach to Port Royal was by sea across the narrow stretch of water that separates the Palisadoes tip from the mainland. That was the way of approach of the early soldiers who built the fort and village, and of the later buccaneers who made it 'the finest town in the West Indies, and at that time the richest spot in the universe'; that was the way it was approached even in the early part of our own century.

Today the town has the appearance of a much-battered village—more village than town. Its population is tiny; just over a thousand. There are signs of rebuilding, but few people were about as I wandered past the old navy yards. I walked past the church of St. Peter. I would enter it for a rest on my way back. It was a fine, clear morning. A cooling breeze blew in from the sea and there was the taste of salt on my lips. I was not yet accustomed to the dazzlingly clear and distant sky.

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Past the church is the garrison around Fort Charles which stands near the sea. The fort and garrison are deserted in the main; there is only a token force left. I retraced my steps and wandered through the few narrow streets of the town. There wasn't much that really interested me. The town was being rebuilt after the devastation of the 1951 hurricane. I was looking for an island's past, its history, not new buildings. I



Orchid growing out of cactus

knew I would find, in St. Peter's, a wooden organ loft erected in 1743. There was time for that. I was searching for some tangible reminder of the man who had raised this town to its moment of greatest glory. The poet, Visiak, had sung 'You was a flyer, Morgan'. Was there nothing concrete to show, to prove? I found nothing and wandered back to the slab of stone on the esplanade. There were two words on the stone: 'Morgan's Line'. Nothing more.

There is a delightful pleasure resort called Morgan's Harbour built by Sir Anthony Jenkinson in the old naval dock-yard. I changed my mind about the slab of stone and went to

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Morgan's Harbour. Sir Anthony welcomed me in person. He is a tall, lean, soft-voiced and very friendly Englishman. He offered me a drink: I automatically said: 'A Captain Morgan, please.' Sir Anthony made it plain that he would be happy to answer any questions I had. The trouble was I had no questions. I wondered whether he thought me stupid for not firing a well-prepared list of questions at him. But he looked much too wise a person to jump to conclusions. Sir Anthony gave me a brochure which said:

Visit
MORGAN'S HARBOUR
in historic
Port Royal,
Jamaica, B.W.I.

Yesterday—The rendezvous of Buccaneers

Today—The Caribbean's most romantic
playground

Here, on the very site where nearly 300 years ago Sir Henry Morgan and his Buccaneers wine and dined and riotously dissipated their fortunes seized from the King of Spain's galleons . . . and where in the 1770s Lord Nelson watched over his West Indies Fleet . . . today you may swim, laze in the Jamaican sun on a lovely white sand beach, sip your favourite rum punch, dine and dance to gay Calypso music . . . At MORGAN'S HARBOUR, in the Caribbean's most historic and romantic setting, you will enjoy the highspot of your vacation.

There is a deal more information, including tempting pictures—one, a striking picture of 'Nelson's Anchor' beside a solitary coconut palm.

Morgan's Harbour, Captain Morgan rum, Morgan's line: and the poet saying 'But now you're in your shroud!' I wondered back to the stone slab that simply said 'Morgan's Line'. What did it mean? And who wrote it? And why? I leaned against the stone parapet and wondered whether it was this same sense of being teased by a man long dead that had made John Steinbeck choose Henry Morgan for the subject of his first novel, *Cup of Gold*.

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Henry Morgan's early life is obscure. It is known that he was born in Wales about the year 1635. There are conflicting accounts of his life between that date and 1662 when he first appeared as one of the buccaneering captains who visited Port Royal. Some accounts have it that he was sentenced to be transported as a bondsman to Barbados after being arrested for gambling and brawling on the dockside streets of Bristol. Other accounts have it that he had left England in Venables' army. What does seem certain is that Barbados was the starting point of his career.

The northern and western coasts of Hispaniola were almost deserted, the forests and savannah swarming with wild horses, cattle and pigs, descendants of once-tame domestic animals of the early settlers.

To these parts had come men of different nationalities: refugees from political or religious persecution, escaped bondsmen, criminals, sailors tired for a time of the sea. Here they had set up a rough brotherhood, a kind of primitive communism that recognized no property. For food, they hunted the wild cattle. They generally hunted in pairs and each partner was called a 'matelot' with whom everything was shared equally; if one died the other inherited his possessions. They sold the hides of the animals to passing ships and grew so successful at this that ships called especially to barter with them. They usually wore a rough shirt and short trousers, sometimes made of the hide of the animals they killed; and they wore shoes without seams, made of the thickest parts of the hide. Their clothes were stiffened and dyed by the blood of the animals they killed. Their arms were knives and long-barrelled muskets known as 'buccaneering-pieces'. The strongest bond between them was their common hatred of the Spaniards.

The idea that Morgan might have found his way to the haunt of the buccaneers after the defeat of Venables' army at Santo Domingo is no more fanciful than many others advanced to account for his early years. From there the transition to Tortuga, the tiny island off the north coast of Hispaniola, would have been easy.

Tortuga had been occupied by the buccaneers—'Brethren of the Coast' was the name they preferred—in 1629. At first they attacked only such Spanish ships as came in sight. But the

booty was too rich and tempting, and in the end they all but abandoned their trade in hides for the more richly rewarding and emotionally satisfying trade of seeking out and attacking Spanish ships.

By 1640 the buccaneers controlled a large fleet, made up mostly of captured Spanish ships. The age of buccaneering as big business was formalized by the creation of the Confederacy of the Brethren of the Coast. The French were in the majority among the buccaneers at that time. A trading company was formed in Paris with the specific purpose of trading with the Brethren. Agents were sent to Tortuga and warehouses built.

The Spaniards were stung to the quick by their great losses and made a number of attempts to drive the Brethren out of Tortuga. After many failures the Spaniards finally stormed Tortuga and scattered the Brethren in 1654. They then systematically razed the island and left a small garrison to prevent re-occupation by the Brethren. But the capture of Jamaica forced them to withdraw this small force as they feared further attempts on Hispaniola by the English. The Brethren drifted back to their former headquarters.

For a short time Tortuga was taken over by Elias Watts and ruled in the name of England. He did not interfere with the Brethren; in fact he gave them papers of authority and collected a percentage of their loot. Later, in 1660, the French took possession of the island.

The Admiral-in-Chief of the Confederacy of the Brethren of the Coast at this time was Edward Mansvelt, a Dutchman. But the Brethren did not, in the main, care under whose rule they lived, provided it was not Spanish and they were free to follow their calling without interference. It was about this time that Henry Morgan emerged as a bold, resourceful young sea captain of standing among the Brethren. Like every buccaneer, he had fought his way up from the ranks. It was after this and in his twenty-seventh year that the young captain of the Brethren began his visits to Port Royal.

In 1664 Sir Charles Lyttelton was succeeded as Governor of Jamaica by Sir Thomas Modyford, a wealthy Barbados settler. Henry Morgan's uncle, Edward Morgan, had been a devoted royalist, and had fought and suffered exile in Germany in the cause of Charles I. After the Restoration he was rewarded with

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a knighthood, and in 1664 he was appointed Deputy-Governor of Jamaica. Edward Morgan reached Jamaica many months before Modyford. When Modyford arrived he brought several hundred new settlers with him from Barbados.

Modyford introduced a variety of sugar cane that was superior to that grown in Jamaica at the time: he acquired large tracts of land and was the first man to grow cane on a really grand scale. He also raised cattle systematically. He did much to help improve local farming methods. Modyford set up a second official residence at Port Royal and called it King's House at the Point. Slowly, Port Royal began to rival Spanish Town in importance.

When Henry Morgan discovered that his uncle was Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, he talked the English buccaneers on Tortuga into moving their headquarters to Port Royal. This they did without breaking their connection with the Confederacy of the Brethren of the Coast. They explained that it would be more convenient to operate from a place where they would be in direct contact with the English traders who bought their booty.

Shortly after establishing his base at Port Royal Henry Morgan joined forces with two other English captains on an expedition of plunder to the Spanish Main. They set out with the three men sharing command equally. When they returned, nearly a year later, Morgan was the undisputed leader. And when Modyford saw the size of the booty he winked at the exploit, took his share and wrote a reassuring report home. This was the start of a long partnership between the Governor and the buccaneer. It was, too, the start of the rise of Port Royal.

War broke out between Britain and the Netherlands in 1665. Modyford summoned the Admiral-in-Chief of the Brethren of the Coast and invited him to base his buccaneer fleet in Jamaica and to attack Dutch shipping and positions in the name of England. Mansvelt agreed to this and appointed Henry Morgan his Vice-Admiral.

Mansvelt died shortly afterwards and the Brethren elected Henry Morgan Admiral-in-Chief of the Confederacy. It was as Admiral of the Brethren that Henry Morgan informed Governor Modyford in 1668 that the Spaniards in Cuba were preparing an expedition against Jamaica. Modyford gave

Morgan papers of authority to sail in force along the coasts of Cuba.

Twelve ships and about 700 men sailed for Cuba. They landed on the south coast, marched forty miles inland and took and sacked the city of Puerto Principe. Plunder amounted to some 50,000 pieces of eight. The French and English quarrelled about the sharing out of the plunder and four of the French captains and their crews sailed away in anger. There was something unusual about this quarrel as the buccaneers had, by that time, worked out an accepted pattern for sharing plunder. There was a clearly defined share for each ordinary seaman; a captain received five times this amount; the share of mate, doctor, carpenter, was in a scale between these two. The Admiral received not less than five per cent of the total booty. And there was, in this case, the King's share and that of Governor Modyford. The French captains might well have objected to these last two shares which became a permanent feature in Morgan's later share-out of the spoils of plunder.

Two months later Henry Morgan sailed again from Port Royal. His objective, this time, was Porto Bello, the storehouse where the fabulous treasures from plundered Peru were kept until they were shipped to Spain. The city stood on the coast of the Isthmus of Panama. Usually the great warehouses of the King of Spain were crammed with gold and silver from Inca and Peruvian temples, and the great warehouses of the merchants with luxury goods for sale at the fair that was held twice a year. The city was well fortified and had a garrison of regular troops; it was one of the three most heavily protected strongholds of Spain-in-the-Caribbean.

Morgan had nine ships and 500 men. He sailed past the heavily fortified harbour and landed at night on a deserted part of the coast. Then he led his men on a night march through the forest. They attacked the city at dawn, blew up a castle, and then besieged the fortified castle of La Gloria. The Spaniards rained down a withering fire on the buccaneers, who tried to place their scaling-ladders against the castle wall. After several attempts had failed, Morgan ordered the captured nuns and monks to be brought to him. He made them carry twelve large scaling-ladders to the castle wall. The horrified Spanish soldiers held up their fire long enough for the nuns

and monks to get the ladders in place. Then, on the insistent orders of their commander they fired and killed many of the nuns and monks. The buccaneers scrambled over the dead, scaled the ladders and engaged the Spaniards. In less than twenty-four hours Porto Bello was subdued.

The plunder was rich. Each ordinary seaman received over 400 pieces of eight; each captain five times as much; and those in between captain and ordinary seaman their fair proportion. Charles II, Governor Modyford and Henry Morgan each had substantial shares. Modyford quickly dispatched the king's share to England. This effectively prevented any real objections against the buccaneers. Wealth flowed into Port Royal on a prodigious scale and all Jamaica benefited from it.

Morgan struck again—this time at Maracaibo on the Spanish Main—and returned to Port Royal with a haul upwards of 250,000 pieces of eight. This was in May of 1669. For a year after that Morgan staged no further raids. He had acquired large land holdings, had become a man of great substance, and he now spent his time between his estates, the social life of Port Royal, and the capital, Spanish Town.

Port Royal had grown into one of the three largest towns in the Caribbean. It had 800 houses and a population of almost 10,000. The houses stood jammed close against each other and spread right up to the seafront. They were often two-storeyed and built of bricks imported from England. The warehouses of English merchants crowded the dock area. Doors were flush with the unpaved, narrow streets. Only Havana and Panama City were larger. New York had a mere 500 houses.

Port Royal had many names applied to it. It was called 'The City of Gold', 'The Babylon of the West', 'The Wickedest Place in Christendom'. A traveller named Henderson wrote of it:

'The place was a gilded hades, and mammon held sovereign sway over its people. Bearded seamen, bronzed and weather-stained, bedecked with priceless jewellery and the finest silks of the Orient, swaggered along its quays and gambled with the heavy gold coins whose value no one cared to estimate. The drinking shops were filled with cups of gold and silver, embellished with flashing gems torn from half a hundred cathedrals. Each house was a treasure store. Common seamen hung their ears with heavy gold rings studded with the costliest gems. Dagger thrusts were as common as brawls, and the

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body of a murdered man would remain in a dancing room until the dancing was over. Gold and precious stones were cheap, but life was cheaper. And every man in that crowd of pirates lived beneath the shadow of the gallows. Ships fitted out for home defence began to assume the role of privateers, and the step from authorized privateer to unauthorized buccaneer was so easy that when the habit of plundering got established in the blood there was no check for it.'

In all this Henry Morgan moved about as the first citizen of Port Royal.

Modyford, meanwhile, had pushed ahead with the agricultural development of the island. Mills were producing sugar on a number of plantations. Cocoa, cotton, tobacco and ginger were beginning to be exported. And the importation of slaves on a large scale was well under way by 1670.

Early in 1670, after a year of idleness, Morgan decided to attack the richest prize of all, the Spanish city of Panama. He talked it over with Modyford. The Governor was in favour of the idea but England and Spain were negotiating a peace treaty and Modyford dared not give Morgan the authority. The Spaniards themselves gave Morgan his opportunity. In June three Spanish ships raided Jamaica. One attacked the north coast and the other two the south. Modyford immediately called a meeting of the Council. The Council unanimously passed a resolution 'praying' the Governor to empower Admiral Morgan to sail out and do anything that 'may tend to the preservation and quiet of this island'. The way was now clear for the attack on Panama. Morgan shifted his headquarters to a small island off the south coast of Hispaniola and marshalled his forces. He had thirty-six ships and 2,000 fighting men. Although he was sailing as the lawful Commander-in-Chief of the Government of Jamaica it was agreed that the Brethren would be rewarded by the time-honoured custom of sharing the plunder.

Just as the fleet was ready to sail news reached Jamaica that the peace treaty between England and Spain had been signed. Both Morgan and Modyford took this as a terrible blow. By arrangement, the messenger who carried the order to Morgan cancelling the expedition failed to arrive. So the fleet sailed for Panama in mid-December.

Panama City stood on the Pacific side of the fifty-mile-wide

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Isthmus and could only be reached by a cross-country march through the jungle from the Caribbean. Morgan reduced San Lorenzo Castle on the Caribbean side, left a strong rearguard, and led his men on foot across the swampy jungle. Many perished through fever as well as from Indian attacks. Food ran out. But they crossed to the Pacific side. The Spanish army met Morgan's force outside the city and a pitched battle was joined. Morgan had started out with 1,200 men. He had lost some on the way and the Spanish army outnumbered his force. But he routed the Spaniards.

In their withdrawal the Spaniards scorched Panama city rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the buccaneers. Morgan spent a month collecting plunder from the burned city, and left it on 14th February with plunder worth three-quarters of a million pieces of eight.

When news of the Panama affair reached Europe it nearly wrecked the peace between Spain and England. Spain made such strong and insistent demands for satisfaction that Charles II was forced to act. He summoned Sir Thomas Lynch, a one-time successful planter in Jamaica, appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of the island, and ordered him to arrest and send Sir Thomas Modyford back as a prisoner.

Lynch arrived in Jamaica in June. In August Modyford sailed for England under arrest. The Spaniards were not satisfied. To them Morgan was the chief culprit. They pestered King Charles for six more months. In January, 1672 Charles gave in and ordered Lynch to send Henry Morgan home to answer for his offences.

Morgan spent two years in England. Neither king nor parliament seemed anxious to do anything about his case. At no point was he under arrest. His friend Modyford was confined to the Tower for two years and was then released. Morgan had entry to nearly all the great homes and was received everywhere as 'the hero of the Panama affair', a popular figure at the fashionable coffee-houses and taverns. Only when his money began to run out did he press for his case to be heard.

Charles heard the case and acquitted both Henry Morgan and Sir Thomas Modyford on the grounds that they had acted in good faith. The king knighted Henry Morgan and sent him back as Lieutenant-Governor under Lord Vaughan who was

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sent out to replace Sir Thomas Lynch as Governor. The King appointed Modyford Chief Justice of Jamaica. The two partners returned in triumph.

Sir Henry Morgan and his chief, Lord Vaughan, fell to quarrelling almost from the start and ended by detesting each other. Between March, 1675, when Vaughan assumed office, and March, 1678, when he was succeeded by Morgan's friend the Earl of Carlisle, Vaughan's charges against Morgan in his dispatches and letters grew more bitter.

Vaughan left Jamaica in March, 1678 and Carlisle did not arrive till 19th July. Morgan acted as Governor during that period. The island was rife with rumours of a possible war between France and England. It was rumoured that a French fleet was concentrated in the West Indies with the intention of launching an attack on Jamaica. Morgan set about preparing the defences. He strengthened Fort Charles and proclaimed martial law in the land, drilled Negro slaves and ordered ships in the harbour to stand by in case of emergency. Nothing came of the rumours. But Sir Henry Morgan the responsible Government servant had replaced Henry Morgan the Admiral-in-Chief of the Confederacy of the Brethren of the Coast.

Morgan's old friend Modyford, who had shared in so many of his buccaneering schemes, died suddenly. There is a tombstone at Spanish Town Cathedral on which is written:

Mistake not reader, for here lyes not onely the Deceased
Body of the Honourable Sir Thomas Modyford Baronet
but even the soule and life of all Jamaica who first made it
what it is now. Here lyes the best and longest Governour,
the most considerable planter, the ablest and most upright
judge this Island ever enjoyed. He died the Second of
September, 1679.

* * *

King Charles had instructed Carlisle to introduce the legislative process known as Poyning's Law into Jamaica. This proposed that the Governor and his Council should have sole power to enact all laws, that these would then be sent to London for the royal assent, and only after this would the Assembly see them. The power of the Assembly would, furthermore, be

limited either to ratifying the laws or to asking for modifications which might or might not be agreed to.

The Assembly reacted violently against the proposal and a long and bitter battle between Governor and Assembly began. In the early phases of the battle Morgan, the avowed royalist, sided with his chief. The resistance of the Assembly drove Carlisle to extremes. He denounced Assemblymen as traitors and published manifestos to this effect. One of the Members of the Council, Samuel Long, the great-grandfather of Edward Long the historian, spoke up against Carlisle's proposal. Long had been a former speaker of the Assembly and had succeeded Modyford as Chief Justice. Carlisle had him jailed and stripped of all his offices.

William Beeston, the Speaker, stood firm against Carlisle with the majority of the Assembly behind him. Carlisle ordered the Assembly to vote again on the proposal to change the form of government. The Assembly again rejected it.

In the end it was agreed that Beeston and Long should journey to London to put the viewpoint of the settlers before the King. Meanwhile, a stalemate prevailed in the island. The Governor behaved as though the new form of rule worked: the Assembly refused to surrender any of its rights.

In the spring of 1680 Sir Henry Morgan and eight other members of the Council sent a dispatch to England asking for a modification of the proposals Carlisle had brought. Carlisle returned to England about the same time and Sir Henry Morgan acted as Governor for two years. The first year he governed alone and as virtual dictator. In the second year the Assembly met again. Long and Beeston had been successful in their appeal against the proposed rule by Poyning's Law.

Sir Henry Morgan, 'Governor and Captain-General, Judge-Admiral, etc., etc.', now turned with extraordinary vigour to the business of suppressing buccaneering. He offered members of the Brethren the choice of a grant of land or the end of a rope. Those who refused the land and were caught swung at Gallows Point in Port Royal. There is a story of how Morgan invited a whole ship's company to dinner at King's House. They all came, seventeen in number, and were provided with a lavish feast and vast quantities of rum. After the meal they were plied with more rum. In their cups they told glorious

tales of raids, plunderings and killings. They spent that night as guests of the Governor. Next morning they were given a sumptuous breakfast and bowed out of King's House.

Outside the gates soldiers of the King's army arrested them. Later in the day they were brought to court for judgment on the charge of privateering. Their judge was Sir Henry Morgan. They were all found guilty and hanged the same day. Henry Morgan had brought the buccaneers to Port Royal. In his later years he all but wiped them out.

In his dealings with the Assembly Morgan was not so successful. Long and Beeston had successfully pleaded in England against any limiting of its powers. Sir Henry Morgan received formal instructions to this effect early in 1681 and immediately issued writs for the election of a new Assembly. When the new Assembly met Morgan appeared before it and asked the members to enact a law granting the Crown a sum of money each year in perpetuity. The Assembly voted this down. Morgan then proposed that they enacted such a law for a period of seven years. The Assembly rejected this as well. The battle between the Governor and the Assembly raged for six months. Then certain members proposed that the law should be passed but should be for only two years and conditional on all the other laws passed during the session receiving the Royal Assent without amendment. Morgan appeared before the Assembly. He was willing to accept the rider about the other laws but insisted on the grant being for a period of seven years. This time the Assembly agreed. They had won the point that they, and they alone, should make the laws. Henry Morgan signed the act and sent it to London.

In September, 1681 word came from England that Morgan had been replaced by Sir Thomas Lynch as Governor. Lynch arrived in May, 1682. This was Morgan's greatest misfortune, for he and Lynch were bitter enemies. Morgan retired to Port Royal and spent most of his time in heavy drinking in the gaudy streets he had made famous. His suppression of the buccaneers had quietened the town considerably but it was still the most lavish place on the island. Lynch systematically set about stripping Morgan of every position and office he had. By 1684 his star had waned completely and after being involved in a scandal about the death of a man called Flood in

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Port Royal he was deprived of his membership of the Council.

Sir Henry Morgan died in 1688. The last four years of his life had been spent in a long struggle to regain his seat on the Council. This he did shortly before his death. He was fifty-three and a pale, drunken shadow of the strapping young man who had first come to Port Royal and made of it a place with an epic past as colourful as any in the history of the world.

Less than four years later Morgan's town, Port Royal, itself died. 'The finest town in the West Indies, and at that time the richest spot in the universe' was struck by a terrible earthquake on the morning of 7th June, 1692. The rector of the parish church at the time gave an eye-witness account:

'Whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which when shut upon them squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several were left with their heads above ground, and others covered with dust and earth, by the people who remained in the place. It was a sad sight to see the harbour covered with dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial, for the burying place was destroyed by the earthquake which dashed to pieces tombs, and the sea washed the carcasses of those who had been buried out of their graves. . . .'

Morgan's grave was one of those dashed to pieces. And his carcase? . . .

The slab of stone says 'Morgan's line'. At Morgan's Harbour one can drink Captain Morgan rum.

And a town is being rebuilt.

*You was a great one, Morgan,
You was a King uncrowned,
When you was under canvas,
—But now you're underground!*

In January, 1704 fire destroyed what was left of Port Royal. Only Fort Charles still stood. After Morgan, his town.

4. FREEMEN, BONDSMEN, SLAVES

i. *The Road to Frome*

THE road to Frome winds westward across nearly three-quarters of the length of the island: through St. Catherine, Clarendon, Manchester, St. Elizabeth and so to Westmoreland—five of the fourteen parishes into which the island is divided. Frome is, economically, the most important place in Westmoreland. Its approaches are dominated by mile after sweeping mile of canefields. At each turn in the road we hooted loudly and long; the tall, thick-stemmed cane obscured our view entirely. The cane rose to a height of six feet and more. The earth was very damp: in places, between the raised cane rows, it was waterlogged.

We turned a corner and the great gates were ahead. Two smart militaristic black policemen stood stiffly to attention. To our left was a great sugar factory. Beyond that, well-kept rolling lawns swept away, studded, here and there, with spacious low bungalows and an occasional two-storeyed building. Straight ahead were the offices of the Frome Division of the West Indies Sugar Company Limited.

We were ushered into the general manager's office, and Harold Capel Cahusac got up to greet us.

Cahusac gave off a feel of tremendous drive and energy, the feel of a man who acted decisively and with certainty. He was thickset, about five feet six in height and in his early fifties. He had a broad face and a mouth that suggested gentleness.

As we talked the man's love of his land and job struck me forcibly. He had the details of the vast estate at his finger-tips and did not once need to refer to documents to answer my questions.

Frome is one of the two estates owned by the West Indies Sugar Company. The other is Monymusk in Clarendon. The company is a subsidiary of Tate and Lyle and was incorporated in 1937 in the United Kingdom. The two estates produce more than one-third of the island's total output of commercial sugar. The island's requirements in refined sugar are met by the Monymusk Refinery.

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I asked Mr. Cahusac about the size of the estate.

'We'll drive over it after lunch', he said, and continued talking.

Mr. Cahusac had, it transpired, been the manager of the estates of one James Charley. Charley had made up his mind that he would be the first Jamaican sugar millionaire. Mr. Cahusac said we would have a look at old Charley's house. In 1937 the new company bought Mr. Charley out; it also bought the Morris estates which adjoined Charley's. In all, it bought seven estates and factories and amalgamated them into the present 27,000-acre Frome estate.

In 1938, the first year of operations, the estate grew and delivered 117,595 tons of cane, and the small farmers in the area delivered 54,664. From this were produced 21,864 tons of sugar.

Mr. Cahusac leaned back and beamed: 'Now!'

In 1955 the estate delivered 302,747 tons of cane, and the farmers 333,880. And sugar production amounted to 75,556 tons. In seventeen years deliveries of cane by farmers had increased by over 600 per cent, that from the estate by roughly 250 per cent, and sugar production by 350 per cent. The farmers delivering cane in 1955 numbered 2,796 of whom 2,460 delivered less than 100 tons each. Could I see what that meant in terms of creating employment in Westmoreland and Hanover? I certainly could.

I asked Mr. Cahusac how many workers the estate employed directly. He said it varied considerably during the course of the year; there was the crop season and the out-of-crop season. Would average figures do? I said they would. Well then, during the crop season the estate employed an average of 7,771 in 1954. Of these 6,788 were employed in the fields and the rest in the sugar factory. The highest number employed in any one week was 9,167; the lowest 6,103.

And in the out-of-crop season?

In the out-of-crop season the estate employed an average of 5,310 of whom 4,589 worked in the fields and the remainder in the factory. During this season the highest number employed in any week was 6,420 and the lowest 3,758.

The estate, Mr. Cahusac said, thus employed an average of 13,000 hands a year. I agreed that this was sizable but pointed

out that the parish of Westmoreland had a population of over 100,000. Mr. Cahusac picked up the phone and called three of his experts. One was English, one coloured and one black. We moved to the large conference table. I fired questions; the experts answered and the life-giving fingers of Frome reached out to almost every corner of Westmoreland.

The farmers in the parish had delivered to the factory over ten per cent more cane than the estate. I had the estate's figures for field workers both in and out of crop season. At a very modest estimate the farmers would employ at least as many field hands as the estate to be able to deliver the amount of cane they did. This would bring the total number of workers depending on sugar for their livelihood to around 26,000. Say the average family consisted of three people. This would give a total of over 70,000 people who were dependent on sugar and the factory at Frome. Add to this the truck drivers who transport the cane to the factory, the workers on the wharves and lighters who shipped the cane and the total figure became impressive.

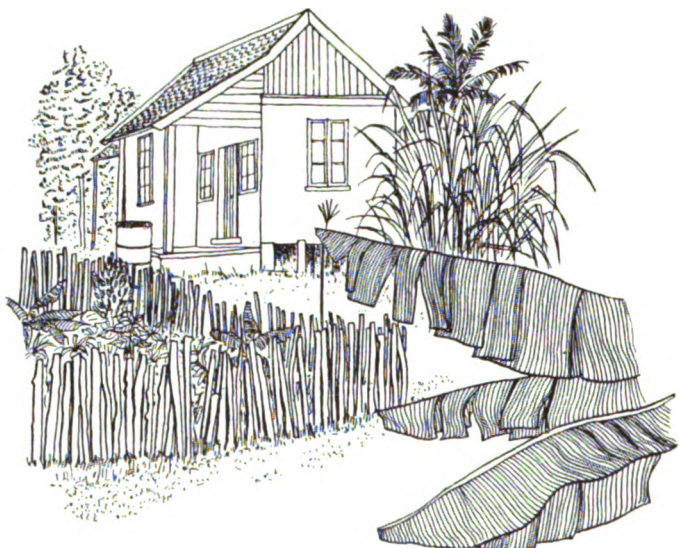
Mr. Cahusac suggested a break for lunch. I welcomed it. I needed time to digest the facts the experts had fired at me. The experts departed and we got into Mr. Cahusac's large, roomy car. He drove like a real Jamaican. But why not? He is a Jamaican. Jamaican driving is the most nonchalant, the most casual and carefree I have encountered. The car, in the hands of the Jamaican driver, becomes a part of his personality; performs the most impossible and hair-raising feats of twisting, turning and rushing at breakneck speed. And yet accidents are remarkably few. I was slowly developing a boundless admiration for the split-second reflex action of the Jamaican driver. But what if it failed him while I was his passenger?

Mr. Cahusac swung the steering wheel, one-handed, almost full circle. We swept round the east of the low office building. The black military-type policemen saluted smartly, as though to an army general. We rushed past the rolling lawns with young trees just planted, past the lovely bungalows set amid beautiful gardens. I asked about these. They were the homes of the estate's 220 managerial and senior office staff. We swept up to Frome House on the brow of a hill. Flowers make the outside of the great house a riot of colour, intoxicatingly bright

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in the warm sun. In the old dead days of slavery Frome House would have been called the Great House.

The great house was a poem of beauty and good taste and there was something of the lost plantation days about the striking black woman who served lunch. I sensed a friendliness and understanding between master and maid, rare in present-day employer-employee relations.



House on a sugar estate

We toured the great estate after lunch. Cahusac took us, as if in answer to my unspoken query about patches of waterlogged ground, to a huge pumping plant that had been working twenty-four hours a day during the peak of the rainy season which runs from August to October. Frome lies within the second highest rainfall area in the island with an average rainfall of from seventy-five to ninety-five inches. And the largest of Westmoreland's ten rivers, the Cabaritta, which is navigable for some six miles from its mouth and capable of carrying boats of up to eight tons, passes through Frome.

The land near the pumping plant was flooded but the cane appeared undamaged. Deep channels had been cut in the

ground to divert a river of water from the canefields. Cahusac said we should have seen it a week earlier. Only night and day pumping had saved the crop. The roar of the pumping motors drowned our voices as we slithered through mud and went over improvised bridges. But the cane here, as on the higher ground, was tall, thick-stemmed, green and healthy; stood proudly erect as though each stem was aware of its importance to the life of the island.

We went back to the offices so that I could talk to the estate Welfare Officer. We talked in private. He was a quiet black man, seemingly unsure of himself and slightly suspicious of me and my many questions.

I asked him about workers' houses; how many workers were provided with permanent accommodation on the estate. He said the figure was 1,080 all the year round and that in addition 340 were provided with temporary housing during the crop season. House spots were let to 419 workers at a peppercorn rental of a shilling a year. Land was also let to workers very cheaply for growing their own cane, rice and ground provisions. The high rainfall had led to fairly extensive rice growing. The company had 517 tenants renting rice land, 121 renting cane land and 1,034 renting provision ground.

Workers were encouraged to build their own houses through what was described as 'aided self-help schemes'. There was one such scheme at a part of the estate called Blue Castle. The company had given eighteen half-acre lots of land free and the Government had made a building loan of £243 and a free grant of fifty pounds for each unit. Each man to whom a unit was allotted was required to supply all the unskilled labour, sand, marl and water. Total costs for the building of these three-roomed cottages worked out at approximately £293. Each tenant had to put down at least ten per cent, and make quarterly repayments over a period of twenty years at four per cent interest. The Government Authority concerned had originally proposed the building of two-roomed cottages with front porches but the tenants had decided that they wanted three rooms. The Sugar Industry Labour Welfare Board had granted the additional fifty pounds per unit needed for this.

The estate ran annual garden and home improvement competitions, flower and vegetable shows with a championship cup

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and prizes, Christmas treats for children on each farm and film shows at the Factory Workers' and Farm Clubs.

There were two registered Credit Unions with a membership of over 400 and share capital of nearly £5,000. In addition there were four Savings Unions and four Buying Clubs.

There were basic schools, infant centres, baby clinics; and most farms had a playing field for cricket, athletics and football. And there was a central sports ground where the finals of the estate competitions were held annually. There were libraries at the Staff Club and at the Factory Club. The headquarters of the St. John Ambulance Association for the entire parish was at Frome. I got the impression of a welfare state in miniature.

'Tell me,' I said to the Welfare Officer, 'in the crop season you employed nearly 8,000 hands; in the out-of-crop season your average was less than five and a half thousands. Do you know how those people who were laid off for thirty weeks of the year made a living? Where they live? What they eat?'

It was unfair and I knew it. The man looked startled and shook his head. His old suspiciousness about this questioning stranger returned. I felt better. They did not know *all* the answers. The machine was not completely perfect. But I really wanted to know the answer.

I felt I ought to apologize to the Welfare Officer. Throughout the interview I had treated him as a hostile witness. I had got most out of him that way. I began to apologize, to explain, but Cahusac returned and the man withdrew.

We got into the big car and shot off. The policemen saluted smartly. There were more people on the roads than earlier. Many were returning from work. Cahusac handled the car with one hand: his other was continually saluting estate folk we passed on the road.

'I'll show you the Blue Castle housing and then we'll look at the cattle.'

Mr. Cahusac flicked the steering wheel to the right and we saved the life of a suicidal chicken. Further on he pulled up to talk to an old granny, all wrinkles and bone, who had spent all her life on the estate.

We stopped outside a neat little bungalow.

'Blue Castle'.

A comfortable, middle-aged body of a woman came to the door and beamed at Mr. Cahusac. Would she be willing to let this stranger look at her house? Of course, of course. We went into the small sitting-room. It was slightly overcrowded with furniture; through to a kitchen large enough for the family to eat in; then into the little bedroom which was almost filled by the double bed. It was all spotlessly clean and homely: the home of a family with a feel of home about it. Not wonderful; but in striking contrast to the homes of the peasant majority of the island. And the woman knew it and was pleased and proud. She showed us her vegetable patch, her flowers and then we left. We passed the local school on the way. Girls in neat gym-slips and boys in khaki waved. They looked clean and cared-for.

Mr. Cahusac talked with enthusiasm about the school, the self-help schemes, the people; especially the people. I warmed to him. I asked him for his ideas on over-population. He thought that was only half the problem: under-exploitation of the island's resources was the other half of it. The livestock industry, for example: that could be developed a great deal more. He told me about the Frome Agricultural Shows which had become national institutions as well as the most-widely-known shop windows of the livestock industry. If I were able to attend this year's show, I would see what wonderful native-bred Brahman and other beef they were producing. And everybody would be represented, from the Governor and the Chief Minister down to the lowest small farmer and breeder. I regretted that I would be out of the island by then. Pity. Did I know Louis Bromfield? Only by reputation and his works. Well, he was a great friend of Mr. Cahusac's and a supporter of the shows: he'd attended the last one and might attend this one.

We passed some grazing-pens. Mr. Cahusac waved his arm. He felt many people did not yet fully understand the great role cattle breeding could play in the island's economy. He sang the praises of guinea grass. They were using it extensively. The company had two grazing pens in Westmoreland. One had 1,035 acres under grass, 593 other acreage and 580 cattle: the other had 964 acres under grass, 762 other acreage and 530 head of cattle.

We turned off the road and bumped across uneven ground towards some cattle pens. I held on tight as the car leapt from one bump on the earth to the next, seeming to fly over the hollow strips. Mr. Cahusac still steered one-handed.

Mr. Murray, the manager's coloured Number One in the field, had got the herdsmen to round up a herd of cattle for our inspection. There were cows and calves and one worn-out, droopy-looking emaciated bull. Murray and Cahusac decided the bull had done his work well during his week or so among the cows and needed to be retired. Then we inspected some enormous and robust Brahman bulls in their stalls. They assured me that the old, worn-out type now among the ladies would regain his strength and become as robust as these creatures in a very short time.

We left the pens and drove past land under grass, past acres of proudly erect cane, past rice paddies; and then, gradually, past places where people lived. There were stores, smithies and rumshops. Frome was a self-contained little world on its own.

We stopped in a place of utter loveliness. Trees towered up to the clear sky and their spreading branches made a shaded lane. We got out of the car and walked to the edge of a flowing pool of clear water. Beyond the water, on the other side, a hill rose steeply to mountain proportions. The water began somewhere at the foot of the mountainous hill. The air was soothingly tranquil. We stopped at the edge of the water. A tree rose tall from the middle of the pool, proud and majestic. One of its lower branches had been cruelly hacked off. This one act of vandalism disturbed our tranquillity. Cahusac fumed against the destructive urge that impelled people to do such wanton, senseless damage. This was the place he came to for his moments of peace. He decided a notice would have to be put up warning vandals they would be prosecuted. One didn't like debarring people though. . . .

A little further down, the quiet pool suddenly went over a steep drop making a white-foamed waterfall. No shade protected here and the sun struck myriads of glistening jewels off the leaping foam. Five schoolboys came playing towards us. Cahusac looked at the savaged tree and then at them, but held his peace.

FREEMEN, BONDSMEN, SLAVES

The road to Frome had, historically, been a very long road, This was the new plantation, the new estate that had replaced the other that flourished in the days of bondage. Yet all the links with that other time were not completely severed. It would have been odd if they had been. People do not shed their past as one sheds an old coat. But it did seem to me that here, at Frome, the owners of the plantation had learned from both



Field worker on a sugar estate. The new cane is planted from a piece cut out of the old cane

that distant, as well as the more immediate, past and were building on other, healthier and sounder foundations. Certainly, if Frome's Cahusac is a symbol, as he seemed to me, of those in charge of today's great estates, if his attitude towards his people is representative, then the future of the great estates is assured.

We left Cahusac, got into our own car, waved to him and drove away. I stopped a labourer on the way and asked him what they called the house where we had lunched.

'You mean the home of the manager himself? The great house?'

'Yes.' So they still called it the great house.

The sun was down and darkness on the world when we got clear of the vast estate. We would not make Maggotty on the edge of the Cockpit Country that night. A long road, the road to Frome, Westmoreland, 1955.

ii. *The Pattern of Slavery*

It is often forgotten that the Africans were not the first or only slaves in the Caribbean.

The first 'unfree' labourers were the Arawak Indians. But the harshness of life under slave conditions effectively wiped them out by the time the English reached the islands. In the English colonies like Barbados and Jamaica, the Indians were followed by the 'poor white' bondsmen and women. Some were Royalists transported when England was under Oliver Cromwell's dictatorship; others were Roundheads faithful to Cromwellianism after the Restoration: some were robbers and knaves sent out after conviction by the courts. Others, either because life in England was too hard on the poor or through a sense of adventure, bound themselves to work for a stipulated period in exchange for their passage. The 'redemptioners' received free passage on ships on signing an agreement to pay their fares within a certain time after landing in the Colony. Those who could not honour this agreement were sold by the captain to the highest bidder.

As time passed the number of bondsmen and women transported to the Indies and American colonies increased till the flow assumed the proportions of a regular traffic. Convicts were increasingly sentenced to be transported. The spawn of Newgate were welcomed in the islands and the British colony of Virginia. And, when need demanded, captains from ships visited Houses of Correction, plied the imprisoned girls with drink and 'invited' them to go to the West Indies. In London and Bristol 'spirits' regularly kidnapped citizens for transportation.

These white bondsmen and women were the first to experience the horrors of the 'Middle Passage'. As many persons as possible were crammed into ships' holds. Sometimes each person was allowed a space of two feet in width and six feet in

length. Often they had no room to move and relieved themselves in their clothes and where they stood. There is an account, in a petition to Parliament in 1659, of seventy-two bondsmen and women being locked in a hold and sharing the crowded space with horses in a voyage that lasted over five weeks. It records that the 'heat and steam under the tropic' made their 'souls faint in them'.

In the colonies the bondsmen became temporary slaves in all but name. The planters regarded them as 'white trash' and set them to work beside their Negro slaves. And because they were only temporary chattels the planters showed less interest in their welfare than in the welfare of the 'permanent' Negro slaves. Eric Williams quotes the following description from *Proceedings and Debates in the British Parliament respecting North America*:

The bondsmen in Barbados spent their time

'grinding at the mills and attending the furnaces, or digging in this scorching island; having nothing to feed on (notwithstanding their hard labour) but potato roots, nor to drink, but water with such roots washed in it, besides the bread and tears of their own affliction; being bought and sold still from one planter to another, or attached as horses and beasts for the debts of their masters, being whipt at the whipping posts (as rogues) for their masters' pleasure, and sleeping in sties worse than hogs in England. . . .'

As the sugar industry grew, the need for labour became greater. Neither the English courts nor 'spirits' could keep up with the demand. Methods of cultivation were primitive and demanded the lavish use of manual labour. Men had to go out in droves to clear the bush with machetes. They dug trenches with hoes, and all the weeding was done by hand. When harvest time came cutting was a mass operation. Bearers carried the cane on their heads in bundles. The grinding of the cane stalks and the boiling of the juice also required large numbers of men. Before mule carts were used to transport the cane, and beasts used on the rollers that ground it, these two operations alone required several scores of men on a reasonably large plantation.

Modyford had started sixty small mills in Jamaica in 1670. By 1700 there were over 400 mills on the island. King Sugar had arrived and the white bondsmen were totally inadequate

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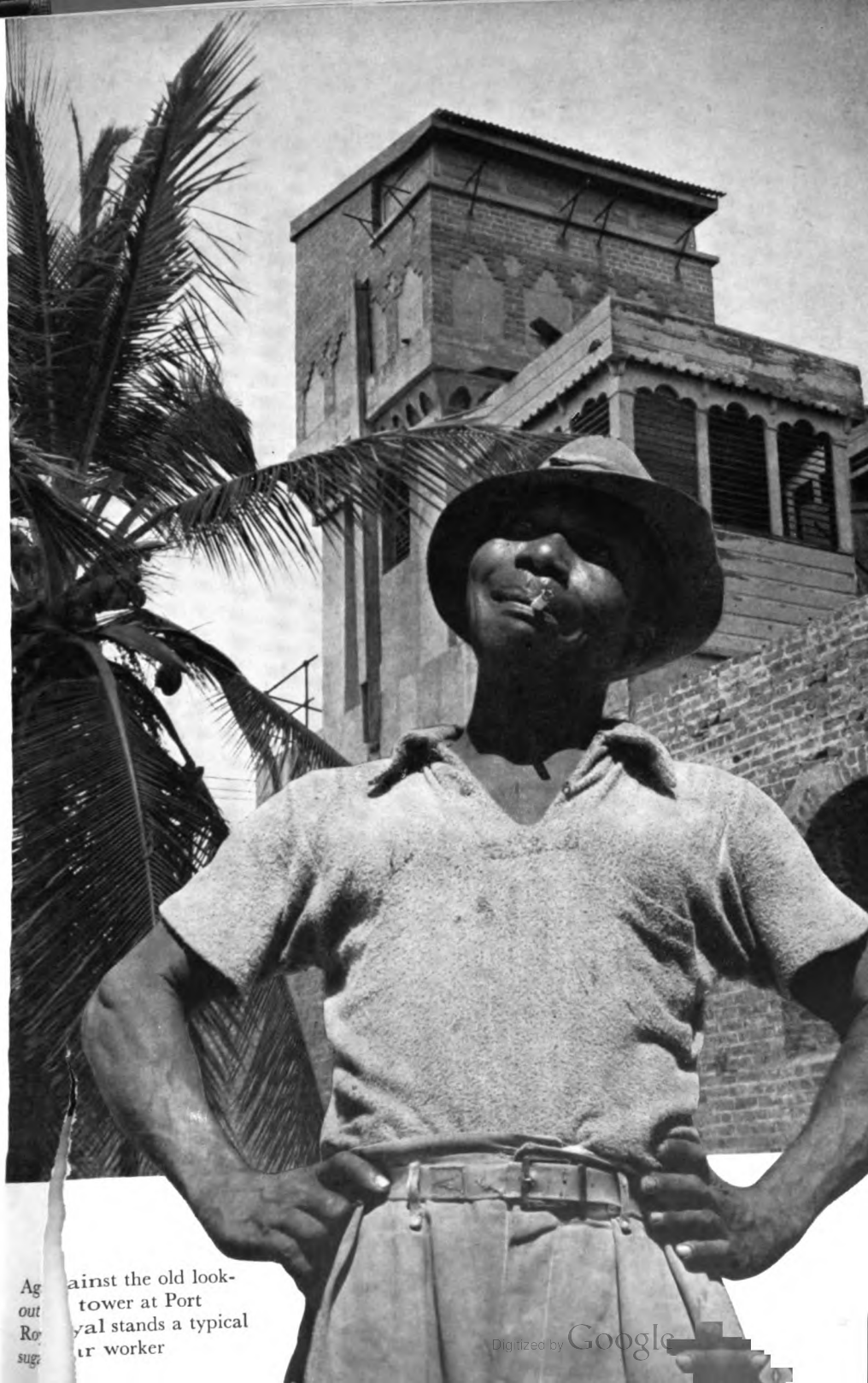
to satisfy his man-power demands, and so what had till then been a desultory occupation became a highly organized trade.

The Company of Royal Adventurers trading in Africa had been incorporated in 1663 for a period of 1,000 years. It lasted just nine. In 1672 a new company was formed and named the Royal African Company. It was given a monopoly in the slave trade.

Between 1680 and 1686 the Royal African Company carried an average of 5,000 slaves a year from Africa to the New World. In 1698 the Royal African Company lost its monopoly and a free trade in slaves was recognized as a fundamental right of all Englishmen. The Company soon went bankrupt after this. In the first nine years of free trade 160,950 slaves were shipped from Bristol. A new organization, the Company of Merchants trading to Africa, came into being in 1750. It had a board of nine directors; three from London, three from Liverpool and three from Bristol. Four hundred and seventy-three slave traders were listed in England in 1755: of these 237 belonged to Bristol, the largest port in the business; London came next with 147; Liverpool had eighty-nine. It is estimated that over two million slaves were carried to the British colonies in the hundred years between 1680 and 1780. Between 1700 and 1786 Jamaica imported 610,000.

At the Jamaican slave sales the Gold Coast tribesmen—Ashanti, Fanti and others, who were all lumped together and called Coromantines—fetched the highest prices. Yoruba and Ibo tribesmen of Nigeria came next in value. The Joloffs from the Gambia and the area about it were considered the most difficult and dangerous. The Mandingoes of Sierra Leone and the Fulani were also represented among Jamaica's slaves. Prices paid for slaves varied a great deal, depending on sex, age and tribe. Fifty pounds was an average price for an able-bodied Coromantine. Others fetched less in a descending scale, depending on their market value. Women slaves were valued on two counts: as slaves and as the producers of future slaves who would automatically become the property of their owners. From the seaport markets they were taken to the plantations. Often, wife was separated from husband, parents from children.

A successful estate or plantation had to be at least 100 acres



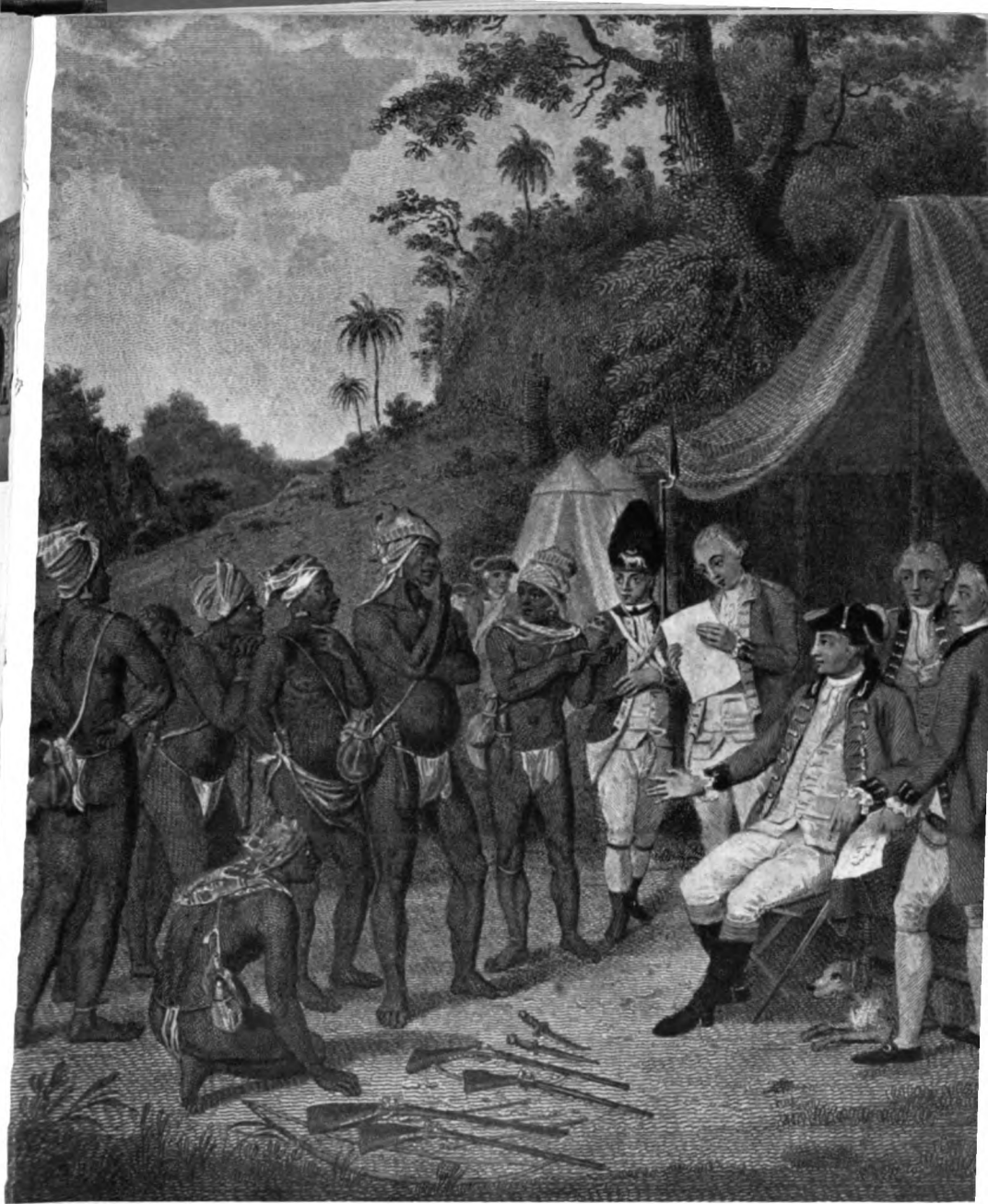
Against the old look-
out tower at Port
Royal stands a typical
sugar worker



King's Square, Spanish Town, in 1825. On the left is King's House, once the Governor's residence; on the right the old House of Assembly, and between them the Rodney Memorial



The façade of King's House. The building was destroyed by fire in 1925



A party of Maroons surrenders to a British Military Commander







Kingston, Jamaica's capital, has a population approaching 150,000

(Above) Street scene

(Below) The town and its harbour from the air





(Above) The Blue Lagoon, on the north coast near Port Antonio

(Below) Sightseeing in the Blue Mountains





(Above) Mr. Powell and Miss Green with some of their children (see Chapter 9)
at Green Town, Trelawny

(Below) 'Sunday best' at Monymusk



in area. One-third of this, or slightly more, would generally be under cane. The rest would be set aside for raising food and timber. An estate of this size would have between 250 and 300 slaves. In his *History of Jamaica*, Gardner quotes the account of an English visitor to Jamaica, one Dr. Trapham, who wrote of the average estate:

'The stranger is apt to ask what village it is?—for every completed sugar works is no less, the various and many buildings bespeaking as much at first sight; for besides the large mansion house, with its offices, the works, such as the well-contrived mill, the spacious boiling house, the large receptive curing houses, still house, commodious stables for the grinding cattle, lodging for the overseer, the white servants, working shops for the necessary smiths, others for framing carpenters and coopers; to all of which, when we add the streets of negro houses, no one will question to call such complicated sugar works a small town or village.'

In the early 1670s the island's population had numbered 17,000: of these over 7,000 had been white and just under 10,000 black slaves. By 1703 the figure had shot up to 48,500: the whites had increased slightly, and the black slaves had multiplied to close on 40,000.

Able-bodied slaves, both male and female, were put to planting and cutting in the canefields. Older women and children did the weeding. Those male slaves who showed special skills and intelligence were taught and put to trades like coopering and carpentry; and those of both sexes who were well-behaved and showed the 'right attitude' were employed as household servants.

Absenteeism was a very strong feature of successful estates. The owners were generally away in England and left their estates in the care of attorneys who were paid a commission of six per cent on gross sales of the crop. Immediately below the attorneys were the overseers who conducted the actual agricultural operations on the estates and were in effective control of the slaves. They earned between £120 and £150 a year. Next came the book-keepers who earned between thirty and sixty pounds a year. A writer of the period described the book-keeper as 'a sort of voluntary slave, who condemns himself for a term of years, on a paltry salary, seldom more than sufficient to support him decently in clothes, to a dull, cheerless drudging life, in hopes he will one day become an overseer . . . '.

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Not all the owners were absent in England, and where they were in residence the slaves generally received better treatment. In the main, however, estates were run by attorneys and overseers and the excesses of cruelty that often took place were either carried out or ordered by them.

Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection formed the nucleus of the British Museum, visited Jamaica from 1687 to 1689 and in his *Voyage to the Islands* described slaves being whipped for negligence. Each was whipped with a lancewood switch till it was broken: another was then used, and another, till the slave's skin was ripped open and blood flowed. Salt and pepper or molten wax was then poured over the raw and bleeding flesh. Those who ran away and were caught were put in chains: iron rings of great weight on their ankles or round their necks. Sometimes they had iron gags tied to their mouths. Rebellion was a capital offence and the culprits were staked to the earth and burnt to death by slow degrees, fire being applied first to their hands and feet and gradually working up to their heads. Sir Hans commented: 'These punishments are sometimes merited by the blacks, who are a very perverse generation of people; and though they appear harsh, yet are scarce equal to some of their crimes . . .'

The missionary, Hope Masterton Waddell, reported that the overseers and book-keepers were seldom married men and that some of them never met women of their own colour throughout their stay on the island. They were alone and isolated. What more natural, then, than that they should make use of the slave women who were at their mercy. A brown or black mistress soon became one of the 'perquisites' of the job. A female slave might 'belong' to a male slave, might have set up 'house' with him and be his 'wife': the overseer or book-keeper's claim, should he desire her for himself, would override that. The male slave had no choice but to accept the situation. Protest might bring on him a charge of insubordination and a cruel whipping, or, worse still, a charge of rebellion with its consequent death by burning.

In time this concubinage of the black or brown female slave to the white planter or his agents became a set pattern in Jamaican society under slavery. White planters, attorneys, overseers, book-keepers, indulged freely in sexual intercourse

with their female slaves on a very considerable scale. The result was that the male slave had no sense of security about his woman. Buckra-man might take a fancy to her any time. So he had her while he could and avoided, as far as possible, having any deep emotional attachments. The slaves thus came to regard sex as a casual, transitory and brief moment of private pleasure unrelated to responsibility.

In some cases of concubinage planters developed real attachments to their slave women and their brown offspring. These were generally given lighter duties in the house and a status of favour above the other slaves. Sometimes one was freed and given a piece of land to work.

This pattern of relationships soon brought into being a new, racially mixed group, removed from the black field slaves, and gradually growing into the Free Coloureds.

A small group of freed black folk were also coming into being about the same time. The planter sometimes developed a liking for a particular black slave, one who had acquired some skill in one of the trades. The planter might set him up in business and, after he had made a success of this, free him; or else free him and help him to start a business of his own.

The children of the freed coloureds became the Free Coloureds, the children of the freed blacks the Free Blacks. They remained the legal inferiors of the whites. They enjoyed no social rights. But, at least, they had ceased to be 'property'.

iii. *Maroon Country*

The road to Accompong winds steadily upwards and slightly westwards towards the west-centre of the island's forest-clad mountains. The last stop in 'official' Jamaica is the town of Maggotty on a broad strip of slightly sloping road. Here we called at the police station and asked whether anything was going on in Maroon country. The police sergeant told us everything was quiet up there: but had we informed them we were coming? Hal Glave, the Information Officer, told the sergeant he had sent the Colonel a wire. It was all very informal, but there was the hint of an easy-going frontier post about it. We chatted for a while and the sergeant expressed

concern about *ganja* 'up there'. We left the police station and drove up a steep slope to where a house stood alone on the brow of a hill. I asked Glave about *ganja* and he told me it was a local variety of Indian hemp.

A trim, middle-aged coloured lady came to the door to meet us. Glave had arranged for us to have lunch at her place. It transpired that nearly everyone who made the journey up to Accompong stopped here for a meal. The place was spotless and there were rooms for people wishing to stay overnight. The lady was well stocked with copies of the American Negro magazine *Ebony*. She was very formal and impersonal until she discovered that I was *that* Peter Abrahams about whom *Ebony* had written all those nice things and whose pictures had appeared in it. She unbent then, offered us a drink, and expressed pride in the great achievements of 'our race' everywhere, but particularly in America. We got around to the Maroons and her face grew stern with disapproval. She couldn't understand why government didn't do anything about these people. They didn't pay taxes but got schools out of taxpayers' money. She did not say it, but I sensed her feeling that the people 'up there' were a weird and dangerous lot who might descend one dark night and cut the throats of all civilized people, and that it would all be the fault of government if this happened.

There was no one at the petrol station, so we hooted and hung around. The streets were deserted. From a shop some distance away, a few people watched us curiously. Glave called out, but there was no response. Just when we were on the point of giving up, a young man came sauntering round some buildings. At first there was a hitch because he couldn't find the key to the pump, but in the end we got our petrol. The pace was casual and easy: the noonday sun was very hot.

We drove past the Appleton Estate. The road was crowded with workers having their lunch break. At last we were free of them. A while later we left the fine tarmac road and began the steep, narrow, winding climb to the Maroon town. The road grew more difficult as we climbed, grew narrow and steep, with sudden hairpin turnings and a sheer drop to a great depth if we went over the side. There was a curtain of dust behind. I gave up and handed the driving over to Glave.

Up we went, twisting and turning with the broad track that passed for road. The car strained against the steep incline. We did the last thousand yards or so in a heavy, first-gear crawl. Then the land levelled off somewhat and there were houses. Here and there people came to their doors to stare at us. They reminded me of the people I had seen recently in Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast: tall in the main; long-limbed and thin-boned and with slender, tapering hands and fingers. Those who were short had the physique and appearance—so common in Ashanti though slightly blurred here—of dark-skinned, cut-down Roman Senators. I found the link with Negro West Africa more pronounced than elsewhere on the island. Tribal distinctions might have been crossed out of existence but the marks of their overall West African origin were strong. Only occasionally, as in West Africa itself, did I see someone with some slight but discernible European admixture. In the main, physique, features and that dusty, matt near-blackness sang a song of Africa across oceans and centuries.

We asked a woman to direct us to the Colonel's house. She looked us up and down then pointed left without uttering a word. I watched her walking away, noting the subtle, unconscious grace of her movements. I knew those movements. African women who balanced loads on their heads moved in that way.

We went left, bumping across the wide track. There were no streets of any kind; none were needed. Only a cluster of houses on a flat, high ledge of land, a few stores, two rumshops, a sports and general get-together field, a school and chapel building, and all around these the land, only partly tamed: it was an island of men surrounded by the jungle. And beyond this island of men, not far distant, was the untamed Cockpit Country, pitted with cone-like mountains, bleak and inaccessible. Accompong stands high up on the edge of the Cockpit Country.

The Colonel's house stood on sloping land. The Colonel's lady welcomed us. The Colonel had received the wire. But we had not told them what day to send the mules down to fetch us from Maggotty. Anyway, the Colonel would be here presently. Someone had gone to fetch him. She led us into a small room that was filled by a medium-sized table. It was a poor,

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bare room. The Colonel's lady seated herself opposite us in a high wooden chair: we sat on a low, long bench. A striking woman, I thought, physically and mentally strong, and absolutely sure of herself. She was tall, big-breasted and with a hint of arrogance in her eyes.

Was I the one who wanted to write the book about the Maroons? Where was I from? Africa. . . . She showed real interest. What was it like there now? Had the people risen for their freedom? Did I know that all the ancestors of the Maroons came from Africa? Did they know about the Maroons in Africa? She couldn't understand why not. We talked Africa till the Colonel came in.

He was slender, tallish and very dark with a lined but tranquil face. He was sorry he'd kept us waiting so long. He'd been out in the fields and had to wash and change before he could come in to us. His lady gave him the tall chair and went out. The Colonel sank deliberately into the chair, looked at his big, coarse peasant's hands, then at me and smiled a trifle tiredly.

Yes, he said, their famous artist in England, Namba Roy, had written to tell him I was coming. The Colonel's lady brought in a heap of oranges on a hand-woven raffia tray. She sliced off the top of an orange, passed it to me, did one for Glave, then one for the Colonel. We sucked orange juice as we talked about the past of the first free black people of the island. . . .

Until the landing of the English there had been only a handful of runaway slaves who had taken to the high, almost inaccessible forest-clad Blue Mountains, where they lived by hunting and by cultivating small plots. The Spaniards called them *cimarrones*. In time this was anglicized into Maroons.

After the English landing the retreating Spaniards freed some of their slaves and turned them into allies in the bitter guerilla war against the invaders. But some of the Spanish slaves escaped into the mountains and swelled the ranks of the Maroons. They re-established something of the old African tribal patterns among themselves. And it was one of their chieftains, Juan de Bolas, who had guided Doyley's men to Ysassi's last hiding place on the north side of the island. But such co operation between the Maroons and the English was



Maroon country

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singularly exceptional at the time. In the main, they regarded the English much as the Spaniards had done and kept up a bitter and continuous guerilla war against the invaders. At dark of night they came down from their mountain haunts, launched sudden attacks on isolated plantations, killed and plundered, and retired to the mountains before the planters could act. Often, the bolder spirits among the slaves joined the raiders on their retreat into the mountains. Often, the Maroons collected female slaves on these raids, for there was a great shortage of women among them.

As the slave trade grew in volume, so the size of the Maroon colonies increased. The planters grew alarmed by the growing rate of escapes from the ranks of their slaves. The boldest and best of their slaves slipped away into the mountains to join the free people. Friction increased as plantations spread inland from the coastal belts.

Alarm among the planters was increased by rumours that the Spaniards were supplying the Maroons with arms and ammunition and encouraging their raids as a prelude to a Spanish attempt to reconquer the island. It was a time of crisis and, inevitably, history's oldest scapegoats, the Jews, resident in Jamaica, were also charged with supplying arms to the Maroons.

The Jamaican Government imported in 1720 fifty Mosquito Indians to act as guides in hunting out the Maroons in the forest and mountain strongholds. This came to nothing. The Maroons killed and disappeared at will.

In March of 1730 the intermittent war was stepped up. A band of Maroons raided a plantation, did their usual damage and carried off half a dozen slave women. An armed band pursued them. They turned and almost wiped it out. The Assembly ordered further parties to be dispatched. The Maroons inflicted crushing defeats on these.

White morale sank very low. Owners dared not punish their slaves for fear that they might run away and join the Maroons. The Legislature had refused to vote money for defence a few years earlier, and had stonewalled on a sum of money for the king. Now they clamoured for help from Britain. Two regiments were sent out to Jamaica, but within a very short time were decimated, not by Maroons, but as the Governor reported,

'chiefly owing to drunkenness'. The regiments returned to England shortly afterwards.

In March, 1732 the Jamaican Legislature appealed for help to the admiral commanding in Jamaican waters. Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle sent 200 sailors who were dispatched against the Maroons, who led the sailors into an ambush and defeated them heavily. The Maroons had by this time thrown up a number of brilliant guerilla leaders of whom Cudjoe was the



most outstanding. Cudjoe commanded in the central Blue Mountain area, his brother Accompong in the west near the Cockpit Country, and a leader called Quao commanded the eastern end of the island.

After the defeat of Ogle's sailors the Assembly finally realized that this was not a war that could be successfully waged on the cheap. Money was voted. Planters and merchants volunteered. Something like a real, well-equipped army was licked into shape. Two hundred Indians from the Mosquito Coast, as well as companies of freed blacks and coloureds, were recruited. Cannons and big guns were hauled up the mountains and strong-points prepared.

A three-pronged attack was launched against the Maroons:

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a small force marched from Port Antonio on the north-east coast against Quao, a second larger force composed mainly of professionals marched towards Nanny Town, and a third composed mainly of volunteers marched against Accompong and his followers on the edge of the Cockpit Country. Estimates placed the number of armed Maroons at not much more than 500. They were heavily outnumbered, but everything else was in their favour.

The force against Quao walked into an ambush in a rain-storm. They were defeated and forced to retreat, taking many wounded with them and leaving a score of their fellows dead.

The second force worked its way up the Blue Mountains to a point overlooking the Maroon settlement, Nanny Town. They had dragged their guns up and now blasted the settlement. They rushed in after the bombardment and after a brief and fierce fight captured a handful of prisoners and razed the settlement. The force withdrew from Nanny Town and carried on the guerilla war with telling effect.

The force against the Cockpit Country Maroons could at no time pin down the elusive enemy.

The war dragged on till 1738 when Colonel John Guthrie, a planter turned soldier, suggested to the Governor that a peace which recognized Maroon autonomy might prove more successful in containing the Maroons than the continuation of the costly and wasteful war. Governor Edward Trelawny agreed to this. Guthrie dealt formally with Cudjoe. A peace 'treaty' was signed on 1st March, 1739 between the Government of Jamaica and the Maroons. The Jamaican Legislature ratified the 'treaty'.

The 'treaty' acknowledged the freedom and liberty of the Maroons of the west, including the escaped slaves who had joined them. Fifteen hundred acres of land near the Cockpit Country were set aside as Maroon land. The Maroons were conceded the right to hunt anywhere in the forests provided they did not approach to within three miles of a town or plantation.

Cudjoe was recognized as their ruler, with power to inflict any punishment on his people short of the death sentence. Capital offences would be tried by the colonial courts. A line of succession was established.

FREEMEN, BONDSMEN, SLAVES

The Maroons, for their part, agreed not to accept any more runaway slaves into their midst. They pledged themselves to capture and return such slaves to the nearest magistrate, who would reward them with three pounds for each returned slave. They agreed, further, to assist in the suppressing of any armed revolt, and to join the government forces in resisting invasion by any foreign enemy.

A similar 'treaty' was concluded with Quao, the leader of the Maroons in the eastern section of the island. Two Maroon settlements were established in the west: Accompong and Trelawny towns (the latter being named after the Governor). In the east were established Charles Town, Moore Town and Scott's Hall.

A sad footnote to their successful freedom struggle was to be written nearly sixty years later when the acute shortage of women among them led to a great increase in their practice of kidnapping young female slaves from the estates and carrying them up into the mountains. Two Maroons were caught at this in Montego Bay in 1793 and severely flogged. The Maroons regarded the floggings as a violation of their 'treaty' rights and staged an uprising. They burned estates and killed in reprisal. The Jamaican Government quelled the uprising with severity, using imported Cuban Chasseurs and their fierce hunting dogs. The Maroons capitulated and signed a 'treaty' which the Lieutenant-Governor, the Earl of Balcarres, immediately violated by expelling 500 Maroons from Jamaica. They were sent back to Sierra Leone by way of Nova Scotia, where most of them perished of the cold and only some 125 finally reached Africa. The expelled were the people of Trelawny Town.

* * *

I looked at the Colonel across the crude, bare table. He had only told me snatches of the story of his people; all the details, all the facts, were not at his finger-tips. Of many he was ignorant. But he was the successor of Cudjoe and Accompong and Quao. Their proud will to freedom lurked behind his tired eyes. He was conscious of that. He was Colonel now, in succession to those great Colonels: he was Colonel Cawley, head of the Accompong Maroons. And it was not all easy.

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Colonels were now chosen by elections and some irresponsible people had arisen, anxious for leadership and the power it brought. He didn't think he would stand for election next year.

There was a little mound of sucked-out orange skins on the table between us.

Those who wanted power were using all sorts of methods to win the support of the young.

I said: '*Ganja?*'

He looked at his big hands and got up.

'Let me show you our town.'

We went out, drove to what might, at a rough guess, be the centre of the settlement. Then we got out of the car and walked. People watched us discreetly from a distance. Boys passing saluted the Colonel. We passed the two rumshops and climbed to the sporting field where a group of strapping young men, bent double as they worked, were keeping the grass down with short hand-scythes. At the far end of the field was the whipping post where public punishment was carried out. I asked who sat in judgment, who decided on the punishment. 'The Colonel and the elders.'

We looked in at the school. Really, there was nothing more to see. How many Maroons were there on the island? The Colonel wasn't sure: there were many, here as well as on the other side of the Cockpit Country. There were a number of Maroon towns. Like this one? This was one of the largest. The other big one was Moore Town.

No one really knew the total number of Maroons on the island: estimates varied between four and five thousand.

We went into the rumshop. The Colonel accepted our offer of a drink and led the way into the back room. He hesitated but it was too late, we were hard behind him and had seen the two figures in deep, drugged sleep on two benches. The Colonel resigned himself and behaved as though everything was as it should be. The room reeked of the sickly smell of *ganja*—a smell similar to that of the South African variant of Indian hemp, *dagga*. We finished our drink quickly and left. I looked at the Colonel's sad impassive face and wondered if he felt, as I did, that in their long and often necessary isolation

from the current of Jamaican life they were, at this moment in time, losing more than they were gaining.

In the beginning their isolation had been essential, had been charged with the meaningfulness of the affirmation of the human spirit to be free. Neither the crudeness of their existence and methods nor the scoffings of their later critics can rob them of the claim of being the first free black people on the island who had fought and sustained their right to be free. But all that was in the past.

There are no slaves in their country today, no enemy against whom they have to contend for their freedom and from whom they have to isolate themselves. They go down to the markets to sell their produce. There is a broader freedom down in the plains now than in their mountain strongholds. All the things they want for a better life are down in the plains: the skills that would improve their methods of cultivation, the extras that would make their life more than the bare existence it now is. Their continued isolation from the stream of Jamaican life, it seemed to me, could only lead to a gradual degeneration. I tried to express this to the Colonel as we walked to the western end of the settlement. He made no reply and I did not know how much of it he took in.

We stopped on the western edge and looked across to the hills of the Cockpit Country. The sinking sun had touched those cone-shaped hills and cast a purplish sheen over them. The air was turning cooler than I had known it elsewhere on the island.

'If you come back we'll take you there', the Colonel said.

'I'll come back', I said.

I thought about Namba Roy in far-away London. He had travelled much and achieved fame as a sculptor. He had come from this Maroon settlement of Accompong. When he was ready to come 'home', would this bleak, isolated and lovely place fulfil the demands a man makes on the place he calls 'home'?

I said to the Colonel:

'How do you see the future?'

He did not answer and we turned and went back to his house. I asked the Colonel if we might take a picture of him. He went into the house and changed into his ceremonial

uniform. While we waited his lady brought a broad-faced black girl to Glave. The girl had been shyly in the background earlier on while we had sat talking. The Colonel's lady begged Glave to find a job for the girl in Kingston. Here, perhaps, was the answer to my question about the future.

iv. *The Struggle for Abolition*

The second half of the eighteenth century saw the golden age of the sugar plantations. In 1733 sugar had fetched an average price of sixteen and elevenpence halfpenny a hundredweight; by 1747 it fetched forty-two and ninepence halfpenny. In England the rich absentee planters had created an all-powerful 'lobby' which had won price protection for sugar as well as the right to make certain direct foreign exports. In 1754, 1,620 Jamaican planters had patented 1,671,569 acres of land. The average plantation was well over a thousand acres in size. In 1665 there were six blacks on the island for every single white person; in 1712 there were over 40,000 blacks to 3,500 whites; by 1754 the population had risen to over 160,000 of whom about 6,000 were white.

There were only two classes socially: on the one hand there were the representatives of the owners of the great estates, on the other the slaves. Sugar was a monopoly concern that allowed no room for the small man.

The average 1,000-acre plantation had about 500 slaves. The cutting season, 'crop time', began immediately after Christmas. This was the time of greatest activity: the cane was cut, carried to the mill, ground, boiled and great hogsheads were filled for spring and summer shipment. The mills went on twenty-four-hour schedules during this time, which lasted about three months. When the work proved too much for the plantation slaves, others were hired from jobbers who kept gangs of slaves for that specific purpose.

There were generally two crops in the year, one after the other. Planting was done in the spring and autumn where necessary. Ratoons—young cane shoots—took root and were left when the full-grown crop was cut, thus making it necessary to replant only once every three or four years as the crop decreased.

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Each estate was commercially linked with some business house in London, Bristol or Liverpool. Often, these business houses held mortgages on the estates. An estate shipped its rum and sugar to its commercial link in England and ordered its supplies from it. The merchant house sold the estate produce on a commission basis.

Social life for the plantation aristocracy revolved around the great houses. These were generally large two-storeyed affairs; the first floor built of stone and the second of wood. Rooms were large and high-ceilinged; floors of polished hardwood. Wide and spacious verandas were an important feature as most social intercourse, except the very formal, was conducted there.

Each meal was a feast: tables were loaded with a great variety of meat and poultry, a dozen or more different vegetables, puddings, cakes and fruits. Great quantities of rum and imported wines were served with each meal. An estate with 500 slaves in the field had anything up to fifty or sixty household slaves. Each member of the great house had his or her own personal slave: and then there were the butlers, valets, grooms and cooks.

There was a great giving of banquets and dances, and the stranger or friend was always welcomed and lavishly entertained. Often, the slaves were commanded to stage entertainments for the folk in the great house and their guests.

The only meat rations the slaves got were salt fish and the cheapest imported salt pork.

Often, the planters went down to the capital for Assembly meetings or for a change and a brief and riotous spree. Kingston, the new commercial capital, did not rival Spanish Town socially as Port Royal had done at one time. Spanish Town was a hive of high activity from November until the New Year. The legislature met then and there were great social functions at King's House and elsewhere in the town. The other seaport towns, Falmouth, Montego Bay and St. Ann's Bay in the north, Savanna-la-Mar and Black River in the south-west; Port Antonio in the north-east and Morant Bay in the south-east also became social centres where the planters foregathered to talk and drink and, when so inclined, kick over the traces a bit.

But most of the really big and successful planters had made

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the journey 'home' to England where they made their presence felt to such a degree that Adam Smith, in his *The Wealth of Nations*, was forced to comment that 'Our tobacco colonies send us home no such wealthy planters as we see frequently arrive from our sugar islands'. Eric Williams, in *Capitalism and Slavery*, filled out the details:

"The wealth of the West Indians became proverbial. Communities of opulent West Indians were to be found in London and Bristol, and the memorial plaques in All Saints' Church, Southampton, speak eloquently of the social position they enjoyed. The public schools of Eton, Westminster, Harrow and Winchester, were full of the sons of West Indians. The carriages of the planters were so numerous, that, when they gathered, Londoners complained that the streets were for some distance blocked. The story is told of how, on a visit to Weymouth, George III and Pitt encountered a wealthy Jamaican with an imposing equipage, including outriders and livery. George III, much displeased, is reported to have said, "Sugar, sugar, eh? all *that* sugar! How are the duties, eh, Pitt, how are the duties?"'

The West Indians in England bought their way into parliament and society and, with the merchants who made their vast profits from the West Indian trade, became a powerful force in 18th and 19th century England.

The slaves in Jamaica had, from the earliest days, staged minor risings and rebellions. Many had escaped and joined the Maroons. The year 1745 saw the first serious attempted slave rising. A thousand slaves planned to rise and kill all the whites they could, and call on the other slaves to do likewise. A woman among them wanted them to spare the white child she had nursed; the others refused this, so she betrayed them. The rising failed. The ringleaders were executed and their heads displayed in Kingston as a warning to other slaves. The subdued slaves bided their time.

In 1760 a leader rose among them, a man of great moral and physical courage, named Tacky. Tacky was the 'property' of an estate in the parish of St. Mary on the north-east of the island. He was big, quick and intelligent and was soon made a foreman on the estate.

Tacky carefully selected a few of the bravest and best slaves from his own and the neighbouring estate, and called a meeting at dead of night in the woods between the two estates. Among those he called were men who practised a form of tribal magic

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known as *obeah*. They agreed to organize an island-wide slave uprising. Magic would be needed to 'put heart' into the more cowardly so the *obeahmen* thought up a powder for this purpose. The slaves returned to their plantations and spread the word, pledging those they had chosen to secrecy. In a short time Tacky had a hundred loyal followers. He sent messages to the other plantations. When all was planned, Tacky called his hundred followers, made them swear a ritualistic tribal oath over a bowl of pig's blood, and led them to Port Maria. The objective was the fort. Its capture would be a signal for other slaves to rise and join him. There was a solitary store-keeper at the fort. They killed him and took the fort. Their booty was forty muskets. But they found very few musket-balls so they cut lead sinkers from fishing nets on the beach.

The first phase was successful. Slaves rose in numbers in Westmoreland. Other slaves joined him and Tacky led a party of 400 from estate to estate, killing every white person they found, plundering, and setting fire to everything. On the Ballard's Valley plantation they went on a giant drunken orgy. Freedom, so quickly and unexpectedly won, went to their heads, and became one huge debauch.

News of the rising reached the militia at St. Mary and nearly a hundred militiamen rushed to Ballard's Valley on horseback. News was sent to Spanish Town and two companies of soldiers were dispatched. The Governor called out the Maroons at Scott's Hall.

The militia found Tacky's men still on the binge and launched a surprise attack. Tacky withdrew into the bush with those who were not too stupefied by drink. The rest, nearly half his force, were killed or captured. Other slaves who had been on the verge of rising stayed peacefully on their plantations. The price of failure, they knew, was death. A month after the rising Tacky was killed by the Scott's Hall Maroons and the rebellion collapsed.

When they heard of Tacky's death, the slaves in Westmoreland gave up and returned to their masters. The greatest slave rising in Jamaican history had failed. Captured ringleaders were publicly tortured and executed. Six hundred slaves were transported to what today is British Honduras. Casualties during the brief period the rising lasted numbered sixty

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whites and between 300 and 400 blacks. The Maroons, who had fought so consistently and savagely for their own freedom, had played a major part in putting down the rising.

* * *

This was the period of the Seven Years War between France and England. Inevitably, the war extended to the Caribbean. When Spain entered the war on the side of France Britain decided to attack and take Cuba. The West Indian and American colonies were asked to help raise forces. Jamaica raised a force of over 3,000 consisting of a handful of whites who made up the officer corps, a large number of Free Coloured volunteers who largely supplied the non-commissioned officer material, and a great majority of black slaves sold into the service and promised freedom at the end of it.

Cuba capitulated in August, 1762. At the peace conference, the West India Interest in London opposed holding Cuba. They did not want vast new sugar estates acquired by the British Empire as this might bring down the price of sugar. They won, and at the Treaty of Paris Britain returned Cuba to Spain, Martinique and Guadeloupe to France, and took Canada on which no sugar could be grown.

The Quakers were the first Christian community to condemn slavery as a negation of Christianity. They had passed a resolution against it in 1724; in 1758 they had warned all Friends against participation in the slave trade, and in 1761 they disowned all Friends who continued to do so. The Methodists followed the Quaker lead. In the Church of England a few individual voices such as those of Bishops Warburton, Hanley, Burgess and Portcous were consistently raised in opposition to slavery; but the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel received part of its income from the vast Codrington plantations in Barbados and Barbuda. John Wesley sided with the opponents of slavery in 1774 and published his *Thoughts upon Slavery*.

In 1774, the thirteen American colonies ended all commerce with the British West Indian islands. When the American colonies revolted four years later France sided with them and Spain joined them in the following year. The French overran

all the smaller British-held islands and prepared for a combined Franco-Spanish attack on Jamaica. Admiral Rodney anticipated this and set out in pursuit of the French fleet before it could join with that of the Spaniards. He caught up with the French between Dominica and Guadeloupe, near the tiny isles of Les Saintes, and engaged and utterly defeated the French fleet. But for this sea victory, Britain might have lost her key Caribbean colony as well as the American colonies.

In 1789, six years after the recognition of the independence of the United States, the angry murmurs of the *sans-culottes* flowered into action in France: the *Bastille* was overrun. The French National Assembly issued the Declaration of the Rights of Man; the slogan: 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' struck the French colonists in the Caribbean a terrible blow. Fights broke out in Martinique between white colonists who supported the Revolution and those who did not. But they patched up their quarrels to suppress a slave revolt. The free French coloureds demanded a share in the running of the island's new revolutionary administration and staged an armed rebellion when they were denied it.

In Saint Domingue, the former haunt of the early buccaneers, the Free Coloureds also made a bid for a share in the running of the government in the new age of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. The white colonists turned savagely on them. White and coloured both ignored the black slave mass that outnumbered them jointly by eight to one. But in August, 1791, the black slaves rose and made their own bid for a share in the Rights of Man. Pierre-Dominique Toussaint l'Ouverture, an elderly slave coachman, joined the revolt and quickly rose to leadership.

Jamaica's white planters were shocked by these events. The whites of Saint Domingue asked for help. The Assembly voted a sum of money and a private fund was started. Supplies and a few warships were sent to the assistance of the whites, and the Jamaican whites pressed England to intervene. The whites of Saint Domingue offered to transfer their allegiance to England if she would come to their aid.

The guillotining of Louis XVI in 1793 resulted in the outbreak of war between Britain and Republican France and sup-

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plied the occasion for intervention. The United States government had, from the outset of the revolt, sent arms and ammunition to the French colonists and George Washington had himself written: 'Lamentable! to see such a spirit of revolt among the Blacks'. Jamaica became the rallying point for an army to be sent against the Black Jacobins of Saint Domingue. But after five years of fighting the Black Jacobins were still triumphant, and the English withdrew from a failure which had cost them close on 100,000 in dead and wounded.

In Jamaica, fears of a rising similar to that of the successful Black Jacobins led to urgent demands for additional military protection. The British Government told the Jamaican Assembly that it would have to pay for this and warned that unless a sufficient contribution was forthcoming the troops already on the island might be withdrawn. The Assembly immediately voted the necessary funds. In face of the vigorous protests of the entire white population, the British Government authorized the raising of two black regiments composed of slaves bought especially for the purpose. This proved so successful that they were gradually increased until in 1799 there were twelve black regiments commanded by white officers. The Law Officers described the legal position of these black soldiers as still being that of slaves 'subject to the same laws as they would have been subject to had they been the property of His Majesty and employed in agriculture or public works'.

Lady Nugent, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir George Nugent who became Lieutenant-Governor in 1801, kept a journal throughout her stay on the island. She described the country around Kingston at the time:

'An immense amphitheatre of mountains, irregular in their shape and various in their verdure; some steep and rugged, others sloping gently, and presenting the thickest foliage and the most varied tints of green, interspersed with the gardens of little settlements, some of which are tottering on the very brinks of precipices, others just peep out from the midst of coconut trees and bamboos, the latter looking really like large plumes of green feathers. The buildings are like little Chinese pavilions, and have a most picturesque effect. In front is a view of the sea, and the harbours of Kingston, Port Royal, Port Henderson, etc., full of ships of war and vessels great and small; the whole affording an exceedingly busy and interesting scene. The plain, from the Liguanea mountains, covered with sugar estates, penns, negro

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settlements, etc., and then the city of Kingston, the town of Port Royal, all so mixed with trees of different sorts and all so new to an European eye, that it seemed like a Paradise; and Clifton, where I stood, the centre of a blissful garden.'

Although Lady Nugent concluded that reports of ill-treatment of the slaves were exaggerated, she was disturbed about the existence of the slave-trade and felt that there would be no necessity for it 'if religion, decency and good order were established among the negroes; if they can be prevailed upon to marry; and if our white men would but set them a better example. . . .'

Lady Nugent was impressed by the apparent wealth of the planters. In 1798, sugar exports were 95,858 tons; the next year they had risen to more than 100,000 tons; by 1802 to over 140,000 tons. The year 1805 saw the export of a peak crop of over 150,000 tons of sugar, nearly 54,000 puncheons of rum and 471 casks of molasses. All this would have been valued at not less than £5,000,000. Lady Nugent commented: 'It is wonderful the immense sums of money realized by sugar in this country, and yet all the estates are in debt . . . There are, in fact, only three subjects of conversation here—debt, disease, and death.'

* * *

In England the fight for the abolition of the slave trade had grown into a national issue. Thomas Clarkson was the abolitionist movement's most brilliant, prolific and dedicated pamphleteer, Wilberforce its most committed and devoted spokesman in the House of Commons, and James Stephen, permanent Under-Secretary of State, its most devoted friend in the Colonial Office. The West India Interest fought a bitter rear-guard battle against these men and their followers; the planters called them fanatics, visionaries, 'the Clapham saints', and likened them to hyenas and tigers. James Stephen, in particular, earned the wrathful hatred of the planters and their friends. He was jeered at as 'Mister Mother Country', 'Mister Oversecretary Stephen'. He urged Wilberforce on to rouse the people of England against slavery and the slave trade 'and arm ourselves with public indignation'.

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The abolitionists won their first victory in May of 1804 with the passage of a Bill in the House abolishing the trade in slaves. The West India Interest got the Bill held up in the House of Lords. The battle raged for over a year, then an Order-in-Council was issued forbidding the transporting of slaves to the newly-acquired colonies of Trinidad, St. Lucia and Demerara.

Wilberforce and his friends introduced a new Abolition Act which passed both Houses and received the Royal Assent on 25th March, 1807. It declared that from 1st January, 1808 the trade in slaves was 'utterly abolished, prohibited and declared to be unlawful'. Abolition of the slave trade had come after eighteen years of bitter struggle against some of the most powerful interests in England. The abolitionists now set about working for emancipation.

News of the abolition of the trade provoked a storm in Jamaica. The Assembly adopted a series of resolutions condemning the passing of the Act. They threatened not to raise funds to help with the upkeep of the local garrison, declaring this had been raised in the past from the import of slaves. There was some wild talk of Jamaica seceding or breaking away from England. Many slaves interpreted the abolition of the trade as meaning the emancipation of all slaves and when their masters did not free them, rose, believing they were in their new rights and that their owners were flaunting the laws of the English king. They were easily suppressed. A traveller who visited Jamaica at the time described the precautions taken against possible slave risings: he described a big house on a plantation:

'The windows were all glazed, and on each side of them were loopholes for defence, which were also on each side of the entrance door . . . and as a further means of defence, there were loopholes, or apertures, cut in the floors of the hall and bedrooms, to allow a fire of musketry being kept up against any assailants gaining possession of the cellars and rooms on the ground-floor of the house.'

The peace between Britain and France which had been confirmed at Amiens in 1802 did not last long; in 1803 the two countries were again at war. This time Britain was on the side of the Black Jacobins of Saint Domingue against Napoleon. Cuba had entered the field as a competitor for the world's sugar markets. The British West Indian monopoly was being broken

everywhere. While the war with Napoleon still lasted, war broke out between Britain and the United States in 1812. In 1813 American privateers all but took over the Caribbean Sea and imposed a partial blockade on Jamaica. The war with America lasted till 1814 and that with France till the overthrow of Napoleon a year later. Napoleon had introduced beet sugar in France.

The end of the wars saw a brief boom in Jamaican sugar, then prices began to drop. Before 1819 sugar had rarely dropped to below forty shillings a hundredweight. But in the 1820s it began to drop below that, fluctuating between forty and thirty shillings. The pinch that heralded the decline of King Sugar was really being felt.

In 1811 the Jamaican Assembly had sent a petition to England declaring that the ruin of the original possessors had been gradually completed, that 'Estate after Estate has passed into the hands of Mortgagees and Creditors absent from the Island'. They pleaded to be permitted to refine their own sugar, declaring that 'being permitted to refine our own Sugar, would afford obvious and great relief'. In 1812 a committee of the Assembly reported a shortage of imported foodstuffs due, no doubt, to the partial blockade of the American privateers. The committee also reported a shortage of staves for making puncheons, and great losses sustained by the planters because the war had put a stop to their export of rum to the United States. In 1825 sugar from Mauritius was let into Britain on the same footing as British West Indian sugar.

In 1821 Britain's world exports had been worth £43,000,000. The East Indies and China had taken one-twelfth of that, and the British West Indies one-ninth—Jamaica alone had taken one-thirteenth. By 1832 British exports had gone up to £65,000,000; the share taken by the East Indies and China had risen to one-tenth; but that taken by the West Indies had dropped to one-seventeenth—and that of Jamaica alone, to one-thirty-third.

The days of glory of the West India Interest in London were ending. In 1771 Richard Cumberland's play, *The West Indian*, had had a popular London run. Its opening scene had shown the preparation of a glorious reception for a planter just landed in England; the scene conjured up the spectacle of the

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arrival of a powerful potentate. All that was over by 1830. The West Indian was under fire. Eric Williams wrote of this period:

'The attack falls in three phases: the attack on the slave trade, the attack on slavery, the attack on preferential sugar duties. . . . The three events are inseparable. The very vested interests which had been built up by the slave system now turned and destroyed that system. . . . The rise and fall of mercantilism is the rise and fall of slavery.'

Mercantilism had to make way for a new industrial order.

— A great slave revolt occurred in February, 1832 in the north-west parishes of St. James and Trelawny. Fifty thousand slaves under the leadership of Samuel Sharpe, an outstanding Baptist slave, rose because they believed slavery had already been ended and that their masters were withholding the knowledge from them. Sharpe himself is said to have stated that

'he understood by the newspapers that the king had made them free, and that the white people, and Grignon especially, made assembly at Mr. Watt's and the Courthouse, making a studyation to destroy all the black men and leave the women. That they (the white people) would put them before the muzzles of their guns and shoot them like pigeons.'

News of the rising was seized on by the abolitionists in England. Using it, they stepped up their campaign to fever pitch.

As soon as the rising was suppressed, the Jamaican Assembly set up a committee to enquire into its causes. Their findings were:

- I. 'The primary and most powerful, an evil incitement created in the minds of our Slaves generally by the unnecessary and unconstitutional interference of His Majesty's Ministers with our Local Legislation, together with intemperate expressions of the present Ministers, as well as other individuals, in the Commons House of Parliament in Great Britain on the subject of slavery . . . coupled with the false and wicked reports of the Anti-Slavery Society.
- II. 'The expectation of being free after Christmas.
- III. 'The system of the Baptists, Wesleyans, Methodists and Moravians of recognizing gradations of rank (in their congregations) whereby the less ambitious . . . were made the dupes of the rulers, leading Elders and Helpers.

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IV. 'Public discussions consequent on continual suggestions made by the King's Ministers about the Slave Trade . . . and the preaching of the religious sects called Baptists, Wesleyans, Methodists and Moravians; but more particularly the sect called Baptists, which had the effect of producing in the mind of the slaves a belief that they could not serve both a spiritual and a temporal master, thereby occasioning them to resist the lawful authority of their temporal under the delusion of rendering themselves more acceptable to a Spiritual master.'

Missionaries were assaulted; some were arrested on charges of inciting rebellion. Fourteen Baptist and six Wesleyan chapels were destroyed. Sharpe and about 100 other slaves were executed as ringleaders. The rest were allowed to return to their masters.

A condemned slave, Linton, said: 'I tell you again, if the gentlemen do not keep a good look-out, the negroes will try this business again in two or three years.'

Another, Gardner, said: 'I firmly believed that the negroes were free by order of the King and his Parliament. I heard that the order came out in March last.'

And a slave called McKinley said: 'I say the same as Linton—that this business will begin again in about three or four years; for the negroes say they are certain the King is on their side; they hear too much talk of it in the newspapers. I heard McLachlan say to us "This thing (freedom) has been given up to you for a long time, and if you do not fight for it you will never get it."'

Jamaica, by 1832, was flat broke. When the Assembly tried to raise a £100,000 loan at six per cent, repayable in three years, only £5,428 11s. 5d. was subscribed. The Treasury could not honour its cheques. The price of sugar fell to an average of twenty-eight and eightpence a hundredweight. The new industrial order had no interest in propping up King Sugar.

The abolitionists pressed from above; the slaves pressed from below. The Abolition of Slavery Act received the royal assent and became law on the 29th August, 1833. On the morning of 31st July, 1834 there were 311,070 slaves in Jamaica. At midnight they were free. The British Government paid £6,149,955 as compensation to their former owners.

5. THE ROAD TO MORANT BAY

i. *Edward Jordon*

THREE arterial roads link Kingston with the rest of Jamaica. Beginning at the Victoria Gardens, West Queen Street makes a slight northward incline and becomes the Spanish Town Road. This is Jamaica's principal main road; it is the way one goes to Middlesex and Cornwall, two of the three counties into which the island is divided; it is the road one takes to get to all but three of the fourteen parishes. The second is the road north which begins as Orange Street at the Victoria Gardens and runs through St. Andrew, past Stony Hill and so to Annotto Bay on the north-east coast. The third is the road east to the County of Surrey, the smallest of the three counties, which contains the parishes of Kingston and St. Andrew, Portland in the north and St. Thomas in the south.

As I left Kingston behind East Queen Street became the Windward Road and dipped down towards the sea. It was early morning and the road was clear. The sky, as always in this land of tender warmth, was a brilliant blue. The sea, to my right, lay placidly unruffled in the morning sun. A giant plane made a graceful circle and swooped down towards the Palisadoes, its silver paint almost glowing in the morning sunlight. I passed that deep dent in a mountain known as the Rockfort quarry and, a little further on, the Caribbean Cement Company works and offices. The Company had begun enlarging the dent in the mountain early in 1952, under licence from the Jamaican Government, so that that precious building commodity should not indefinitely be imported in very large quantities. I passed the turning to the Palisadoes and the airport, curved inland until I could not see the sea, and began a slight climb.

Ahead now, and slightly to my left, the Blue Mountains rose sheer. They seemed, from this distance, to be enveloped by a fine transparent curtain of blue. I stopped and got out of the car to make sure. My mind went back to an icy room in London's Brixton one January evening in the freezing winter

of 1955. I had gone to interview one of the Jamaican immigrants, a woman, who had made the long trek from Cedar Valley at the foot of the Blue Mountains. We had talked about her journey to Britain, her hopes and dreams, the weather. She had looked out of the window, shaken her head and smiled, almost tenderly, at the falling snow. Then she had said:

'I miss the mountains most—and the sun. There are no mountains here. You know, ours are really blue. Really.' Her eyes had challenged me.

Certainly, from where I stood, from my distance, they were blue and unutterably beautiful; how much more beautiful, how much more blue, for a native daughter seeing them with the long eye of memory from a drab little room in London's miserable winter gloom.

Soon the road curved again and the mountains were behind me; but I had the lovely rolling hills and plains of St. Thomas all about. It was lush and wet and green. The tall canes I passed now, in November, were swollen fat with juice. At a turn in the road I came suddenly on a young woman and a boy trudging along, each carrying a load on the head. The woman was singing in a clear deep voice; the boy pitched stones and somehow managed to keep the bundle on his head. I slowed down.

'Where you going?'

'Poor Man's Corner!' she called gaily.

'Want a lift?'

She placed her hands on her hips and roared with laughter.

'You no catch me like that, Mister! For shame! You no see me pickney! Me married woman!'

I was hurt at this misinterpretation of my motives and told the lady so.

The boy, eager for a new adventure, backed me up.

'Maybe he don't know his way.'

The woman challenged me: was that so?

I told her I knew the way. I'd been that way before.

Then why did I want them to ride with me?

Because I thought they'd prefer riding to walking.

No. Her strong black face cracked into a sudden smile.

'Me man wait at Poor Man's Corner. Him strong and jealous.'

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That made sense to me. The boy begged her to let him ride with me but she refused firmly. It was all very friendly, very amiable. She reached into her bundle and brought out a coconut and a heavy cutlass.

'You want drink?'

'Yes, please.'

With one deft sweep she knocked off the top of the nut and passed it to me. It was cool and refreshing. She watched me, hands on hips, strong bare feet planted firmly apart on the earth, until I finished drinking the cool juice. I offered to pay her for the nut; she shook her head. I offered her a bar of chocolate. She took it with the air of someone humouring a difficult child. Then she heaved the bundle back on to her head, said: 'Come' to the boy, and set off again, singing in her deep clear voice. I couldn't catch the words but it sounded tremendously cheerful. As I drove past she broke off to yell:

'Goodbye, mister!'

Then her voice took up the song again.

At Poor Man's Corner there were too many people abroad for me even to begin to guess which might be the strong jealous husband of the singing lady. It was a little village on the edge of the main road. From there on to the thriving little town of Yallahs with its churches and post office and the much more important Yallahs Valley Land Authority settlements. This scheme had been started in 1951 to help existing farmers make the best use of their land and to help settle others who were without land. I resisted the temptation to explore the results and kept going.

The lovely coast road, the mountains on my left and the sea on my right, made for a leisurely approach. The sea, here, was less placid than it had been earlier on. There was no land barrier, no jutting cape, to protect it from the breezes. Foam specks rode the waves and glowed snow-white as they broke on the shore. But it was all very gentle, as though the sea were frolicking lightly. The loveliness of the land increased after White Horse. The sweeping acres of the Roselle estate touched the road then fell away to the Yallahs Hills. And behind the hills, higher, were other hills and other hills, growing more blue, more misty, till they became the central Blue Mountain range. And the long white beach with the breaking

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surf; it demanded that the heart and mind submit to beauty. I stopped for the sheer joy of bathing in the warmest sea I ever knew.

Sea and air made me ravenously hungry; I had come prepared for that and feasted on fresh fruit, two fat bananas, two sugar-sweet oranges, a huge *sugar-pine* pineapple—a bar of



chocolate and a bottle of the local Red Stripe beer. Warm sun, fresh fruit and soft surf sounds on the road to Morant Bay: I was filled with a deep contentment, stretched out on the white sand and feeling the sun on my body.

The guide-book says the journey from Kingston to Morant Bay is thirty-one miles. I had spent the best part of the morning meandering towards it. The town, now, was close at hand; all I had to do was turn my head left, open my eyes, and I would see it. But I kept my eyes closed; recalled instead that other, longer, more painful historical road that also led to Morant Bay, and a turning point in the island's history.



The Jamaica into which Edward Jordon was born in 1800 was a place of violent distinctions between people of different

colours and classes as well as between slave and free. As a very light-skinned, free-born coloured person, Jordon was the social superior of an equally light-skinned, freed coloured slave. Both were, of course, the inferiors of the whites. On the other hand, the womenfolk of both, especially those who were beautiful, were warmly welcomed by the male-dominated white society. But the women were the general and necessary exceptions in a pattern of rigid distinctions. There was a shortage of white women in the island and the white males had the pick of the available women. There were elaborate balls to which only coloured women and white men went. At these the white men made their choice of mistresses. And the coloured woman who became the mistress of a white merchant or planter enjoyed a status and prestige superior to that of the coloured woman married to a coloured man.

The subtleties of coloured gradations were recorded by M. G. ('Monk') Lewis in his *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor*, a document of the times.

'The offspring of a white man and a black woman is a mulatto; the mulatto and black produce a sambo; from a mulatto and white comes the quadroon; from the quadroon and white come the mustee; the child of a mustee by a white man is called a musteffino, while the children of a musteffino are free by law, and rank as white persons to all intents and purposes.'

It was from these unions, begun first between white overseer, book-keeper or plantation owner and the black, field woman slaves, that the Free Coloureds stemmed. A striking feature of these early relations was the great number of white men who manumitted their offspring by black or brown slave women. Often, the white father gave land and slaves to his freed offspring. On so great a scale was this that in 1763 the Jamaican Assembly had enquired into the amount of property left by white men to their coloured children. It was estimated that £23,000,000 worth of property had thus passed to Free Coloureds. The Assembly had immediately brought in an act to restrict the amount of property that could be so transferred to a value not exceeding £1,200.

Since the founding of the Colony the Free Coloureds and blacks had been denied all civic rights. They could not elect or be elected to the Assembly, and they could not give evidence

against whites in the courts of law. But neither could the Free Blacks give evidence against the Free Coloureds until 1748, when an act was introduced which permitted blacks who had been free for more than six months to give evidence against Free Coloureds. The Assembly did, however, allow a small number of wealthy coloureds 'special rights'. By private acts of the Assembly they were allowed all the privileges of whites except those of being justices of the peace, jurymen and members of the Assembly. But the 'deficiency' laws of 1798, which required that every estate employed a number of white men proportionate to the black slaves on it, effectively debarred those coloureds who owned land from the plantation economy of the island. White men were not prepared to work under a coloured 'master'. Only the very wealthiest among the coloureds could afford to employ white managers to run their estates.

In the main the Free Coloured was a townsman; there were more chances of getting a job with a merchant house in Kingston than in the country, more chances of getting some kind of education. The more able and ambitious became printers and tradesmen in their own right. And in Kingston they were in touch with news of the great anti-slavery movement in Britain. Edward Jordon grew up in this setting.

In 1820 the Free Coloureds launched their first campaign to win civil rights. They started a secret organization; to have organized openly might have led to victimization and loss of jobs. A number of people were offered the post of secretary to the society; they all refused it. Then, as a last resort, the elder Jordon suggested his twenty-year-old son, Edward, who accepted the job when it was offered him.

For a short period Jordon had been a tailor's apprentice. He had made friends then with another young coloured youth about his own age, Robert Osborn, who worked as a printer's apprentice in a shop next door. But Jordon had soon left the tailor's shop, and by the time he accepted the secretaryship of the coloured secret society he was working as chief clerk at a store owned by one James Bryden. The two young men did not, however, lose touch with each other, and spent long periods discussing the disabilities of the coloureds and how to overcome them.

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Soon, news of the existence of the secret society leaked to the whites. Bryden immediately sacked Jordon. Other whites did the same with members of the society in their employ. Jordon drifted from one odd job to the next, but kept up his work for the society. The society flourished, attracted more and more coloured people till, by 1823, it was strong enough to send a petition to the Assembly asking for full civic rights for the Free Coloureds. The Assembly rejected the petition. The society then sent two of its most prominent members, Richard Hill and Alexander Dawson Simpson, to England with the petition. Before Hill and Simpson could present the petition, the Assembly passed an act making it possible for Free Blacks and Coloureds to give evidence against whites in courts of law. The whites could now tell the English Commons, citing this new act, that they could, if left alone, solve their problems in their own time and way.

Jordon and Osborn decided that establishing a paper was the best way of carrying on the fight, so they launched the *Watchman and Jamaica Free Press* towards the end of 1828.

There were about a dozen papers in the island: mostly tiny two- or four-page weekly sheets filled with shipping and commercial information and carrying very little real news. It was possible for a man to run a weekly single-handed, and three or four could run a daily. By far the most important, and the nearest to a real newspaper, was the fire-eating planters' organ, the *Jamaica Courant*, which described the abolitionists as 'Those canting hypocritical rascals'. The *Courant* was the most widely circulated paper on the island with close on 600 subscribers. The new Free Coloured organ, the *Watchman*, soon jumped into second place with a list of over sixty subscribers.

In the *Watchman* Jordon mounted a campaign for civic rights of such force that he was arrested and charged with sedition and treason. The coloureds supported him solidly. The atmosphere was so charged when he came up for trial that troops were held in readiness and a frigate in Kingston harbour had its guns trained on the town. The court-room was crowded with coloureds, ready to act should Jordon be found guilty. Conviction would carry the death penalty. But Jordon was let off on the charge of sedition and treason.

Instead, he was arrested as soon as he left the court and charged with libel. On this charge he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. On appeal the Law Officers in England reversed this judgment after Jordon had already spent six months in jail.

Jordon published a fiery, bitter circular shortly after his release. He demanded the instant repeal of every law that restricted the civic rights of the Free Coloureds; he threatened that unless this was done the entire coloured population would rise up in arms, free their own slaves and lead them in a rebellion that would see the streets of Kingston run with blood.

Instead of being arrested again, Jordon got his way. The Assembly removed its restrictions on Free Coloureds and Free Blacks electing and being elected. The coloureds hailed Jordon as the 'Untitled Ruler of a Ransomed Race'.

The planters protected themselves as far as possible by introducing the Elective Franchise Act. This gave a vote for the Assembly, Vestry or the Corporation of Kingston to every registered adult male who either paid five pounds a year in public and parochial taxes or else rented a house or settlement of an annual value of not less than fifty pounds local currency. W. L. Burn notes that 'The second of these qualifications made it possible for attorneys to create votes by letting properties nominally or for short periods to their political allies'.

Jordon wrote to the Colonial Office protesting that this act enfranchised a number of Kingston residents who paid high rents because they lived near the Negro markets, 'very low unprincipled Jew voters' who were ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder. This streak of anti-semitism was unusual in a man who opposed both black and white racialism wherever he met it.

In the midst of these changes the great emancipation act of 29th August, 1833, was passed in the British parliament. This declared that by midnight, 31st July, 1834, slavery was to be utterly abolished. But in order that the transition from slavery to freedom should be smooth, the act ordered a set sequence of events. First, all children under six years of age were immediately to be freed; in the event of their becoming destitute they were to be apprenticed to the person entitled to the mother's service; this period of apprenticeship was not to begin before

the child was twelve and it had to be ended by the time it reached the age of twenty-one. Second, all other duly registered slaves were to be apprenticed to the people who formerly owned them; the period of apprenticeship for field slaves was to run till the first of August, 1840 and that for other slaves till the first of August, 1838. The Act used the words 'praedial' and 'non-praedial' without defining them. The former owners seized on this to treat estate tradesmen, coopers and carpenters, as 'praedials'.

While the system lasted, the ex-slaves were to be fed and clothed and given medical attention by their former owners. The apprentices, on their part, were to work honestly, not show insolence or insubordination and observe the terms of their contract strictly. Special magistrates were to be appointed to see that both ex-slaves and ex-owners observed the apprenticeship arrangements. There were also provisions for ex-slaves to buy themselves out of the apprenticeship system if they wished and had the money.

Jordon and the missionaries fought the apprenticeship system as slavery under another name. For different reasons the Assembly resisted it and the Emancipation Act from which it sprang for a brief period, then gave in, and awaited the coming of the day of emancipation with despondent gloom. In April of 1834, the Marquis of Sligo arrived to succeed the Earl of Mulgrave as Governor of Jamaica. On 31st July, the last day of slavery, the *Jamaica Dispatch*, which had succeeded the *Courant* as the planters' organ, carried a black border mourning the death of an age.

ii. *The Special Magistrates*

Apprenticeship proved disastrous from the very outset. Not unnaturally, the planters and those who served them had no cause to deal gently with their former slaves who were no longer their 'property'. The ex-slaves, with rare exceptions, resented having to go on working for their former owners. It smacked too much of a continuation of slavery. Inevitably, relations between former slave and former owner were charged with hidden tensions, resentments and hatreds.

The men who were appointed to see that the system worked successfully, the Special Magistrates, were trapped between two bitter contending forces that made life wellnigh impossible for them. Under the Emancipation Act Jamaica had been allotted thirty-three Special Magistrates; when the act came into force twenty-eight were in the island. They were paid a salary of £300 a year, which was later raised to £450. In the main they were army and navy men on half-pay and, generally speaking, unfamiliar with Jamaica and its past history. The Colonial Office had decided that the best men to carry through the job were 'men uninfluenced by the local assemblies, free from local passions'. But the conditions into which they stepped soon influenced them one way or the other. Some soon came to see things from the planters' point of view; others strove hard to be just and balance the scales fairly; yet others saw things mainly from the apprentices' viewpoint.

Hall Pringle described the conditions under which Special Magistrates worked many years after he had left the service:

'The duties exacted from these magistrates may be said to have been beyond human endurance. They were required to be almost daily travelling, generally under a blazing sun. Their pay was only £450 per annum. Having to keep three or four horses, and the value of money being fully one-third less in Jamaica than in England, their payment was altogether inadequate for their proper support. They were furnished with no clerks for the ordinary duties of magistrates and their labours in writing official letters and reports were excessive . . . the treatment received by this body of gentlemen was negligent in the extreme.'

The idea that these men could maintain their impartiality looked a deal more attractive from the Colonial Office distance than on the spot. Theoretically they were expected to have a correctly aloof attitude towards the planters, neither to cross them nor kowtow to them. In practice many succumbed easily to the simple pressures and temptations that faced them. What more natural than for a magistrate to accept the offer of a bed after a hard day's riding? With the bed would go a decent meal and drink, congenial company, civilized conversation. And next morning, sitting in judgment on cases, what more natural than that he should see these from the viewpoint of the people who had been so kind to him, whom he had come to know. Often he was asked to make the Great House his home for as

long as he cared to stay. Often he accepted. Life was hard enough, the income small enough, for such acceptance to make a very real difference. 'Unless', Sligo wrote, 'a magistrate be a notorious partisan of the planters, nothing is too bad for him; whereas for those who are called "Buckra Magistrates", nothing is too good.'

The records of the times are filled with instances of acts of violence committed by estate owners against 'unco-operative' Special Magistrates, some of a very brutal nature. And the island's courts of law did not afford the Special Magistrates either aid or protection in the carrying out of their duties.

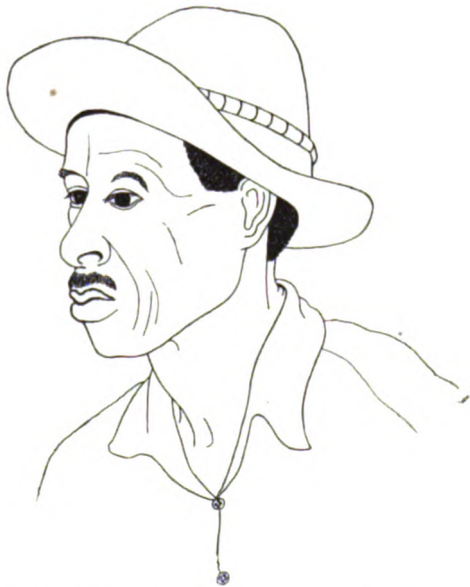
iii. *The Unhappy Apprentice*

If life was hard for the Special Magistrates, it was worse for the apprentices. The law required an apprentice to spend three-quarters of the working day in his master's service. The remaining quarter of the day was his own to do with as he pleased. A day had ten working hours. Working arrangements were settled by contract and could be either by the day or the week. The apprentice could, if he wished, hire himself to his master at a fixed wage for that quarter of the day which belonged to him. Food, clothes and other allowances he had received as a slave were still to be supplied to the apprentice unless master and apprentice agreed, before a magistrate, on a fixed sum of money to be paid in lieu of these. The wages an apprentice was to receive for working in his own time were fixed on the basis that if he worked all his spare time he would earn enough money to buy his freedom in twelve years. Just how to arrive at this figure was so much of a mystery that the point became purely academic and in the end the system of valuation courts was used without any real reference to this fine arithmetical point.

The local Assembly had, in passing the Abolition Act, introduced a series of punishments for apprentices. An apprentice who stayed away from work for half a day had to pay for it by giving up a whole day of his own free time; one who stayed away a whole day had to give up three of his own free days. One who stayed away two days in the same fortnight was sen-

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tenced either to twenty lashes or a week in a penal gang. Those who refused to work or else did their work badly received twenty lashes or four days in prison; a repetition of this offence called forth a double dose of punishment. Insubordination was punished by a maximum of thirty-nine lashes or a fortnight in a penal gang. The highest punishments that could be inflicted were fifty lashes and three months in prison. Female



apprentices were not to be flogged. For them the highest punishment was twenty days in solitary confinement and fifteen hours' extra work in any one week. The maximum punishment a master could receive for ill-treating an apprentice was a fine of five pounds in local currency or five days in prison. An apprentice who made an unfounded charge against his master could be sentenced to twenty lashes.

Under the Jamaica Vagrancy Act of December, 1833, any justice could sentence to one week's hard labour any person 'threatening' to run away, on the evidence of a single witness; the justice could also pass this sentence on any 'petty chapman or pedlar wandering abroad'. And, oddly, the humane Governor Sligo had recommended the introduction of

treadmills as a 'salutary mode of punishment'. On 9th December, 1834 Sligo signed an Act acquiring public funds for the building and enlarging of workhouses and the installing of treadmills in them.

The Colonial Office had not made any regulations to protect apprentices while serving terms of imprisonment. The workhouses—houses of correction was the official style—were under the control of the Custos and Justices of the parishes. The Special Magistrates had no say in the running of workhouses. In some cases they were even prevented from entering and inspecting them. Those in charge of workhouses were appointed and dismissed by the Custos and Justices.

It was normal for prisoners sentenced to a period in the workhouses to be seen in chains in the streets of Spanish Town and Kingston. Practically all sentenced apprentices were sent to workhouses. The jails were reserved for white and Free Coloured criminals. One Special Magistrate, E. D. Baynes, expressed the feeling of most of the decent members of his occupation when he complained bitterly that the punishment the apprentices received in the workhouses had no relation to the sentences he had passed. He complained to the Colonial Office of his 'committals being utterly disregarded and held of no more account than blank pieces of paper'.

Female apprentices were not supposed to be flogged but as workhouse prisoners they were. In one case Anna Maria Thompson died in the Buff Bay Workhouse shortly after being flogged. The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes. Women were sometimes flogged for refusing to gratify the sexual desires of workhouse gang-drivers. Straightforward rape was not uncommon. Sligo asked for guidance on the flogging of women. The Colonial Office wrote back stating that it was illegal to flog female *apprentices* but pointed out that Jamaican law might allow the flogging of such apprentices for offences not connected with apprenticeship.

By far the most brutal form of punishment was the treadmill. W. L. Burn, who calculated that a prisoner walked 8,640 feet in the course of a day on the treadmill, wrote: "They (workhouse officials) had the mill turned too quickly, they put on it ailing men, women in pregnancy, or left both on for a period exceeding human endurance."

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Sligo and his Special Magistrates fought hard but unavailingly to have conditions improved. Sligo wrote to the Colonial Office in 1836 urging that the punishment of apprentices in workhouses 'should be exclusively under the jurisdiction of the special justices . . . no local magistrate ought to have any jurisdiction in any case where an apprentice is concerned'. The Colonial Office did not give Sligo the support he hoped for.

iv. Assembly versus Parliament

Conflict between the Jamaican House of Assembly and the representative of the Imperial Parliament, the Governor, had begun almost from the moment the Assembly had come into being in 1663. Throughout the years there had been an almost continuous struggle on the part of the Assembly to wrest the legislative initiative from the Governor and his appointed Legislative Council. Gradually, the Assembly had won out, had come out on top. By the early 1830s the Legislative Council had lost so much ground that it could no longer initiate bills or amend financial bills sent up by the Assembly.

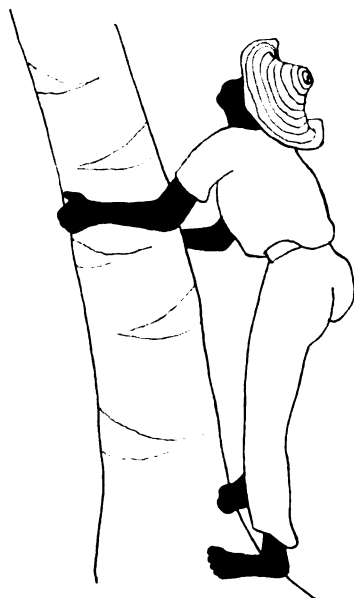
The Governor, as the representative of the Imperial Parliament, was the chief executive, Captain-General and Chancellor through whom orders to Jamaica were transmitted. But over the years the Assembly had set up its own executive in the form of a number of permanent boards. By the 1830s there were, among others, the Board of Public Accounts, the Board of Public Works and the Commissioners of Correspondence. Members of the Assembly were automatically members of these Boards, which continued sitting even after the Assembly had been dissolved. Through its Boards the Assembly had powers of appropriating and spending money.

The Jamaica Legislature—the Assembly and Council—had an agent in London. But as the agent received his orders from the Commissioners of Correspondence, it meant that the Assembly could, and often did, by-pass the chief executive and deal directly with the United Kingdom Government through its own representative. The duties of the agent were defined as 'To attend to whatever affects the interest of the colony, to endeavour to promote these interests and secure the consideration of them by Her Majesty's Government'.

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But the Governor could exercise a negative check on the Assembly either by refusing to sign bills himself or else by getting the appointed Legislative Council to hold them up. The Assembly, on the other hand, had grown expert at the art of opposing any measure put forward by the British Government of which it disapproved.

The Assembly had some advantage over the Governor. Through its agent in London it was kept informed of the



mood of the British Parliament and public, of what that parliament and public would accept and what reject. From 1830 to 1846 Jamaica's agent in London was William Burge, a shrewd lawyer who had formerly been Attorney-General of the island. The Assembly put great weight on Burge's information and ideas on how to conduct the struggle against the Imperial Government, first over the issue of emancipation, and later over the apprenticeship issue.

The Assembly also had the backing of the powerful Vestries of the island. Indeed, the Vestries constituted the broad base on which the Assembly's power rested. Jamaica in the 1830s

had twenty-two parishes. The Vestry was the organ of local government in each parish. It was made up of the Custos or chief magistrate as chairman, the justices, the priest-in-charge of the local Anglican church and ten vestrymen elected each year by the freeholders of the parish. The Vestry assessed and collected local rates and used them for the upkeep of roads, jails and any other parish work that needed to be done. Two members from each parish and three from Kingston, all elected by freeholders, made up the Assembly's forty-five members. They constituted a powerful legislative and administrative block to any 'unfriendly' Governor. And they certainly looked on Sligo as 'unfriendly'.

In 1832, under pressure from Edward Jordon and his friends, the Assembly extended the vote to the Free Coloureds, the Free Blacks and to the Jews subject to qualification. This, qualifications or no, was the turning point in the long-held planter monopoly in the running of island affairs.

In the elections of 1835 the first coloureds entered the House of Assembly. Jordon and a lawyer named Watkis won two of Kingston's three seats; and Robert Osborn won a seat in St. Andrew, a growing residential area in the hills behind Kingston. They were soon joined by two or three white merchants and became known as the Town Party.

Another person elected to the Assembly in 1835 was Joseph Gordon, a Scotsman not long in the island, who had large holdings in the St. Andrew hills. Joseph Gordon had taken one of his female slaves as concubine and had several girls and a boy by her. The boy was named George William. Gordon kept his concubine and her children in a small place away from the great house but allowed them the run of the great house till he married a white woman, after which he forbade them entry.

The boy, George William, was bright and quick. Gordon recognized this, gave his son books and encouraged him to learn to read and write and, later, when the boy was ten, sent him to Black River to work for a friend. The elder Gordon had between seven and eight thousand apprentices in his charge.

Jamaica's estimated population at this time was about 350,000, of whom about 15,000 were white and 40,000 were

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Free Coloureds. Education had spread greatly among the coloureds. The three main schools in the island were the Jamaica Free School at St. Ann, the Titchfield Free School at Port Antonio and Wolmer's Free School at Kingston. In addition, each parish had its own small school, and there were a few private schools for young ladies. Figures of students at Wolmer's Free School in Kingston indicate the measure of the advance made by the coloureds. In 1815 there had been 111 white and three coloured students; in 1820 there had been 116 white and seventy-eight coloured students; in 1825 eighty-nine white and 185 coloured students; and in 1830, eighty-eight white and 194 coloured students. Such education as the Free Blacks received was mainly from the missionaries.

The coloureds were decidedly the rising people, challenging the monopoly of the whites in commerce, in education and in the Assembly. But it was not a challenge in racial or colour terms; the coloureds were the new, rising middle class of town-dwellers challenging the power monopoly of the old plantocracy. Colour was almost incidental, except in so far as the whites themselves injected it into the struggle. The Town Party was non-racial. Jordon, its leader, deplored racialism of any kind. The missionaries supported the Town Party; only the Anglican Church tended to side with the Country Party. And the Town Party supported the Governor in most of his fights with the majority Country Party.

Sligo was happy about the new Assembly with its first coloured members and Town Party. He expressed his pleasure at the composition of the new Assembly in a confidential dispatch to the Colonial Office. Members had attended his official reception in 'unparalleled' numbers; the Assembly had voted a 'handsome' amount of money for furniture for King's House. His Excellency looked forward to a period of comparatively happy dealings with his new Assembly. Some of the 'most insolent men in the House' had lost their seats.

But trouble soon flared up again when Burge, nominally Jamaica's, but really the Assembly's agent in London, sent back a batch of papers published by the home government. Among the papers were some of Sligo's dispatches, one of which declared that if apprenticeship failed the planters would be to blame. Attacks on the Governor were renewed. A public meet-

ing was held at St. James to repudiate these 'base insinuations'. In the Assembly, the planters expressed their anger by stonewalling on a police bill and measures to facilitate the work of the Special Magistrates; they amended these bills till their original contents were very greatly changed. Sligo then sent the Assembly a message in which he 'entreats the House' on the question of a second Act-in-Aid 'to reconsider the subject with a view to expunging such matter as has been considered insurmountably objectionable to the Act of the Imperial Parliament for the abolition of slavery. He regretted that the Assembly had not accepted his recommendation 'that the Police Bill should be made co-equal in duration with the Apprenticeship Term'. This last bill was simply in order that the island should continue to have a police force.

But the planters were in no mood to be reasonable. They had information from England that the English government of the day was not very stable. This, obviously, was the time for the Assembly to reassert itself in its dealings with the Imperial Parliament. The day after it received the Governor's message the Assembly passed a resolution which declared:

'That the first message of his Excellency the Governor of yesterday is a breach of the privileges of this House in so much as the subject matter of that message was then pending between the other branches of the Legislature: That this House cannot, consistent with its dignity or with due regard to its rights and privileges, which are the first bulwark of the liberties, franchise and immunities of the people, proceed to any other business until reparation shall be made for the breach of privileges.'

Language in the planter press was less formal, less polite. The *Dispatch*, for example, had written of Sligo just a little earlier: 'A man may be born a Lord but it is heart, manner and conduct which constitute a gentleman', and 'We have here another instance of the glaring duplicity to which a Whig employé can descend.' And Speaker Barrett had assured the Commissioners of Correspondence 'depend upon it, Lord Sligo will be withdrawn from the Government.'

On receiving the resolution Sligo tried to reason with the Assembly. He pointed out that 'in the House of Commons the Ministers are the legitimate interpreters of the wishes and suggestions of the Crown; in the House of Assembly no such

Colonial Office decision went against him, he offered his resignation and wrote to Glenelg: 'In this instance, as well as in the difference with the Assembly, I have not received from your Lordship that support which I, perhaps erroneously, considered myself entitled to.'

But Sligo had not fought in vain. By 1838 opinion against the apprenticeship system had been raised to such a pitch in England that the Jamaican Assembly, to forestall Imperial legislation, abolished it completely.

v. *The Friendly Hills*

More than a century after emancipation and apprenticeship Roger Mais wrote a poem about the hills of Jamaica and what they mean and have meant to Jamaicans through the years.

*All men come to the hills
Finally*

*Men from the deeps of the plains of the sea—
Where a wind-in-the-sail is hope,
That long desire, and long weariness fulfils—
Come again to the hills.*

*And men with dusty, broken feet;
Proud men, lone men like me,
Seeking again the soul's deeps—
Or a shallow grave*

*Far from the tumult of the wave—
Where a bird's note motions the silence in
The white kiss of silence that the spirit stills*

*Still as a cloud of windless sail horizon-hung
Above the blue glass of the sea—
Come again to the hills*

Come ever, finally.

The first Free Black folk of the island, the Maroons, had taken to the hills; slaves, when life became unbearable, had fled into the hills; and when, under the apprenticeship system they lost confidence in the good faith of their masters, many withdrew into the hills. The hills were their friends. In the

hills they could be free and dignified, as men should be. And so little black settlements grew up in the hills. When apprenticeship came to an end many more withdrew. They had no love for the plantation, no reason to want to remain on it now that they were free to leave.

They cleared strips of hillsides, planted their seeds and began independent small-scale farming. Each family worked its small plot and took its produce down to the market. A withdrawn, self-contained peasant life came into being, removed as far as possible from the life of the coastal towns.

But not all men withdrew into the hills at the end of apprenticeship. Some stayed, willing to work on the estates for wages. The planters were more anxious than they had ever been about labour. But old habits died hard: the habit of not having to pay a proper wage for labour died hardest. Planters hit upon all sorts of devices to avoid paying wages.

Under both slavery and apprenticeship masters had supplied housing space and provision grounds for their blacks. When the blacks asked for wages at the end of the apprenticeship period, the masters imposed a rent on the houses and provision grounds. This was generally so arranged that wages and rent cancelled each other out if the workers worked as hard as they had worked under slavery and apprenticeship. The blacks resented bitterly having to pay for what they had come to consider their own property. They had themselves built the shacks in which they lived, had cultivated the provision grounds in their own free time. In a very few cases, the masters employed the rent-for-wages device with moderation, arranging it so that the ex-slaves had a little money in hand at the end of the transaction. The system was generally accepted in such cases. In the majority of cases, however, the masters charged rents so high that the ex-slaves had to spend all their time working for their rents. Workers who failed to turn out had their homes pulled down, their provision grounds destroyed and were then driven off the estate. Average rents varied between one and eightpence and two and sixpence per person per week. Wage rates averaged one and threepence a day. Wages were rarely paid with any kind of regularity in the early days of freedom, often for the simple reason that the master did

not have the money to pay. But the blacks had so little confidence in their former masters that they regarded every case of non-payment of wages as part of 'buckra-man's' general plan to rob them. Their entire past supported this attitude. The four ugly years of apprenticeship had effectively wiped out the chances of a growth of confidence between former owner and former slave. So when they received no wages they deserted the estates in vast numbers. In some places they deserted the estates altogether. This happened in the northside parishes of Trelawny and St. James.



Coconuts and 'silk figs'

The planters reacted by imposing severe restrictions on the former slaves. Under the Police Act a person could be arrested if he were found carrying agricultural produce and did not have a note to show where it came from. In theory this was to prevent the stealing of crops. It worked very well to prevent small settlers marketing their crops. Planters entered into a 'gentlemen's agreement' not to sell land to the new free people. 'Praedial larceny' came to mean not only the stealing of crops but the collecting of wild produce from any land whatsoever. The police were authorized to kill pigs and goats of small settlers wherever they found them at large. The attempt was to force the blacks back to the plantations by withholding land from them and making life as difficult as possible.

The Baptist missionaries had always been the best friends the blacks had. Now, they again aided the freed but land-hungry blacks. A Baptist missionary, John Clark, wrote a

report for Joseph Sturge, the Quaker, who wanted to inform the English people about this work. Clark wrote:

'For some time after emancipation there were constant disputes between a large portion of the people and their former owners about labour and wages. In many cases the remuneration offered was so small that the peasantry were unwilling to work for it, and were in consequence subjected to great annoyance and sometimes to considerable suffering. A short notice for them to quit the estates was generally served; the rent of their cottages and provision grounds was frequently doubled and even trebled; sometimes rent was charged for every member of the family, and many were ejected from their houses and their growing provisions destroyed. They were therefore anxious to get land of their own, and as small portions could not be obtained they applied to me, as well as to other missionaries, to buy such properties, on their behalf, as were in the market, and subdivide them according to their wants and the amount of money they were able to contribute to the purchase fund.

'The first property I bought contained 120 acres of good land, about eight miles from Brown's Town. The cost with expenses of conveyance and surveying, was about £700 sterling. Of this amount rather more than £400 was paid down by about eighty or ninety of the people, and the remainder by instalments and by additional purchasers. Nearly a hundred building lots, and an equal number of acres for provision grounds, were surveyed. Small neat cottages were speedily built, and the land brought into good cultivation. There was a house and two or three acres of land left clear after the whole cost was paid. The house was converted into a schoolroom, and placed in trust for the benefit of the villagers, who erected a large booth, as a temporary place of worship, capable of containing 400 or 500 people. A chapel and mission-house have subsequently been built.'

Clark's second purchase was 600 acres for nearly £1,500 on which about a hundred families were settled. Part of this land was very mountainous and did not readily re-sell as small plots. Again a church and school were erected. Next, Clark bought a hundred-acre run of land standing in wood for £300. And again the new village had its schoolhouse and place of worship.

The blacks made the transition from bondage to freedom with an ease that surprised even the most hopeful among their friends. Planter prophecies that the end of apprenticeship would result in disturbances all over the island were disproved. Instead, the ex-slaves set about building their villages in orderly fashion, and created, in a very short time, a small settler economy that supplied the fruit, yams, plantains and bread-

fruit for the island's internal consumption, as well as coffee, pimento and ginger for the export market. The small settlers soon fed the entire island. Linstead became a famous market centre. Middlemen from Spanish Town, Kingston and elsewhere bought the produce of settlers and sold it to the towns and sugar estates. Estimates of the number of small freeholders rose from 2,014 when apprenticeship ended in 1838 to 22,703 in 1844. And by 1860 there were estimated to be about 50,000 such small freeholders.

As the small settler economy flourished, so sugar plantations and their production declined. In 1833 there had been approximately 653 estates with an average annual production between 1824-33 of 68,465 tons; by 1847 there were 413 estates with an average annual output, between 1839-46, of 33,431 tons. This represented a drop of 36.8 per cent in the number of estates between 1833 and 1847, and a drop in tonnage produced of 51.5 per cent between the years 1824-33 and 1839-46. The approximate average output for each estate dropped from 105 tons in 1833 to eighty-one tons in 1847.

The estates were not only facing the internal difficulties brought about by the freeing of their former bondsmen. The Free Trade movement in Britain had succeeded in removing the special protection enjoyed by sugar from the West Indies. Until 1825 West Indian sugar had enjoyed a virtual monopoly in the British market; sugar brought in from elsewhere had to pay crippling duties. In 1825 sugar from Mauritius was let into Britain on the same terms as West Indian sugar. This freedom was extended, ten years later, to sugar from the East Indian empire. West Indian sugar now had to compete on equal terms with sugar from other colonies. In 1844 duty on foreign sugar produced by non-slave labour—West Indian planters and emancipationists joined forces to keep out Cuban sugar which was still slave-produced—was partially lowered, but duty still remained higher than on sugar from the colonies. It was then decided to equalize all sugar duties gradually, and 1851 was set as the date when full equality should come into being. Colonial planters put up a vigorous rearguard action and won a brief respite in 1848. It was decided to put off the full equalization of sugar till 1854. But even before foreign sugar achieved

equality in the English market, competition from the non-West Indian colonies led to a marked drop in the price of sugar. Before 1819 prices had rarely dropped to as low as forty shillings a hundredweight; in the 1830s prices fell below thirty shillings. The average selling price of sugar fell to twenty-three and eightpence.

This drop in both price and production led to a general decline in Jamaica's sugar exports. Many estates collapsed. Only the largest and most efficiently run survived. But even these fell into debt. Estates producing less than 150 hogsheads of sugar could not survive. 'Ruination' set in.

vi. *Years of Decay*

A typical middle-class Jamaican wedding took place in Kingston in 1846. George William Gordon, the natural son of the Honourable Joseph Gordon by his dark concubine, married Lucy Shannon, a white girl whose mother ran one of the most respectable schools in Kingston and whose father had been the editor of an Irish newspaper. It was an important social occasion, for young Gordon had become, at twenty-six, a highly prosperous businessman, owner of a large store and worth about £10,000. Perhaps the Honourable Edward Jordon and some of the other seven coloured members of the Assembly attended the wedding. It would not have been unlikely, for young Gordon was a member of the Town Party. There were white guests as well as coloured; champagne to drink, and delicacies to eat. Expense was of no great moment. A notable absentee at the wedding might have been the young man's father. The elder Gordon had kept his door closed to his son since the young man had returned from Black River.

Visitors of the time have left vivid descriptions of the Kingston in which Gordon's wedding took place. John Bigelow, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, published a series of articles on his visit and wrote of Kingston:

'My first impressions of Kingston were not favourable, and I had no occasion upon further acquaintance to change them. The city is well enough situated, but a most undesirable residence. The streets are narrow. . . . The houses are all partially dilapidated, and of course old. . . .

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'There is not a foot of street pavement to my knowledge in Kingston, and the streets are almost uniformly from one to three feet lower in the centre than at the sides. This is the result of spring rains which wash down the mountains in torrents and through the streets of the city to the sea, often making such channels in them as to render them impassable.

'Though Kingston is the principal Port of the Island, it has but little of the air of a commercial city. One looks and listens in vain for the noise of carts and the bustle of city men; no one seems to be in a hurry; but few are doing anything, while the mass of the population are lounging about in idleness and rags. . . .

'I never saw a place so abounding in old people and babies. Almost every woman you meet, and of whatever age, has an infant in her arms or somewhere about her person, while the streets are littered with children more advanced. Aged persons are far more abundant here than in our northern cities.'

The island's population, according to a census taken two years earlier, was 377,453 of which 293,128 were black, 68,549 were coloured, and 15,776 were white.

This was the setting in which George William Gordon's marriage took place. The coloureds had won political and official equality. The Town Party had flourished and some of its members, like young Gordon, had made great progress in business. Edward Jordon had, shortly after his election in 1835, become a vestryman for the parish of St. Andrew, a lieutenant in both the Kingston and St. Andrew militias, had become manager of the Kingston Savings Bank and a director of the Planters' Bank. Richard Hill, another distinguished coloured man, had held the office of Secretary of the Special Magistrates' Department. The coloureds had, in fact, become a part of Jamaica's ruling class.

But though they were a majority as an electorate they were a minority in the Assembly. Requirements for membership of that House had been raised and only people with an income of £180 from land, or owning real estate worth £1,800, or both real and personal estate worth £3,000, could now sit in the Assembly. Those coloureds who could fulfil these requirements were almost automatically elected if they stood: George William Gordon had himself been elected to the Assembly by the mainly black voters of the hills of St. Thomas in the east when he had presented himself in 1844.

Edward Jordon had closed down the old *Watchman* and

founded another daily, the *Morning Journal*, a more sober and statesmanlike paper than the old fighting *Watchman* had been. The coloureds were, on the face of it, marching forward steadily towards integration with the whites. The blacks had largely withdrawn to the hills and the remoter country areas where they led a self-contained life. The whites had made political and official concessions. There was no reason why they should not, in time, make the supreme concession and accept social integration as well. Gordon's marriage to a very respectable white girl in 1846 seemed to bear all this out.

But a new current of thought was, almost imperceptibly, beginning among some of the coloured members of the Town Party. And it was Gordon himself who started it. From the moment he entered the Assembly he spoke for the small settlers in the hills and the dispossessed and poverty-stricken blacks in the towns and on the estates. This was a new note in the Assembly. At first no one took the young Gordon seriously, but gradually he built up a left wing within his own party.

Gordon acquired large land holdings in St. Thomas, divided these up into small lots, and sold them cheaply to the peasants. His electorate came to look on him as the greatest friend and spokesman of the blacks. He paid frequent visits to his electors. Among the places he visited was a little village called Stony Gut, some five miles north of Morant Bay. Gordon had an especial friend and supporter in Paul Bogle, the black Baptist pastor of Stony Gut. As leader of an independent Baptist sect, Gordon had ordained Bogle. At elections Bogle always canvassed for him. The black man and the brown shared a warm mutual regard for each other.

At Stony Gut Paul Bogle and his fellow small settlers had set up a rude form of local self-government: they had their own courts and justices, issued summonses and levied fines, and settled their own disputes without reference to the magistrate's court down at Morant Bay. Gordon must have known of this and have approved of it.

The year 1846 was notable, too, for the beginnings of a breach in the old alliance between the missionaries and the blacks. The breach began, generally, as a quarrel between a pastor and one or more of the leading members of his congregation, who then set up independent Native churches of

their own. White missionaries and their black followers fell out for a number of very real social reasons, as well as the more usual ones of conflict of personality.

In the days of slavery the missionaries had been the only white friends the blacks had. In the struggle for freedom many possible points of friction were submerged. And in the years immediately after slavery the blacks were grateful, and the churches flourished, especially the Baptist churches. Membership of the Baptist church rose from about 10,000 in 1831 to over 34,000 in 1845. Membership of the other churches also increased greatly, though not as spectacularly as that of the Baptists.

Trouble began over marriage and the baptism of illegitimate children. Under slavery the blacks had not been allowed to marry. This had grown into custom. No especial social stigma attached to not being married. Concubinage had the force and strength of long-established custom. The missionaries had made no especial fuss about it during the days of slavery. As for baptism, under slavery it had been a straightforward affair in which the pastor or priest sprinkled water liberally over all who came forward, mumbled the necessary words and collected his fee. At Christmas time there had always been feasting and drumming and drinking. Why, buckra-man had himself encouraged this! Now the missionaries attacked these things which had become custom and which many of them had condoned passively in the old days. The blacks resisted the missionary attacks on their old customs. Many of them broke with the 'white' churches.

Both the government and the missionaries attacked drumming and shell-blowing and tried to suppress the Christmas festivals of the blacks. A riot broke out in Kingston in 1841 as the result of an attempt to suppress the blacks celebrating the Christmas festival in their traditional manner. The local police were defeated and troops had to be called out. Two men were killed and many wounded. This, and other incidents, created a change in the attitude of the blacks towards the missionaries. They began to distrust the white missionaries, began to see them as allies of the white planters.

In the hills the blacks fashioned religious cults, compounded

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of features of Christianity and African tribal ritual, that satisfied more fully than the 'white' religion their psychological and emotional needs. Myalism and *Obeah*, echoes of old African tribal creeds, emerged and flourished. In 1841 and 1842 Myal processions took place in Trelawny and St. James. A great Myal outbreak occurred in St. Thomas in 1846. The general breakdown of confidence in their former friends, the white missionaries, spread and sank deep among the blacks. H. J. Buchner, in *The Moravians in Jamaica*, described one of these Myal gatherings:

'As soon as the darkness of evening set in, they assembled in crowds in open pastures, most frequently under large cotton trees, which they worshipped, and counted holy; after sacrificing some fowls, the leader began an extempore song, in a wild strain, which was answered in chorus; the dance followed, grew wilder and wilder, until they were in a state of excitement bordering on madness.

Some would perform incredible evolutions while in this state, until, nearly exhausted, they fell senseless to the ground, when every word they uttered was received as divine revelation. At other times, *Obeah* was to be discovered, or a "shadow" was to be caught; a little coffin being prepared in which it was to be inclosed and buried.'

But this new ritualism was not pure African. Much of it was charged with a measure of Christian content: there were the Christian hymns, sung with greater fervour and enjoyment, a greater exuberance, than in the 'white' churches; the preaching too, was a new, Christian feature.

Even more striking than these animistic outbursts was the growth of the breakaway 'black' churches. By 1846 the independent Native Baptist churches in the sugar Parish of Vere alone had more members than the congregations of all the 'white' churches put together. And just as Christianity, or elements of it, had slipped into Myalism and *Obeah*, so elements of animism slipped into the practices of these Native churches. Members of congregations went into trances, had dreams, were seized by spirits, fell to prophesying and indulged in wild dancing and flagellation. The overtones of sex were strong. Sex had, for centuries under slavery, been the one outlet the blacks had.

The coloureds, too, broke away from their church in large numbers. The Methodist Church had always been the church of the coloureds. The Methodists had concentrated their mis-

sionary efforts on the coloured townsman from quite early on. The coloureds had been accorded a brand of 'second-class' membership. Nothing was overt about this except the church's opposition to any of its white ministers marrying coloured women. Covertly, there was a tendency towards social exclusion, and coloured members of the clergy somehow took a very long time to win promotion. The coloureds began to resent this after they had won their struggle for equal political rights. Jordon himself had led a breakaway movement in the late 1830s, and he and Thomas Pennock, who had led another breakaway group, had combined to form the Jamaica Wesleyan Methodist Association. But this had not shown the same striking successes as the Native Baptist churches. The Wesleyan Methodist Association did, however, hold its own against the 'white' Methodists who declined steadily until the home missionary society lost confidence in them and cut off their funds.

The Anglican Church of 1846 was, despite its income of £30,000 from the island treasury, much as it was when Anthony Trollope wrote of it after a visit in the late 1850s:

'Very little excitement is to be found in the Church-of-England Kingston parish church. The church itself with its rickety pews, and creaking doors, and wretched seats made purposely so as to render genuflection impossible, and the sleepy, droning, somnolent service are exactly what was so common in England twenty years since....'

It was the Church of the State, the church of the planters. A few individual clergymen spoke out for the blacks but in the main the church was out of touch with the great mass of the island's people. The Church Missionary Society had begun a gradual withdrawal from the island in 1840. In 1846 this withdrawal was within two years of being completed.

About the economic conditions of the times, Lord Olivier, a former Governor, wrote:

'The landworking people by this time had not the opportunity, even had they desired, to maintain themselves by labour upon estates. They did not live on or near the surviving sugar estates. The demand for labour was much less than the numbers available. The wages upon the pens were beggarly and, on the estates, except for the small number of permanent staff employed, almost as low. Very little was

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spent by the Public Works Department or by the Municipal (Parish) Boards upon roadmaking, and there were no other public works offering paid employment. . . .

If there had ruled in Jamaica during this confused period an intelligent and capable government, with any kind of statesmanlike understanding of the essentials of social development for such a community, it can hardly be doubted that on the foundation of the admittedly remarkable outset that was made after emancipation by the newly freed slaves who became landowners, the foundation of a prosperous and progressive civilization might have been laid and consolidated in Jamaica two generations earlier than it was. As, however, no adequately intelligent rural policy was being manifested even in England during that period it is idle to complain of what was not done.'

So the small settlers cleared their land by burning and worked their soil to exhaustion. The schooling of their children deteriorated as the white missionaries withdrew. The white planters and the men in the Assembly were too concerned with their own economic troubles and fears to show any interest in the people of the hills.

In 1850-51 a cholera epidemic struck the island. Between 25,000 and 30,000 people died. Smallpox followed. There were more mass deaths.

vii. *The Queen's Letter*

When Edward John Eyre became Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica in 1862 conditions were, if anything, worse than they had been in 1846. Sugar from Jamaica and the other British West Indian islands had to compete on terms of equality in the world market; and, after a brief period of relative stability between 1855 and 1860, prices had dropped from twenty-six and tenpence a hundredweight in 1860 to twenty-three and threepence by 1861. Severe droughts had helped to depress the sugar industry further. More estates had collapsed. Then the outbreak of the American Civil War had shot up the prices of imported foodstuffs.

The Assembly had, in 1854, given up some of its hard-won rights. In exchange for a low-interest-rate loan of over half a million pounds it had abolished its permanent boards and agreed to the setting up of an Executive Committee of three

members, two of whom were to be chosen from the Assembly and one from the Legislative Council. And instead of the Assembly demanding that the Executive Committee be responsible to it for policies, the Assembly had voted that it be responsible to the Governor. Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had governed the island between 1839 and 1842, had prophesied that the planters would give up their powers of self-government rather than see political control slip into the hands of the blacks. The Colonial Office must have accepted this forecast at the time—1841—because it had done nothing about the Assembly's suggestion, shortly after emancipation, that the Jamaica constitution should be revised. Metcalfe's prophecy had certainly begun to come true by 1854. The Assembly had also introduced an hereditaments tax which levied twelve shillings a year tax on all freeholders worth six pounds a year. A still earlier measure had made it necessary for all would-be voters to show proof that they had paid their taxes before their names were put on the voters' roll. The result of this had been that names on the roll had dropped from 1,819 in 1849 to 753 in 1854. In the Assembly debates of 1854 and 1858 the Country Party had fought frankly to reduce the number of black voters, raise the number of white voters, reduce the number of elected members of the Assembly, raise the financial requirements for Assembly membership, and unite the Assembly and Legislative Council.

Jordon's Town Party had resisted this, and fought for a broadly-based suffrage similar to that in England. Out of this conflict had come the compromise Franchise Act of 1858. It had repealed the hereditaments tax and preserved the small settler vote. It had further increased the electorate by lowering requirements for those who paid or received rents from thirty pounds to twenty; requirements for those who paid direct taxes were reduced from three pounds to one; in addition it had created two new categories of voters—those who received fifty pounds a year salary and those who had a hundred pounds in cash or in a bank.

But when the Governor, Charles Henry Darling, offered the Assembly full self-government in 1860 by the device of making the Executive Committee responsible to it, majorities in both parties declared that Jamaica was not yet ready for

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responsible government. Both parties were afraid of the emerging black voters and the 'demagogues', Gordon and Osborn, who led them.

This was the situation when Edward John Eyre succeeded Darling as Governor in 1862.

Eyre was forty-seven and had worked in Australia, where his tact and understanding of the Australian aborigines had led to his being made a Resident Magistrate and a Protector of Aborigines. Later he had been made Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand. He had also served as Lieutenant-Governor in St. Vincent and as acting Governor of the Leeward Islands. Eyre had been a distinguished explorer and a lake as well as an important peninsula in Australia had been named after him. From Lord Olivier's *The Myth of Governor Eyre* it would seem that Eyre belonged to that brand of Colonial servant, unfortunately not yet extinct, which 'got on' better with 'backward' and 'primitive' people than with the educated variety. Eyre was a devout Anglican, strong-minded, intolerant and arrogant.

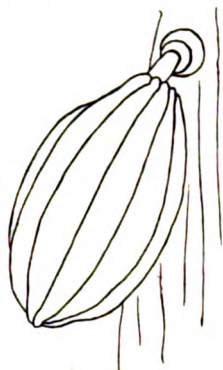
One of Eyre's first acts lost him the good will of almost all Jamaicans, whatever their opinions. He announced that in future all candidates for public appointments would have to produce certificates of character proving their honesty, sobriety and morality. Those already in the public service who did not live up to the required standards would be denied promotion. Eyre also urged that flogging and the treadmill be used as punishments for theft. The Town Party, in particular, reacted violently. It introduced a motion of no-confidence in Eyre and the Country Party Executive Committee. George William Gordon launched a fierce attack on Eyre in the debate that followed. He declared: 'I have never seen an animal more voracious for cruelty and power than the present Governor of Jamaica. If we are to be governed by such a governor much longer, the people will have to fly to arms and become self-governing.' The no-confidence motion was passed. Eyre dissolved the Assembly and ordered new elections.

Even Edward Jordon, grown moderate to an almost conservative point, Speaker of the Assembly and Companion of the Bath now, took the floor to register his protest. During

the recess Jordon was appointed Receiver-General; then Eyre made him Island Secretary.

The Town Party won a majority at the elections of 1864 and adopted the position advocated by the *Falmouth Post* two years earlier: that the coloureds share power with the whites. Only the 'demagogue' minority led by Osborn and Gordon advocated a broader Jamaican nationalism that would include the blacks.

In February of 1865 Dr. Underhill, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society of Great Britain, sent a letter to the Colonial



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Secretary in London. Underhill described conditions as he had found them in Jamaica when he was there in 1859-60. He added that later information from missionaries on the spot showed that conditions were worse than when he visited the island. Crime had increased; more people than ever before were being sentenced for praedial larceny and there were twice as many people in prison as the average for the past three years. Underhill calculated that the sugar industry of the island could not employ more than 30,000 labourers and that those peasants who could produce and sell crops for export met with every kind of discouragement. He suggested that the Governor might personally encourage the small settlers to grow exportable produce, give them a lead in forming associations for the marketing of their produce in quantity, and in instructing them in better methods of cultivation. Underhill invited the Secretary of State to verify his statements.

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The Colonial Secretary referred the letter to the Governor. In his reply to the Colonial Office, Eyre agreed that

'certain evils may be held to have been proved to exist, namely: "The low rate of wages, the irregular nature of employment, the high price of food and clothing, the non-payment of wages due when work is done, the existence of the truck system, the failure of the provision crops, and the idleness, improvidence, and vice of the people." No doubt all these have a certain amount of influence in augmenting the distress which prevails; but I believe the last three to be the real source of it; the others are chiefly accidental or temporary.'

The Colonial Secretary replied to Dr. Underhill on the basis of Eyre's report and stated that

'careful enquiry has been made into the representations of your letter as to the circumstances of the Jamaica people, but that it does not appear that they are suffering from any general or continuous distress from which they could not be at once relieved by settled industry.'

About the same time a number of small settlers in the parish of St. Ann sent a petition to the Queen through the Governor. In this they complained of their poverty, the serious droughts which had caused crop failure and the difficulty of finding employment for wages. They asked the Queen for some of 'Her Land' to cultivate and said they would form a co-operative association so that rent for it should be guaranteed. There were, at this time, approximately 40,000 acres of land which had either never been granted out or the patent of which had become forfeit to the Crown through non-payment of quit-rent for twenty years. They hoped the Queen would let them have some of this land. Instead, they received a letter which they called 'The Queen's Letter' though it was signed by the Colonial Secretary.

14th June, 1865

SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch of the 26th of April, enclosing a petition addressed to the Queen by certain poor people of the Parish of St. Ann's, Jamaica.

- (2) I request that you will inform the petitioners that their petition has been laid before the Queen, and that I received Her Majesty's command to inform them: THAT THE PROSPERITY of the labouring classes, as well as of all other classes, depends, in Jamaica, and in other countries, upon their working for wages,

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not uncertainly, or capriciously, but steadily and continuously, at the times when their labour is wanted, and for so long as it is wanted: AND THAT if they would use this industry, and thereby render the plantations productive, they would enable the planters to pay them higher wages for the same hours of work that are received by the best field labourers in this country; and, as the cost of the necessities of life is much less in Jamaica than it is here, they would be enabled, by adding prudence to industry, to lay by an ample provision for seasons of drought and dearth; AND THEY may be assured, that it is from their own industry and prudence, in availing themselves of the means of prospering that are before them, and not from any such schemes as have been suggested to them, that they must look for an improvement in their conditions.

AND THAT

HER MAJESTY will regard with interest and satisfaction their advancement through their own merits and efforts.

(Signed) Edward Cardwell

Eyre wrote a preface to the 'Queen's Letter' and had 50,000 copies printed as placards. He ordered these to be displayed everywhere on the island; that teachers in their schools and clergymen in their churches and chapels read the Queen's words to their students and congregations.

Many of the Free Church clergy refused to put up the placards and some of them wrote him, declaring:

'We feel confident that Her Most Gracious Majesty, so renowned for the benevolence and kindness of her heart, could never have addressed the suffering poor without one kind word of sympathy for them in their distress, brought upon them by causes over which they had no control. There is no evidence whatever before us that the reply to a few poor people of St. Ann's should be regarded as an answer to complaints of poverty and misrule which have arisen in every part of the Island.'

George William Gordon printed placards of his own in which he said the Queen was 'too noble-hearted to say anything unkind even to her most humble subjects' and that he feared her ministers had been misled.

Shortly after the Queen's Letter was published the people of the little village of Stony Gut, five miles north of Morant Bay, decided to express their difficulties and hardships directly to the Governor. They sent their leader, Paul Bogle, and another to King's House, Spanish Town, forty-five miles away

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from Stony Gut. The two men walked all the way. At the doors of King's House they explained the reason for their coming and asked to see the Governor. They waited. Presently the person who had seen them returned. The Governor would not see them. They walked the forty-five miles back to Stony Gut and told their people the Governor would not see them. This was in August.

The seventh of October was court day at Morant Bay and one of the men from Stony Gut had to be in court on a charge of assault. Bogle and his followers went to Morant Bay courthouse. They did not trust 'buckra' justice and there was comfort in numbers. The charged man was ordered to pay a fine and costs. One of Bogle's men loudly advised his friend to pay the fine but not the costs. The magistrate ordered the interjector to be arrested. A scuffle broke out between the police and the men from Stony Gut. Bogle and his followers rescued the man who had interjected and marched back to Stony Gut with him.

Three days later eight policemen arrived at Stony Gut to arrest Paul Bogle. Bogle's people overpowered the policemen, made them swear an oath of loyalty to the people of the hills, and then released them. As soon as they got back to Morant Bay the policemen reported to the Custos, Baron von Ketelhodt. The Baron immediately sent a message to the Governor telling him what had happened and asking for military aid. Bogle and his followers also sent a message to the Governor on the same day.

'We, the petitioners of St. Thomas-in-the-East, send to inform your Excellency of the mean advantage that has been taken of us from time to time, and more especially this present time, when on Saturday, 7th of this month, an outrageous assault was committed upon us by the policemen of this parish, by order of the Justices, which occasion an outbreaking for which warrants have been issued against innocent persons, of which we were compelled to resist. We therefore call upon your Excellency for protection, seeing we are Her Majesty's loyal subjects, which protection if refused we will be compelled to put our shoulders to the wheel, as we have been imposed upon for a period of twenty-seven years with due obeisance to the laws of our Queen and country, and we can no longer endure the same, therefore is our object of calling upon your Excellency as Governor-in-Chief and Captain of our Island, and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.'

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Bogle and his followers also decided to march down to Morant Bay in force next day—the day the Vestry was due to meet—to voice their grievances. They planned to march to the town in two columns, one column led by Paul Bogle and the other by his brother, Moses.

The people of Stony Gut made no secret of their plans. Von Ketelhodt heard of the proposed march but decided to carry on with the Vestry meeting. As a precaution he ordered out the local militia volunteers and police.

The Vestry met in the courthouse at Morant Bay. Outside the courthouse were twenty-two armed militia volunteers and a number of unarmed police.

The marchers from Stony Gut started out in the early afternoon. On the way down Paul Bogle told a shopkeeper that he and his people were not in revolt against the Queen, that they had resisted unjust arrest and would continue to do so, and that he, Bogle, would apply for bail.

In the capital, meanwhile, Governor Eyre ordered two warships, the *Wolverene* and the *Onyx*, to go to Morant Bay in response to von Ketelhodt's call for help.

At Morant Bay, the party under Moses Bogle was the first to reach the town square. Volunteer militia and police barred their way to the courthouse. The marchers hesitated, then surged forward until they were within a few yards of the militia. The militia fell back. The marchers pressed forward, those in the rear bodily forcing those in front on. The Custos came out to the first-floor landing of the courthouse. He ordered the people back and demanded to know what they wanted. A confused, incoherent mob-shout was his answer.

Again the crowd surged forward, an uncontrollable wave now. Paul Bogle's party joined them. Whether he could, or even tried to control the mob, the records do not indicate. Women in the rear started to pelt the militia with stones and bottles. A bottle opened a gash on the militia captain's forehead. The angry wave pressed forward; the militiamen raised their rifles but fell back. The captain dashed up the courthouse steps and begged von Ketelhodt to read the Riot Act.

The Custos read the Riot Act. The militia levelled their rifles. The front ranks of the mob surged forward. The captain ordered his men to fire. The militia then fired in a volley,

letting off all their rifles at the same time. The mob fell back, then surged forward again with all the fury of mob anger. Seven of their numbers were dead; many wounded.

The militiamen had no time to reload, and had not a single loaded rifle among them. The front ranks of the mob fell on them, beating down their useless rifles with cutlasses and staves. They killed six and wounded many militiamen. The rest retreated into the courthouse.

As though stunned by what had happened, large numbers of the mob fled from the square, leaving their dead where they had fallen. But the majority stayed, restored once more to some semblance of sanity, and looked to their leaders for guidance. Bogle ordered a cordon round the courthouse and the buildings adjoining it. A measure of the discipline maintained is shown by the fact that a doctor was allowed unmolested into the square to examine the bodies of the dead.

After a meeting Bogle and his followers condemned all the besieged whites—except two doctors—to death for the killing of their comrades. All the policemen, except their inspector, had fled from the back of the courthouse before the cordon was thrown around the buildings. The rest were trapped.

At about half-past-five in the afternoon, when the Jamaican sun touches the hills with a tender purple, Bogle's men set fire to the school roof. An hour later the fire spread to the courthouse. The Custos came out under a flag of truce. The besiegers attacked and drove him back. After eight o'clock the besieged men withdrew from the courthouse to the adjoining forthouse. This, too, soon caught fire. At about half-past-nine in the evening the fire drove the trapped men out.

The besiegers fell on them. Only the two doctors were allowed to escape though some others got away too. Bogle himself killed von Ketelhodt. Fifteen others were killed and about thirty wounded. Then, with the entire town at his mercy, Bogle turned and marched his men back to Stony Gut.

But black Paul Bogle knew the affair could not end there. He sent messengers to the Maroons at Moore Town and Charles Town asking them to come to his aid. Then he issued a proclamation to his people telling them that the whites would come seeking vengeance and that they should prepare for war. 'War is at my black skin—war is at hand.'



University College of the West Indies, Jamaica. (*Above*) An entrant for his medical finals faces the Board of Examiners. (*Below*) The Library. Large C. D. & W. grants have been made, both to College and Hospital





Sporting Jamaica. From 1948 to 1952 Jamaican athletes led the world over 400 metres.

Above is the Olympic final at Helsinki showing V. G. Rhoden beating his fellow Jamaican, Herb McKenley, with a third Jamaican, Arthur Wint (No. 297), the holder, fifth.

(Left) O. G. ('Collie') Smith of Jamaica with the great Clyde Walcott, of Barbados. Smith scored two centuries against England in the 1957 Test Matches.

(Above, right) These young cricketers are from Boys' Town, where 'Collie' Smith learned the game. *(Below)* Admirers wait for the spin-bowler, Valentine





Miss Ebony

Miss Mahogany

Miss Satinwood

Miss Allspice

Miss Sandalwood

A spectrum of Jamaican beauty displayed before a cannon of Fort Charles, Port Royal. 'Ten types;



Miss Golden Apple Miss Jasmine Miss Pomegranate Miss Lotus Miss Appleblossom
one people' was the heading of this contest, run in 1955 as part of the 'Jamaica 300' celebrations



(Above) Boys' Town Junior Red Cross link is visited by the Countess of Limerick, Vice-Chairman of the British Red Cross Society, and Miss Ingle, accompanied by Mrs. Vincent Clarke, organizer of the Jamaican Junior Red Cross.
 (Left) Colonel Cawley, leader of the Maroons—'the successor of Cudjoe, and Accompong and Quao'





(Above) Mr. (now Sir Alexander) Bustamante addressing the Jamaican House of Representatives when Chief Minister.

(Right) Mr. Norman Manley, Chief Minister since January, 1955, with his sculptress wife, Mrs. Edna Manley, and their dog Tundeh





(Above) The final meeting of the Caribbean Federation Conference in London (Feb., 1956). Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, presides. Mr. N. Manley is five places away on his right. (Below) Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip acknowledge the cheers of hundreds of Jamaican schoolchildren at Kingston in December, 1953



The two warships arrived at Morant Bay early next morning—the morning of the twelfth. Later the same day news of what had happened at Morant Bay reached Kingston and Spanish Town. Eyre immediately proclaimed martial law for the parishes of St. Thomas, St. Andrew and Portland. He ordered troops to St. Thomas and called the Portland Maroons to take up arms on behalf of the Government under their treaty obligations. To Edward Jordon who had, earlier in his career, once threatened that the streets of Kingston would flow with blood if the coloureds were not given equal rights, Eyre said:

'All this has come of Mr. Gordon's agitation.'

Eyre ordered that Gordon's paper, the *Watchman*—not to be confused with Jordon's earlier *Watchman*—be suppressed. Then the Governor chartered a French ship lying in the harbour and set sail for Morant Bay.

The vengeance Bogle expected came swiftly. Soldiers, sailors, militiamen and Maroons swooped down on St. Thomas and arrested hundreds. Eyre presided in person over the execution of one of the first of Bogle's captured henchmen. He gave the forces of law and order a free hand. Four hundred and thirty-nine men were executed; some after drumhead court-martials but a great many more without even the gesture of a trial. More than 600, many women among them, were formally flogged. The militiamen and others also handed out private beatings. Over 1,000 homes of small settlers were razed to the ground. Bogle and a handful of his followers withdrew to the mountains.

Eyre returned to Kingston on the morning of 17th October. After making a speech to the Kingston magistracy in which he said the rebellion was well under control, he went to the police and ordered a warrant for the arrest of Gordon.

When Gordon heard of this he went to Headquarters House in Duke Street and offered himself up to General O'Connor, the commanding officer. The Governor and Dr. Bowerbank, head of the Kingston magistracy, arrived at Headquarters House shortly after Gordon and took charge of him.

Now, martial law had not been declared in Kingston so the Governor and Bowerbank hustled Gordon into a carriage, stopped briefly at his home so that he could take leave of his wife, then hustled him down to the docks and put him on board

the *Wolverene*. When news of this act spread, Henry Westmorland, the most progressive planter in the Assembly, hurried down to the waterfront and told Eyre that the correct legal course was to have Gordon tried by a civil commission. But Eyre would have none of this. He took Gordon to Morant Bay and ordered that he be tried for high treason, sedition and 'having complicity with certain parties in the insurrection'.

Gordon was tried on 21st October, found guilty and sentenced to death. In a farewell letter to his wife he wrote:

'I did not expect that, not being a rebel, I should have been tried and disposed of in this way. I thought His Excellency the Governor would have allowed me a fair trial, if any charge of sedition or inflammatory language were attributable to me; but I have no power of control. May the Lord be-merciful to him.'

Two days later, Gordon and eighteen others were hanged on a boom in front of the gutted Morant Bay courthouse. Their bodies were left hanging for a day, no doubt as an object lesson, and were then cut down and flung into a trench at the back of the burnt-out courthouse.

Was Gordon guilty of treason and sedition? Certainly he used strong language in his paper and in the Assembly. But there were many others in the island who used stronger language than he did, both in and out of the Assembly as well as in newspapers. And certainly, he had never used language as forceful as Edward Jordon when he came out of prison. Gordon had known of Bogle's proposed petition to the Governor; and when the Governor had refused to see Bogle, Gordon had suggested that a deputation be sent to the English parliament. Immediately before, and during, the period of trouble Gordon had been ill in Kingston, suffering from bronchitis and dysentery; he had not been to St. Thomas. But he had, for a long time, spoken up for the blacks both in and out of the Assembly. And if that were considered treason then he certainly was guilty.

Paul Bogle was caught coming out of a cane patch behind Stony Gut the day after Gordon's hanging. He walked down to the town talking calmly with his captors. The court-martial asked Bogle whether Gordon had incited them to rebellion. Bogle denied this. Bogle was condemned and hanged at the

yard-arm of the *Wolverene*, a subtly more honourable execution than that of Gordon.

The Morant Bay 'Rebellion' was over.

* * *

Governor Eyre summoned the Assembly for 7th November. In opening the session he said it was probably one of the most important and momentous ever held in the history of the colony. Then he went on:

'The occurrence of a most wicked and unprovoked rebellion, in the eastern division of the island, has brought sorrow and suffering upon the whole community. The valuable lives of many noble and gallant men, who were ornaments to the land, have been sacrificed (whilst peaceably meeting in the discharge of their duties to the state) by a most savage and cruel butchery, only paralleled by the atrocities of the Indian mutiny. . . .

It is my duty to point out to you that satisfactory as it is to know that the rebellion in the eastern districts has been crushed out, the entire colony has long been, still is, on the brink of a volcano, which may any moment burst into fury. . . .

A mighty danger threatens the land; and, in order to concert measures to avert it, and prevent, so far as human wisdom can, any future recurrence of a similar state of things, we must examine boldly, deeply, and unflinchingly, into the causes which have led to this danger. I know of no general grievance or wrong, under which the negroes of this colony labour. Individual cases of hardship or injustice must arise in every community; but as a whole the peasantry of Jamaica have nothing to complain of. They are less taxed, can live more easily and cheaply, and are less under an obligation to work for subsistence, than any peasantry in the world. . . . They ought to be better off, more comfortable, and more independent than the labourers of any other country. If it is not so, it is due to their own indolence, improvidence, and vice, acted upon by the absence of good example, of civilizing influences in many districts, and by the evil teaching, and evil agencies, to which I have already referred, in all. . . .

It is necessary to bring these facts before you, in order to convince you how widely spread, and how deeply rooted, the spirit of disaffection is; how daring and determined the intention has been, and still is, to make Jamaica a second Haiti, and how imperative it is upon you, gentlemen, to take such measures, as, under God's blessing, may avert such a calamity.'

He then invited the Assembly to abolish itself.

'I invite you, then, gentlemen, to make a great and generous sacrifice for the sake of your country, and in immolating on the altar of

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patriotism the two branches of the Legislature, of which you yourselves are the constituent parts, to hand down to posterity a noble example of self-denial and heroism.'

In the debate that followed the line that divided Town and Country Parties disappeared completely. White and coloured, town and country, were together in their warm approval of the Governor's speech and proposal. Only the small 'demagogue' minority held out and fought a bitter rearguard action against the abolition of the constitution.

At the end of the debate the Assembly voted its 200-year-old self-governing constitution out of existence and gave back to the throne the powers its members had fought for and defended so jealously for so long.

But though Edward John Eyre had reduced Jamaica to a Crown Colony, he did not long remain in the island after that. The events at Morant Bay provoked such strong reaction in England that a Commission was sent to investigate the affair fully. The Commission suspended Eyre, and, after several weeks of investigating, produced one of the most damaging reports ever written against a Colonial Governor. Eyre was not reinstated, and Sir John Peter Grant became the first Governor under the new Crown Colony régime.

And the 'rebellion', which the history books still persist in calling 'The Jamaica Rebellion' or 'The Morant Bay Rebellion', was no more than—as General O'Connor who commanded the troops in Jamaica described it—a 'local row' in which the folk of one small village expressed themselves against what they regarded as an unjust local judiciary and Vestry. The 'rebellion' was Governor Eyre's invention.

It would be much more accurate to write or talk about the Morant Bay Riot. The Commission of Enquiry, incidentally, completely exonerated Gordon of responsibility for the riot.

The real importance of the Morant Bay affair, it seems to me, was that it was an excuse for handing back power to the Colonial Office. Self-government did not, any longer, mean a planter monopoly of power. Just before the Morant Bay affair the planters had, for the first time, suffered a defeat in the Assembly. Self-government was beginning to mean something more than planter control. Fundamentally, it was because they

dreaded this; because they could cope neither with their political and social problems, nor with their economic problems, that the planters surrendered up their rights. Morant Bay was an excuse. Without it a political crisis would still have taken place. But it occurred, supplied the excuse, and was used by Eyre and the frightened men to kill Jamaica's constitution.

* * *

viii. *Morant Bay*

I drove across the Olivier Bridge, one of the longest in the island, which spans the Johnson River. The Johnson was as fast-flowing as the Yallahs which I had crossed just before getting to Poor Man's Corner. There were signs of recent flooding. The Blue Mountains form a watershed and the water pours down the rivers in the rainy season. Morant Bay is rich in water; its householders can use up over half a million gallons a day without feeling any shortage.

I stopped on the outskirts of the town. Three roads converged. Directly across the way, fenced off and standing some distance back from the converging roads, was the poorhouse, a large, raised wood and pre-stressed concrete structure. To the right of it the ruins of a church were all but enveloped by wild growth. I crossed into the poorhouse yard and fought my way through bush and nettles to the ruined church. It had been a fine church once. Now weeds had worked their way through even the concrete foundations and overrun the gravestones in the churchyard. This might have been a flourishing planters' church in the distant days: fine weddings, fine christenings might have taken place here. There was something terribly lonely about this ruined church.

An old gentleman came out of the poorhouse and waited for me by the car. We sat on the running-board and talked. He didn't believe I came from Africa. I looked just like a Jamaican. And how were things with them? Not too good; but a man shouldn't complain. They didn't let you die now when you were too old to work. The food was all right too. Only thing was, he couldn't abide the matron. Scolding woman. Always wanting people to be clean and tidy and cussing them out. But

there was a twinkle in his eye which suggested that he didn't really find life too hard. And then he tried me for a touch, but the ominous figure of the matron appeared from the little office so he shuffled away. Really, there was nothing ominous about the matron. She looked crisp, capable and extremely cool; as matronly, in fact, as her title. Had old John been begging again? Had I given him anything? No. He hadn't begged and I hadn't given him anything. He's a nice old man, really: one of the best, and, of course, one of the most difficult and argumentative. The hint of a smile flitted across her smooth, round, dark face. I agreed: yes, he seemed delightful. But it was lonely for him, she said. Most of the others were senile or else terribly sick, some were blind. Could she, I asked, tell me about the poorhouse; could I have a look at it? She looked doubtful but led me up the sloping land to the poorhouse.

This was the parish poorhouse. There is no unemployment insurance, no old age or sickness benefits as in Britain. But each parish takes care of its sick and aged. There is, generally, a poorhouse in each parish, and each parish looks after its orphans and abandoned children. Relief for those 'who are wholly destitute of means of subsistence and are at the same time for mental or physical causes unable to work and earn their subsistence' is supervised by a corps of inspectors, who visit the aided poor at least twice a year. This kind of outdoor relief can vary from one to ten shillings a week.

We reached the poorhouse door. I hesitated uneasily. There was a too impersonal quality about this. If I had gone with old John it would have been different. I braced myself and went in. It was clean and orderly but very institutional. A few old men lay on their beds; some were too lethargic even to turn their heads. Others worked at old bits of clothes. Just a big, impersonal place. I think the matron caught my mood and thought me a softy. She murmured, as if to comfort me, that really they were well taken care of and that those who had families didn't go to poorhouses; only those who were without any family—and there were very few of those.

I thanked her and took my leave, waving to old John who was cutting the grass sitting cross-legged on the ground and seeming to do the cutting blade by blade with a rusty old cutlass. The old man turned to see if the matron was still there.

THE ROAD TO MORANT BAY

She was: she stood at the poorhouse door and watched me drive away.

The streets wound upwards gently. Bogle's people were all about, poorly dressed but cheerful. I got lost in some side-streets. I crawled up a narrow one, passed a group of men outside what looked like one of those general stores that sell everything from rum to rice. One of the men shouted: 'Matter wid you, man?'

Another yelled: 'Leave him be. Him tink him rich. Him pay!'



'Foolish brown man,' a third said.

This was too much. I pulled up and got out. 'What's wrong?' I asked. 'Have I done anything wrong?'

One of them looked so disgusted that I felt guilty. He spat at his feet. They sized me up coldly.

'Where you from, man?' The disgusted chap didn't even condescend to look at me. There were four of them. All strapping young men: the kind who spend all their days in the open. One took pity on me, on my bewilderment and curiosity.

'One-way street,' he snapped. 'Policeman at the end.'

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'Him take you before court,' the fourth, who had not spoken up to now, told me.

I thanked them and explained, defensively, that I was a stranger and had not seen any sign. The disgusted fellow looked less disgusted, removed the stick he chewed from between his teeth, spat again and turned big brown eyes on me.

'Where you from?'

'England.'

Ex-disgusted only grunted; but I knew they were interested, I could feel it.

There was a long pause, then the fourth man said: 'Plenty Jamaicans go to England.'

'Yes,' I said. They'd teased me, now I'd tease them.

'You know any?'

'Yes.'

'Which part?'

'Many parts.'

'From St. Thomas too?'

'Yes.'

They were restless now; anxious to talk, to find out about England. I tried to keep a straight face as ex-disgusted stared at me. I must have failed because a broad grin cracked his face.

'Don't play Anancy wid us, man!'

'Me foolish brown man,' I murmured.

Ex-disgusted bubbled over with laughter. The cold watchfulness went out of their eyes. We relaxed. The barriers were down. Again and again I had met this cold aloofness as I wandered about the island: and always it had cracked the moment I made a genuine advance, the moment they were certain I wasn't coming all 'buckra' over them.

'Tell about England, man,' the fourth man urged. 'You know people from St. Thomas for true?'

'Let's have some beer,' I said.

The other three were all too willing, and began to move to the store door. But ex-disgusted stopped them.

'No! We ca'an drink de man's beer!'

We all looked at ex-disgusted, waiting for more. Instead, he pushed his chewing stick back into his mouth and stared away, over my head. After a while one of the three near the door said: 'Why?'

THE ROAD TO MORANT BAY

Ex-disgusted spat out his stick and swung round to them; an angry movement. 'Why? you say. Why, because you want beer. You t'ink me no want beer too? You know man? No. You got money to buy him beer too? No. But you take him beer! Him stranger, man! Him stranger! You want him t'ink all Jamaican no good beggar men? Plenty but not all! Not me!'

'But look, my friend——' I began.

'No your fault. You all right, but bad for we take from stranger when we ca'an give.'

I felt disgusted for a change. This proud, over-sensitive Jamaican was making things unnecessarily difficult. All I wanted was to talk and a drink would relax us all.

'Rass, man!' I snapped and turned on my heels.

'Hey!'

I turned. Ex-disgusted stared at me with popping eyes, mouth open. 'You hear him!' He looked at his friends. 'You hear! Him cuss me! You witness!' He came towards me. I wondered, fleetingly, whether my show of anger would do the trick or whether I had a scrap on my hands. This strapping fellow could wipe the floor with me.

I need not have worried. His eyes twinkled behind the aggressive façade.

'We go find policeman!'

Then we both burst out laughing. His laughter swelled over the quiet, empty street. The others joined in. Then, after our laughter, I took ex-disgusted's arm and said: 'Let's go'n have that beer. I'm thirsty.'

He hesitated, then gave in. We all marched into the little store. A young man came from the back of the store to serve us. He was that mixture—which I thought rare until I went to Jamaica—of Chinese and black or brown. This particular young man looked dark enough to be a mixture of Chinese and black. Until I went to Jamaica I would have sworn the Chinese were unassimilable. In Africa they kept to themselves, guarded their racial 'purity' as jealously as the most rabid believers in 'white blood'. But Jamaica had absorbed them to such an extent that at least one-third of the entire Chinese community (12,394 according to the 1943 Census, which made a breakdown on race and colour lines) were Chinese-coloureds. The Chinese had been brought to Jamaica as indentured

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labourers in 1854. For sheer breathtaking beauty I have still to see anything that could match the really beautiful Chinese-coloured women. The Chinese (and Chinese-coloureds) are the island's small shopkeepers and nearly every village has its Chinese store; but the majority, more than half, are in Kingston and St. Andrew.

'Man from England,' one of my new friends informed the young storekeeper.

'My cousin gone to England,' the storekeeper said.

'Tell us about England,' one of the others said.

The young man opened five bottles of Red Stripe for us and then got one for himself. We drank straight from the bottles. We talked. I told them about England, about jobs and housing and some of the difficulties.

'And this colour-bar?' Ex-disgusted made it sound like a live creature.

'You find it in places,' I said. 'But there is more prejudice than a bar. But tell me about here. Have you any colour-bar here?'

That started them. They all talked at once except ex-disgusted. One said yes but the other two and storekeeper said no. They argued it out among themselves heatedly, voices raised, arms waving. The one who felt there was a colour-bar said the blacks were poor because they were black. You didn't see poor whites and poor coloureds. The storekeeper declared that you saw more poor among the blacks because there were more blacks than any other people. One of the other two started naming the names of all the poor coloured families he knew. This caught on and soon all three were doing it. Ex-disgusted kept aloof until they'd finished. Then he swept it all aside. He pointed at the man who felt there was a colour-bar.

'Don' take no note of him. Him stupid Ras Tafari man. Why you no grow beard, heh! Ras Tafari man!' They all roared with laughter, including Ras Tafari.

'Yah! You Busta man you!' Ras Tafari jeered back.

'No, me Manley man.'

'Oh! How's 'at?' Ras Tafari was trying to provoke.

'Me got sense. Me see de light. Now stop your foolishness! Our trouble here is poverty. You stranger, my friend, but I tell you: poverty. Only trouble, poverty. Him one we must lick

good. Only one, not Ras Tafari man's stupidity. One time we have colour-bar but no more now. It is finished. Sometimes you meet brown man t'ink him buckra but doan mine him. You know Manley, heh?'

He waited, so I said yes.

'We make one nation——'

'Yah! You an' Manley!' Ras Tafari jeered.

'Yah! Mist Manley an' me and all people wid sense, not Ras Tafari foolishness!'

They all started ragging Ras Tafari unmercifully. Then one of the others suddenly said: 'I like Busta mel' And they were off on a new, party political argument that raged violently till I said I was leaving. Then they stopped and each shook my hand.

'Where you go now?' ex-disgusted said.

'To the courthouse, then back to Kingston.'

'No court today,' one said.

'Him know,' ex-disgusted said quietly. 'You go see to remember rebellion. Right?'

'Right.'

A sunshine smile made his black face glow. He nodded. 'Not the same now. Not atall, atall. Only trouble is poverty; only trouble.'

He walked with me to the car and shook my hand again, this time with an iron grip that hurt. Easiest thing in the world to like these quick-tempered, warm-hearted, volatile Jamaicans. As I turned the car their voices rose as they restarted the unfinished party political argument.

* * *

The square was quiet and deserted. The courthouse was a faded white and faced the open space that wasn't really large enough to be called a square. Perhaps it had been larger in the old days. Somewhere above where I stood Gordon and eighteen others had been hanged. And before that people had milled and fought where I now walked. Not a hint of that remained now save in the history books. I walked about for a while, climbed the courthouse stairs, and looked down as Ketelhodt must have done. Only, there was no sea of angry black faces down below. Really, there was nothing to show that a crucial

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moment in the history of the land had begun here, in this quiet, deserted square, outside this faded courthouse. . . .

The hills were touched with purple and the land was hushed and peaceful as I journeyed back to Kingston by the road along the seashore. Quiet St. Thomas, with its 300 square miles and 74,755 people, was at peace as the sun went down.

Only poverty, ex-disgusted had said.



6. FACES OF KINGSTON

i. *The View from the Hills*

GLAVE and a host of other people had told me the best way to see Kingston was from the hills. Glave had himself driven me up into the hills for a panoramic view of it. The road to the hills twists and turns and undulates at a gradient of ninety feet to the mile. Here and there on the higher slopes we came across groups of men clearing earth from the road. It was the rainy season and the steep banks had collapsed in places. In one place the road was almost entirely blocked by a mound of red earth. We had to wait while they cleared a path wide enough for the car to pass. The men worked methodically in the morning sun, moving to a muted rhythmic hum; it was a universal picture of road-menders everywhere. The only difference was that the road-menders I had seen in Europe laboured dourly, without making music. When the road-menders had cleared enough space they let up, straightened their backs, and stood aside for the car to pass. Sweat glistened on their black faces, and on the chests of those who had removed their shirts; large damp patches showed on the coarse khaki shirts of those who had not.

We stopped a long way higher up where a rumshop warned that we were nearing a village. It was an ideal spot: a broad flat shelf that gave an uninterrupted view of the sweeping plain of Liguanea. Kingston lay far below like a miniature model city on the edge of the sea. The bright sun lit its buildings, gave them a look of newly-washed cleanness; and, here and there, the sun struck quivering reflections from roofs and windows. Beyond the city lay the harbour; and beyond that the Palisadoes; and then the Caribbean sea. And nearer, spreading to the hills themselves, was the suburban area of lower St. Andrew.

To the right and left and behind us were the mountains, a semicircle about the city and suburbs. A city on a broad plain trapped between the mountains and the sea.

'I like to see it like this,' Glave said.

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Next to Cuba's Havana, Kingston is the largest urban area in the Caribbean. It covers ten square miles and has a population of 145,566. The average population density for Jamaica is 347 to the square mile. In Kingston there are 14,542 people to the square mile.

But a patriotic Jamaican lady was not satisfied with the view Glave had shown me. I had to see Kingston from the Warieka Hills at sunset as well as after dark. Only if I saw it in that way would I understand how Kingstonians felt about their city. I promised the lady I would do so before leaving.

Close on, Kingston is a chess-board of wide streets and narrow lanes running east and west and north and south. There are buildings of all shapes and sizes. Fine modernistic stores on the main thoroughfares sell any and everything that can be bought on the boulevards of Paris, the avenues of New York and the streets of London. Cars flash up and down the main streets. Policemen on point duty are always busy.

The smaller tradesmen operate in the lanes and side-streets. Carpenters, dressmakers, hairdressers, upholsterers, cabinet-makers, electricians—all have their shops in these lanes. Of Kingston, Adolphe Roberts has written:

'It was intended to be a purely commercial city, and the only outstanding building provided for was the parish church. As a result what is now downtown Kingston is too ordinary to be picturesque, save in one particular. Between the streets running north and south there was provision for narrow lanes on which the backyard gates of the merchants' houses opened. These lanes were for the use of slaves, servants, and tradesmen. Presently they became thoroughfares for hawkers who passed up and down crying their wares, and the free people of colour built cottages on them. The life of the lanes was quite different from that of the streets. Traces of it survive.'

The town has grown enormously since it was first laid out in 1692, and the ten-acre Victoria Park which was once its centre has long ceased to be so. And there is, now, a general air of bustle and prosperity that makes it very different from the city John Bigelow described in the 1840s. Then, he looked and listened in vain for the noise of carts and bustle of city men; now, it was all about. Cars, lorries, carts and human voices rent the air. People hurried in all directions; women in lovely cotton prints, men in the regulation white shirt, tie and sleeves buttoned up at the wrists. Only the bold spirits among the men

exposed their arms! I asked but no one gave me a reason for this. And a man in shorts was one of the rarest sights in that sunny city and land.

And everywhere, in the streets, on the side-walks, in big and small shops, were the people of Kingston: black and brown and white and yellow and every other shade and grade of colour. I played a game with myself. What. I wondered, would the result of mixing India, China and Africa look like. I went on the streets of Kingston and found it. And it was not what I had expected. Somehow, consciously, I had expected some African, some Chinese and some Indian characteristics to show boldly in such an individual. Instead, all and none showed, inseparable, unsort-out-able. Mix China, India and Europe; mix China, Europe, Africa; mix Europe, India, Africa. And then mix the results of these mixtures. What comes out is striking. Where the blending is subtle and elusive, fairy-like beauty comes out, especially in the young women. I found it impossible not to 'stand and stare'.

* * *

Like the Chinese, the Indians were brought into Jamaica as indentured labourers after emancipation. The 1943 Census showed there were 26,507. Most of them live in the country areas. Frome and the other large sugar estates employ large numbers of them. They are good cattlemen and irrigation workers. The majority have become an integral part of Jamaica's black peasantry and smallholders.

The overwhelming majority of the island's Jewish community, 1,277 by the Census, are in the Kingston and St. Andrew area. Columbus was a Jew and Jews were given asylum in the island when it was made the personal possession of the Columbus family. They were the first white people who looked on Jamaica as their permanent home. They did almost all the business of the island in the 18th century, and they are still a very important commercial community in the island today.

Small German, Portuguese, Syrian and Spanish communities have also added to the island's variety of racial strains.

All these strains meet and mix in the streets and shops and offices and clubs and hotels of Kingston. Such divisions as I found were of class rather than colour, but the colour element

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was not entirely absent. I caught occasional glimpses of what Fernando Henriques in *Family and Colour in Jamaica* calls the 'white bias'. The men and women who served in the big shops or worked in the 'front' offices were, generally, white or else very fair coloureds with the 'right' hair and features. But I found it not nearly as static as Henriques did when he wrote:

'The black lower class individual is not only bound by his poverty but is frustrated by the knowledge that if he does overcome the barriers of poverty social frustration is inevitable as a result of his colour.' Colour, today, is certainly no such insuperable barrier.

There are hangovers of the old colour attitude among some whites. And there are some coloureds who have no time for blacks save as inferiors. But they constitute a small fringe of the white and coloured people: 'a lunatic fringe of out-of-date racialists' a coloured Jamaican called them. And there are, too, an equally small number of black racialists; another 'lunatic fringe'.

Basically, there is a striking sense of freedom from colour-consciousness, and nowhere is this more marked than in the streets of Kingston. In government offices black and brown and white and yellow work side by side without any reference to colour. They eat together in restaurants and hotels. The Myrtle Bank, the Jamaica Arms and the Balcony Inn are excellent eating places that are open to all, and whenever I visited them the various racial groupings of the island were well represented and mixing freely.

ii. *The Golden Boy*

Light streamed out of an open window. Voices were raised in singing. The ground floor was above street level and I could look up and into the room. It was a small room, crowded with people. They were having a religious service. They were all black. I went up the few steps and knocked on the door. After a while a young black girl came to the door. This was downtown Kingston after dark, not the tough dock area. Headquarters House was a few hundred yards away.

The girl looked me up and down. From the 'dive' next door

jukebox music blared out loud, almost drowning the singing voices.

'What you want?' Her voice had a rich Welsh lilt. She jerked her head to indicate next door.

I said: 'No. I would like to come in here, to the service.'

She hesitated, then shut the door in my face. I waited. After a while an angry-looking man came to the door.

'Yes?'

'I want to come to the service.'

He too looked me up and down coldly, suspiciously.

'You Church of God?'

'I'm a Christian.'

'What church?'

'Just a Christian.'

He shrugged and pushed the door wider, still looking hostile. I pushed past him, conscious of his cold, questioning stare. The little hallway was dark and narrow. The young girl stood at the door that led into the little room where the service was held. The man shut the front door and breathed heavily behind me.

'Open,' he said.

The girl opened the door. Light flooded the little passage. The voice of the preacher rang out.

An' de blood pour out.

Other voices took it up.

Blood. De blood. Amen. Amen.

I pushed into the crowded little room. People were squashed up against each other. Benches were ranged around the four walls and a small table stood in the middle. The preacher stood in the centre of the room, over the little table. A few turned curious eyes on me. A big, comfortable, amiable-looking lady moved her huge arm and made room for me against the wall near the door.

The preacher went on talking, slowly, giving, phrase by phrase, a vivid and detailed account of the crucifixion. He was a young man, short, slim and thin-faced. His hand which held the Bible trembled violently. Sweat and tears mingled on his face. The room was electrified with emotion. Some of the older

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women had their eyes closed and sat swaying their bodies from side to side, moaning softly at the pause after each phrase. A young girl across the room sat open-mouthed, horrified and fascinated. The women outnumbered the men.

The nail was hammered into the feet of Christ. And they shared each agonizing blow of the hammer as it tore into the flesh. And they saw the red blood bursting out and falling, drop by drop, to the earth. And the earth drank up the holy blood. And then another nail.

An' de pain of it.

Oh de horror

Amen. Aaaa-men!

The mass emotion was mesmeric. I felt it creep up on me. The fat lady beside me shivered and began to breathe heavily. And still the torturing details went on. The open-mouthed young girl started moaning, eyes glazed, body jerking with each hammer blow. The nail, now, was being beaten into her flesh.

It went on in all its detail. The preacher never looked at the Bible he held. He seemed in a trance, caught up in living out the agony. My mind began to grow hazy, began to fall under the spell of this collective living out of the agony. I began to feel blows on my own body. I fought it off and pulled myself together. Sweat ran down my own face. My clothes clung damply to my body. They were all caught up in it now and it was terrible and terrifying. The pressure was so high, there had to be some release, some outlet. . . .

At last it ended.

An' God die

Him die. Amen.

The Bible slipped from the preacher's hand. Drained, he leaned against the table, then slid to his knees, his body wracked by terrible sobs and cries. The open-mouthed girl slumped to the floor, eyes glazed.

I braced myself to dash for the door. This terrible tension could not go on. Something had to happen.

Suddenly, one of the older women jumped up and flung back her head. Her voice rang out, loud and clear and sustained.

An' He riz!

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It was triumphant. Others took it up.

Yes, He riz!

Louder, more triumphantly.

He riz!

They wove it into a complex, circular musical pattern.

From de dead.

The singing grew more joyfully lusty; the tension eased, relaxed, and, finally, disappeared. The singing became a great lusty hymn of victory. The preacher recovered, got to his feet, and joined in the singing. One of the older ladies went down beside the girl who had fainted, lifted her head and sat rubbing her face until she recovered. After a while the girl joined in the singing. They poured all they had into the triumphant

*An' He riz
From de dead.*

When it was over they were drained of all physical and emotional strength. The preacher and some of the elders had a few words with me; but really, they were too worn-out to care any longer whether I had come to worship or to scoff. They left quietly and quickly. When I left the man who had let me in shook my hand limply.

'Ev'ry Sat-day night,' he murmured.

I spent an hour walking through the streets. The centre of the town was quiet and almost deserted. The business people had retired to their homes in the suburbs. Only those who dwelt in the back alleys and lanes of the town were about. The rumshops were open and many were crowded and doing a roaring trade. But, startlingly, I saw no one helplessly drunk: many were 'high' but none incapable.

At the Victoria Park the statue of 'Missis Queen' herself looked down King Street. And not far away, on the east side of the Park was the statue of Edward Jordon, the only coloured Colonial Secretary Jamaica ever had. Jordon had died in 1869, a few years after the death of the old Constitution, a disillusioned man apparently. 'On his deathbed,' writes Adolphe

Roberts, 'he told his wife to take his insignia of a Companion of the Bath to King's House, remarking: "I give it back as it came to me. I never wore it."'

I wandered past the Kingston Anglican parish church. There was talk in Kingston then of the Right Reverend Percival William Gibson, a dark ecclesiastic, becoming the first native-born Lord Bishop of Jamaica. And this has now come to pass.

I wandered back to the noise and bustle of the narrow lanes and crowded streets of the slums. It was Sat-day and there was a Sat-day night air about the slums. The people were colourful and gay. Not even poverty seemed able to subdue them. And their lilting voices made the English language sound strangely exotic and charged with a new vitality absent from it when mere Englishmen spoke it. Louise Bennett, Philip Sherlock and others have caught and recorded much of this lovely language in their Anancy stories and dialect verses and in the proverbs which are 'the literature of the unlettered'.

Like the people whom he entertained in the days of slavery, Anancy the spider came from Africa; but, writes Philip Sherlock, 'When Anancy crossed the Atlantic and settled in the Caribbean he came into another world, and the Anancy story in the West Indies is set in our familiar landscape.' He spoke, of course, in a new language, shaped to his own needs, and the unlettered people of Kingston's slums as well as people in the country areas still largely speak in the idiom in which the Anancy stories were, and are, fashioned. Sherlock has laid the setting for the Anancy stories: 'They should only be told after dark, and the teller should be able to impersonate the characters. The banana leaves stir gently in the light evening breeze. The listeners sit grouped in a semicircle on the barbecue. Before them the spider-god comes to life, that Anancy from whom Gold Coast tradition says that all mankind are descended, that Anancy who speaks through the nose as the demons are supposed to do. "Once upon a time Anancy formed himself into a preacher. . . ."'

I have heard Louise Bennett tell her Anancy stories to a semicircle after dark on a Kingston suburb veranda. Half the magic is in the telling, in the playing out of the parts. But here is one of her shorter stories which shows what Jamaicans mean when they speak of 'talking Jamaican':

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ANANCY AND TICKS

Once upon a time Anancy an Ticks use fe live nex door to one anada. Anancy had a goat and Ticks had a cow, but Anancy coulda read and Ticks could'n read. And eena dem deh days we nevah got noh Literacy campaign. Well one day Anancy read eena newspaper sey dat a genkleman want a cow an a man fe hire, an de man haffe ride de cow fe do de certin kine a job wat de genkleman had. Anancy memba Bredda Ticks cow an him study a brain fe work pon Ticks.

One even' wen Ticks wasa put up him cow fe de night Anancy chop off him goat head and push it eena de tick bush fence between him an Ticks yard. Him ole awn pon de head an gwan like him da try fe pulli out.

Him hear: 'Mmmi won' come out, mmmi fasten.'

Bredda Ticks sey: 'Wat happen, Anancy?'

Hear Anancy: 'Now me goat Bredda Ticks him fas'en eena de bush yah, an ahl de draw me dah draw kean get him out. Come help me noh Bredda Ticks.'

Ticks like a big fool go over Anancy yard, hole awn pon de goat head an meck one pull wid all him strengt. Plaps, de goat head come out eena him han. Anancy jump up eena tempa an sey:

'Hei now Bredda Ticks, yuh se wey yu do? De one deggeh goat me have you teck grudgeful kill him. Bredda Ticks, i naw go soh. Bad tings a go happen between me an yuh.'

Po Ticks so frighten hear him: 'Cho Anancy no gwan soh, is accident.'

Hear Anancy: 'Bredda Ticks, me an yuh dah go a law an yuh wi' haffe pay fe me goat way yuh kill.'

Po Ticks start cry an sey: 'Bredda Anancy, me noh got noh money as yuh know all me have is one cow.'

Anancy sey: 'Well yuh haffe gi me de cow.'

Ticks sey: 'Ef me gi yuh de cow, is wat me gwine teck meck me livin?'

Hear Anancy: 'Bredda Ticks, ah sorry fe yuh soh ah gwine ease yuh up, ef yuh willin fe work yuh cow an pay me back fe me goat, me know a way how yuh can do it.'

Ticks sey: 'Yes Bredda Nancy me wi tenkful.'

Anancy sey: 'Me know a genkleman wat want somady fe ride a cow an do some work fe him, meck me goh to him now an you can work an pay me back.'

So Anancy teck Ticks to de man an hire him out wid de cow, an Anancy collec' de pay. An up to now Ticks noh done pay Anancy yet. Das why till tedeh Ticks still live eena cow back.

Jack mandoora me noh choose none.

This is the genuine idiom of the slum backwaters of black Kingston.

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And so is George Wallace's:

*Come ya daughta ah see
How yu yeye it black up so,
Mean to tell me Joe so mad
Fe lick you such a killin' blow;
Whey you do him now me chile,
Meck him out fe bad to you.
If him love you as him say
How you yeye so black an' blue?*

It was all around me—the colour and poetry of the language and the wisdom of the proverbs.

I lost my way often and wandered into rumshops or among groups of men to ask for directions. I had been warned against roughnecks and crooks. I came across none. Perhaps they were all down at the docks. There were ships in port and perhaps the seamen offered better pickings. Whatever the reason, I went unmolested among the people and those I asked directed me to where I wanted to go. Despite the warnings of my friends in the suburbs about Kingston's slums after dark, I felt safe, among friendly, unaggressive people.

It was after midnight when I got back to the place where I had attended the emotionally exhausting service. No light showed in the window. Music still blared from the jukebox of the 'dive' next door. A group of white seamen, led by a young Jamaican, crossed the road and went into the 'dive'. I followed them.

The place was crowded and dimly lit. Other seamen were there already but women still outnumbered the men. Girls of all sizes, shapes and colour moved from the bar to welcome the new influx of men. The bar was in the far corner of what was really a largish yard. There was a small raised platform for dancing in front of the bar. And set back against the wall stood the jukebox. This was a most modern American affair which played only 45 r.p.m. records. Only the bar and platform were roofed. Off the platform, under the clear sky, the bare earth was so crowded with tiny tables and chairs there was hardly room to move. A group of young local toughs congregated near the jukebox and watched the new arrivals speculatively. They ignored me after one quick appraisal, deciding, I fancied, that I was a local. The owner of the 'dive', a tubby, middle-aged

little Englishman, leaned against the bar talking to a tall and devastatingly beautiful Chinese-coloured girl with physical proportions that outdid, I felt sure, those of Miss Marilyn Monroe.

The newcomers soon had partners who led them to the bar. Some of the young toughs joined them. One or two girls looked me over but they too decided, apparently, that I was a local, or looked too tame and sober, and let me be. I found a tiny table in a corner. A cheerfully bouncy black youth took my order. No; they had no food here but he could send out for 'fry feesh' but I would have to give the person who went something. I agreed. He called one of the tough-looking youths over from the jukebox. I handed over five shillings, quite prepared not to see the youth again. His looks did not inspire confidence.

Someone put a coin into the jukebox—five records for a shilling—and made his choice by pressing buttons beside five of the many song titles. Couples crowded on to the little platform and danced, pressed together like sardines. At the table nearest mine three seamen haggled openly with their young women about prices. One of the young women flounced away in a temper; a seaman called her back, willing, after all, to pay her price. They slipped away first, to a door in the far left of the yard. The others soon followed. The men were sheepishly self-conscious; the women matter-of-fact and casual. Vice of this order is, at best, rather sordid.

The bouncy lad pushed through the crowd and touched my arm. The fish had come. The tough-looking lad was waiting at the table.

The tough lad gave me back some change; I pushed it back to him. His face cracked and he became, for all his size and attempted ferocity, just a grateful slum kid. I warmed to the youth, remembered my own slum childhood and offered him a drink. He'd have a coke, mister, thanks. And then he retreated to the jukebox.

Couples slipped in and out of the far door. The music kept up its blare. People necked and talked and laughed at the little tables. Others danced to the continuous music. The bouncy lad had made the table pretty with white paper serviettes to cover the rusty metal top.

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I was halfway through my meal when a pretty, plumpish black girl stopped at the table.

'Wan comp'ny?'

'Only to talk.'

'Sure?'

'Sure.'

She hesitated a while then sat down all the same. She looked desperately tired. Her pretty face was drawn; her large eyes slightly bloodshot.

'Buy me a drink.'

'Sure. Like some food?'

I waved to the bouncy lad and ordered rum. I was beginning to feel at home in this low-down den of vice. It was sordid but infinitely less vicious than I had been led to expect.

The girl picked a piece of fish from my plate. I pushed the rest to her. The girl stared at me while she ate. After a while she said:

'Wa' you want?'

'What do you mean?'

'Wa' you want here? You doan want no woman. Wa' you want? Why you come here?'

'To see.'

'To see how we sell ouse'f!' She was angry now.

'And because I'm interested in people. I write about people.'

She was mollified, but not much.

'You come see our shame. Das it. Same shame up there,' she waved in the general direction of the St. Andrew suburbs. 'We doan hide we shame like dey do. We doan steal our friend husban'.' A thought suddenly struck her. 'Dance wid me! Me tink you doan wanta sleep and dance wid me. Only wid fine brown woman.' She raised her head and pulled a face to suggest a suburban lady snob. Then she laughed without malice.

'Let's dance.'

We danced and that broke the ice. She didn't really want to dance, she was much too tired, much too worn-out. But she was determined to test me. She became more friendly afterwards, talked more freely.

The door in the corner led to rooms with graded prices. But why did I want to write about this? I told her I wanted to get all the many facets of the face of the city. The idea of the city having faces excited her; made her think of her city as though it were a live person. She called one of her friends and told her about the face of the city. I ordered the friend a drink, but just then a new lot of seamen came in. The friend waved and went to meet them. I looked at my friend. She seemed undecided.

'You better go', I said. 'It's your business.'

'Yes.' She began to rise, then slumped back in her chair. She closed her eyes and sighed. 'Lard! Lard! Me tired . . . tired . . . tired.' She opened her eyes and sat still for a while. Then she suddenly jerked erect, pulling herself together by an act of will. 'You walk me home?'

She was ready in a few minutes. Many of the girls called out as we left; they thought she had made a steady pick-up. She shook her head each time. One of her former customers reached out, grabbed her arm, and urged her to stay. She shook free and we kept going.

The night air was cool and fresh outside.

'You unnerstan?'' She was referring to the girls who'd wanted to know if she'd made a steady arrangement. I said I understood.

'Ev'ry gal look for a man to tek care o' har. When she fine him she his woman and she is true. . . . Whey you live?'

'St. Andrew.'

'Buckra place. . . . You gi' me work an room dere. . . .' Then she burst out laughing as though the idea were too preposterous to be taken seriously.

We turned two or three corners and I lost all sense of direction. She stopped where a narrow lane ran off the street. The lane was in complete darkness. She pointed down the lane. I decided this was the point where my boldness stopped. I said goodnight firmly. I was going to have trouble in any case finding my way back to Duke Street and the car. No point in looking for more. She took my arm.

'Come see my pickney. Fine pickney. . . . Damn buckra sailor wa careless!'

Against my better judgment I allowed her to lead me down the dark lane. We did not go far down. She pulled me up two

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steps and into a dark passage, then into a room. She switched on the light and put her finger to her lips.

It was a tiny threadbare room. Floor, walls and ceiling were all wooden boards turned a dirty brown with time. There was one chair, a table and an ancient bed that was ready for the junk-heap. The floor creaked each time we moved. And on the bed, fast asleep, lay a golden boy of about four, arms flung out in the utter relaxation of a child. He had kicked the faded



single sheet off his body and lay naked in the warm night. His shirt and trousers lay at the foot of the bed and a pair of worn-out and dirty brown tennis shoes were kicked partly under the bed.

'Fine pickney, heh?' she whispered. To speak up might arouse those on the other side of the thin wooden walls.

She crossed the room on tiptoe, but still the floor-boards creaked. The naked electric light disturbed the child and it turned its head. She pulled the sheet up over the naked golden body, then came back to me.

The 1943 Census showed a total of 258,842 mothers in the island. Of these, 85,501 were single women, who had borne over a quarter of a million children out of a total of 1,151,767 children born to all the mothers of the island. And this threadbare little room would have been recorded as one of the 322,609 'dwellings' of the 1943 Census.

The mother leaned towards me:

'Like me pickney?'

'Yes', I said.

'Praps me fine fada for him, hmmm? Him fine pickney. Praps me lucky.'

I left quickly, anxious to get away, shaken by the sudden twitch of the face of the city.

iii. *Care and Protection*

In the next few days I tried to find out what could happen to this young woman and her golden little boy. The woman might, as she expressed it, be lucky and find a father for her boy and so escape from the prostitution dive and create some sort of stable home for her child. But this might not be easy. The 1943 Census showed 638,796 women to 598,267 men, and indications are that this disparity has in no way decreased in the intervening years. And there is little scope for finding work in Kingston where there are vastly more people than jobs. And, in any case, few young women who had earned four or five pounds from sailors in one evening would relish being domestics for ten or fifteen shillings a week.

Really, it seemed there was no way out for this young woman and others like her. In all likelihood she would have another 'accident' in the course of following her trade, for the Jamaican single mother had an average of 2.7 children according to the 1943 figures. There were the charitable organizations; but she would tend to avoid these like the plague. Only if she fell foul of the law in some way might she be caught up in the island's welfare machinery and so stand a chance of rehabilitation. A member of the Jamaica Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Ltd., might see the golden boy on the street and through him find his 'home' and mother; or a policeman might pick the child up in the streets and take

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him in charge as being in need of care; or the mother might be tempted to lift the wallet of one of her clients. Any of these might lead to her appearing in court: and then the probation machinery would be set in motion.

The probation service, which is under the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare, came into being in 1947. Before that date rehabilitation work was carried on by the Salvation Army, which received an annual grant from the Government. In 1941 Professor T. S. Simey, of Liverpool University, who at that time was adviser on social welfare to the Comptroller for Development and Welfare in the British West Indies, advised that probation work be taken over by the Government. A Jamaican was sent to England for training and an English expert brought in to start the work. In 1948 A Law to Provide for the Probation of Offenders came into being. This provided that many cases which had till then been dealt with by summary imprisonment could now be dealt with by a probation order, if the offender expressed his willingness to comply with it.

The island's parishes were divided into four Probation Circuits. The Home Circuit was made up of Kingston and St. Andrew; the Northern Circuit of St. James, Hanover, Trelawny and Westmoreland; the Western Circuit of St. Catherine, Manchester, St. Elizabeth and Clarendon; and the Eastern Circuit of St. Ann, St. Mary, Portland and St. Thomas.

The Ministry listed the advantages of probation over imprisonment as:

1. Providing individual treatment for the offender;
2. Preventing the possible harmful effects of prison life;
3. Achieving rehabilitation more rapidly;
4. Being more humane;
5. Being less expensive.

There was a total of 1,333 persons on probation in September, 1955. The average cost of keeping an offender on probation for a year worked out at thirteen pounds. The total prison population for 1953-54 was 2,565, and the average cost of maintaining a prisoner for the year worked out at £112. But against this must be set an income of over £12,000 in prison sales.

The prisons' warder staff for 1953-54 numbered 427: the

probation staff numbered twenty. Prison estimates for 1954-55 were £277,000, probation estimates £25,000.

Over the past ten years there has been introduced gradually a policy of corrective training of prisoners and of separating the less hardened from the more confirmed criminals. Previously all had been sent to the General Penitentiary. This, unfortunately, has not yet taken place with female prisoners, who are still all lumped together in the female section of the General Penitentiary. But the female prison population is much smaller than the male, and this may be the reason why they are all lumped together. Among the male prisoners the hardened long-termers who are beyond all hope of rehabilitation are sent to the General Penitentiary. Hardened long-termers likely to benefit from corrective training are sent to Fort Augusta prison. Short-termers, long-term first offenders and youths between seventeen and twenty-one are sent to St. Catherine District Prison. Long-term first offenders who are suitable for agricultural training are sent to a prison farm, Richmond; and all short-term first offenders are sent to another farm, Tamarinds. And there is a farm at Hill Top to which specially selected first offenders between seventeen and twenty-one are sent. Prisoners are given a thorough agricultural training; some are instructed in the trades and many return to freedom as carpenters, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, masons, shoemakers, leather workers, mat-makers, basket-makers and tailors. Indeed many, especially among the selected first offenders, come out of prison more fitted to make a living than before they went there. That prison should be the gateway to a trade is, quite often, a fair indication of what makes the prisoner. A key result of the new policy is that the prison population has not risen as rapidly as that of the island.

Odel Fleming, the island's Chief Probation Officer, was in a fine rage when I called on him one sunny morning. One of the island's two national dailies had carried, the day before, a lurid account of 'gangsterism' in Kingston. According to the paper a 'Mau Mau Gang' was about to unleash a reign of terror on the city.

Fleming protested bitterly that this was plain sensation-mongering. The harmless antics of a bunch of youths had been

turned into suggestive front-page stuff that made crime and violence appear exciting to kids on street corners.

'They're undermining all we're trying to do!' he snapped.

It seemed so to me, too. Fleming and his staff knew the seamy side of Kingston better than most. Their work took them to the back alleys and wretched homes of Kingston's poor; they carried on where the police left off.

When he had sufficiently calmed down, I put my problem to Fleming. What could happen to the mother and her golden child? Fleming got out his case records and we went over them. I did not find an exact parallel of my case but these case histories created a general picture, made the mother and her golden child not unique except in that they had not appeared in court.

There was the case of a fifteen-year-old girl. Call her Jane. Her parents were not married, her father had died and her mother lived on a tiny plot in the hills. Jane and her sister had come to Kingston to live with their mother's sister when Jane was six and the sister ten. The aunt had a common-law husband who was a tobacco vendor. Jane helped by twisting the tobacco he sold. Jane's mother came often to Kingston to sell her ground produce and see her children. When Jane was fifteen the aunt died. Jane and the sister continued to live with their common-law uncle. In June, 1953, Jane appeared in the Kingston Juvenile Court on a charge of stealing four shillings. She was put on probation for two years; the probation machinery went into motion. The probation officer was alarmed to discover that the girl lived alone with a man. The sister was rarely there. They urged Jane to go back to her mother but she would not and, in any case, it was too late. The child was pregnant. They kept a watch on the girl and the tobacco vendor, and he, perforce, took good care of her and of the baby girl when it was born. The case-history concludes: 'She did remarkably well; took great pride in her baby, who was a healthy child, and had at the close of her probation period developed into a responsible young woman.'

But though the majority of probation cases ended successfully, there were failures too. There was the case of the unemployed Mary, aged twenty-five. She appeared on a charge of

stealing a wallet with £14 10s. od. in it and was put on probation for a year. The report read:

'The first time Mary came in to report she had a black eye, a battered shoulder, a stitched wound in her hand and numerous scratches on her arms, neck and face as a result of a fight in which her fiancé held her and allowed two girls to beat her.

'A month later she was seen in her room with abrasions over her face and neck. At first she said she was romping, but later confessed that she was engaged in a fight with one 'Massa P.' because he said she told a lie on his girl friend.

'Mary did not report regularly and did not benefit by any advice given her. She kept on walking the streets and frequenting brothels and she was one of our cases which failed on probation.'

Among the male cases there was one of a fifteen-year-old boy who went about the streets of Kingston wearing a turban and professing that he had a call to preach. He came from a one-room tenement and his father was vendor of yams in the Coronation Market. Mother and father were not married, did not live together and his four elder brothers and sisters all had different surnames. He was put on probation and a psychiatric report stated: 'He is suffering from a personality disorder of a definite schizoid type. . . . It is therefore considered that he should be placed under suitable control and given an opportunity to develop a normal social adjustment. Training preferably in the trade of his choice should be provided as a therapeutic measure.' The boy was put on probation. The father moved and contact was lost until the boy was arrested for stealing fowls, rice and clothes. He was again put on probation; and again he turned up in court a little while later. This time he was sent to an Approved School.

Then there was the case of the little eight-year-old girl in need of care and protection. The court ordered a two-year period of supervision. The father had deserted the family and the mother found it difficult to make ends meet. After the order was made the mother went to the probation office and reported how hard she found it to get food and clothes. The probation officer then contacted the Jamaica Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and gave particulars. The home was visited by a representative of the J.S.P.C.C. and aid by way of clothing was given.

Nearly all the cases I examined with Odel Fleming had their

origins in poverty and ignorance, misery and want. Before the new prison policy and the introduction of the probation service these people were all lumped together as criminals. But why, I wondered, were not some of these people helped *before* they reached a point where they had to appear in court? I asked this of Odel Fleming.

'We are only just starting', he said. 'Let me show you Boys' Town. That's where your golden boy might go one day.'

We drove out to the slums of Western Kingston. On the way we stopped at Kingston Pen, a mean stretch of desolate land which the city's homeless poor had invaded as squatters. On it they had erected shanty homes. There were homes made of pieces of corrugated iron held together by bits of string and wire; others were made of packing-case wood; yet others were fairly neat little wooden homes, often with two rooms. Signs of poverty were everywhere; yet every now and then I came across hints of the flowering of the human spirit. There were no roads or lanes, no electricity, and sanitation was primitive. But suddenly we came across a neat little shack in the midst of a number of hovels. Around it was a little flower garden; two skinny fowls ran about; and from inside the shack came the sound of music. Some enterprising spirit had somehow got a radio-diffusion box connected with the electricity on the distant road. A plump, cheerful-looking woman came out of the house.

Things seemed to be looking up, Fleming suggested to the woman. Yes; they were lucky. Her man had got a job at last. Nearly two years he'd been hunting and now, at last, he'd got a job. Could we look into her home? Of course. It was tiny but neat: a table, two chairs, a home-made cupboard without doors, where food and cooking utensils were kept, and, very prominently, the rediffusion box, polished and shining; and a bed in the farthest corner. Yes, they enjoyed it very much listening to the radio at night when he came home.

A number of people had gathered outside. Could we help them with jobs? All they wanted was work. One angry young man said the politicians only came at election times. The politicians promised them work then, promised all sorts of things; but didn't come back after they were elected. All the people wanted were jobs, not charity. Soon, we were deep in a discus-

sion of the problems of Jamaica as they saw them. Their real problem, they agreed, was that of finding work. Occasionally a hint of bitterness crept in. A young black lass couldn't understand why the rich should be so rich and the poor so poor. She felt it wasn't right. She wanted to get to England. Was it true there was work for everybody there, and they paid better than here? But it was cold there, wasn't it? And the English, she'd been told, didn't like Jamaicans: why? Jamaicans were British too.

On the edge of Kingston Pen I came across my first Ras Tafari men. They grew their hair long, had beards and wore sandals. They seemed to keep aloof, to be the aristocrats among the shanty-town dwellers. Seemingly, they constituted the leadership corps. Their spokesman was a handsome, arrogant young man. They, he said, wanted to get back to the land of their forefathers, Ethiopia. Their notions of Africa were fantastic. Africa was a land of milk and honey; there would be enough land for each person who went back and the living would be good and easy. The spokesman hinted that he came of Ethiopian nobility. They swept aside my attempts to correct their false notions. There was a conspiracy to keep them in this country, to blacken the name of Africa. Really, of course, Africa was no more than an escape mechanism; the Ethiopia myth was a way of sublimating their economic and social frustrations. There are very few of these 'Ethiopians'; they are only found in the big towns and do not constitute a distinct social problem.

Above the entrance to Boys' Town was the motto: *We Build*. The Reverend Hugh Sherlock, the director, came to meet us and to tell me about Boys' Town.

The eight-acre 'town' had been in existence for fifteen years. Through it had passed hundreds of boys who would otherwise have had no training and schooling. Boys' Town had turned them into useful citizens of the community. And many had, in turn, helped other slum kids to become useful citizens. Mr. Sherlock cited Mr. O'Neil Gordon Smith—otherwise Collie Smith—the Jamaica and West Indies cricketer as an example. Collie Smith had come from a poor home to Boys' Town. There he had first gone to school and participated in the all-round

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life of the little community where boys study woodwork, tailoring, motor repairs, ducoing and welding as well as sports and the elementary school curriculum. Young Collie Smith had done well, so Mr. Sherlock and the 'town' had used their influence to help him through Kingston College. Today Collie Smith is a sporting hero of all the West Indies; just one of the many successful 'graduates' of Boys' Town.

We wandered through the workshops and class-rooms. Mr. Sherlock proudly pointed out buildings the boys themselves had put up, furniture they had made. This place had become a place of creative hope for the youngsters of the slums. The 'town' had 260 members and its school had 220 boys enrolled. The classes had every colour shading in them, from the near black to the near white. In the carpenters' shop boys were making furniture; in the mechanical workshop they were taking apart the engine of an old lorry. The 'town' found scholarships and employment for its 'graduates'. The successes of the 'town' had won the sympathetic support of the city's businesses. Most of the staff were part-time, many were former students.

Mr. Sherlock, Fleming and I sat on a long bench outside the clubhouse. The playing field looked green and well-cared-for. They still remembered, Mr. Sherlock said, the visit of the Australian cricketers.

I asked how it had all started. The YMCA had thought up the idea of a club for Kingston's underprivileged boys. They had got Mr. Sherlock to undertake the work and he had begun in a rented Baptist church hall in 1940. The beginnings had not been easy. Two years later the government had erected a building on the land which was given by the Kingston and St. Andrew Corporation. He glossed over the difficulties, but a sudden, thoughtful mood, a sudden sadness about him, suggested that the difficulties must have been heart-breaking at times. But when he talked about all they had achieved sadness gave way to pride. He told of the little well-to-do boy, son of a doctor, who had said to him: 'Father, I wish I was a poor boy so I could come to Boys' Town.' He stared across the playing field and said:

'I appreciated the compliment but I am distressed that any boy should be as poor as some of our boys are.' There was a

long pause; then he told me of what had happened in one of the classes recently. Odel Fleming chuckled as though he had heard it before.

'Recently, a teacher, taking a class in simple arithmetic asked: "If you had five bottle caps could you give me five?"

"Yes, Miss."

"If you had five shillings could you give me five?"

"No, Miss!"

"If you had five shirts could you give me five?"

"No, Miss."

"If you had five oranges could you give me five?"

"No, Miss."

"Why is it, then, that you could give me five bottle caps from five?"

"Miss, I can get those easily, but the other things would leave me dry!"

'And that', Mr. Sherlock continued, 'is evidence, if you need it, of dire poverty. Poverty so acute that the economic has invaded the realm of the academic. Money, clothing, food are too scarce to be given away even in what is merely an exercise in arithmetic! There is something poignant and tragic in all this and the amazing thing is the courage which helps our boys to overcome their handicaps and to avoid frustration and bitterness which so often result in anti-social conduct: overcome their handicaps to such an extent that a boy of privilege, thrilled by their achievements, should say, "Father, I wish I was a poor boy so I could come to Boys' Town."'

Their courage—yes; but the socially-conscious action of the Hugh Sherlocks gave creative direction to that courage.

Boys' Town now gets an annual grant from the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare: in 1954-55 it was voted £4,385.

Fleming was right, the golden boy might find his way into the world through the gate that said: *We Build*. The future held possibilities for him greater and more hopeful than those for his mother. And boys did get to Boys' Town without the tragic preliminary of having to appear in court.

When we left Boys' Town Fleming invited me to his home that evening. A conference of the island's welfare workers had just ended and he had asked many people to his home. I could make all the contacts I needed there. Eddie Burke, manager

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of the Jamaica Social Welfare Commission, would be there. I agreed happily; I had grown to love the Jamaican veranda party. The art of conversation is very much alive in Jamaica and is at its best at the veranda parties of the island's *élite*. And this one promised to be a very consequential point.

iv. *Jamaica Welfare*

The early history of the Jamaica Social Welfare Commission is linked intimately with the rise and decline of the banana trade.

When the Portuguese began their exploration of the African West Coast they found the banana established there. It was one of the oldest foods known to man. The Greeks, Assyrians and Egyptians of ancient times had known it. In India it was known as *Pala*, in Tahiti as *Vudi* and in Malaya as *Pisang*. The people of the Guinea Coast gave it its modern name. The Portuguese carried it, with their first cargoes of slaves, first to the Canary Islands and then to the New World. The first known bananas grown in the New World grew from a plant brought from the Canaries in 1516 by a Dominican priest, Tomas de Berlanga, and planted in the monastery of San Francisco, in the Spanish possession of Santo Domingo. 'The fruit fills mightily', de Berlanga wrote, 'and is of excellent esteem.'

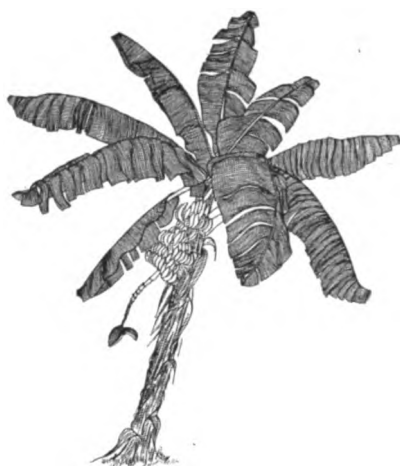
From Santo Domingo it was taken to Cuba in 1529, Mexico in 1531, and Costa Rica in 1541. When de Berlanga was made Bishop of Panama he took it there with him. Traffic between Santo Domingo and Spanish Jamaica was regular and the fruit made the short sea voyage soon after its introduction. About 1835 the variety known as Gros Michel, on which the Jamaican banana industry was based, was introduced from Martinique by Jean François Pouyat, a French botanist living in Jamaica. The banana flourished but no one thought of it as an export crop while King Sugar flourished.

In 1804 the captain of an American schooner landed a small shipment of Cuban bananas in New York and offered these for sale. People regarded the fruit as a tropical curiosity and the captain made a 'considerable' profit on the sale. This started the trade and by 1830 Cuba's banana exports to New York and

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Boston had risen to 15,000 stems. At the time of the Morant Bay affair trade between Cuba and the United States had become regular. Demand for the banana soon outstripped the Cuban supply.

In 1866 an enterprising captain put in at the small Jamaican north-coast port of Oracabessa, seeking bananas for the American market. The peasants supplied him with 500 stems and advised him to sail for Port Antonio where he would find more. At Port Antonio the captain, George Bushe, collected all the



bananas he could carry. Bushe hurried back to Boston, sold his crop, and returned to Port Antonio for more.

The captain was a far-sighted man. He went from district to district in Portland urging the peasants to grow bananas on their provision grounds and promising to take all they produced if it fulfilled quality requirements. In that year Jamaica exported 2,000 stems of bananas at an average selling price of one shilling and twopence per stem. In value this was .01 per cent of the island's total exports.

Two years later Bushe had no difficulty in getting full selected cargoes from the peasants of Portland at short notice. In 1869 he set up office in Port Antonio as agent for a number of American fruit companies. Others soon entered the banana trade, the outstanding personality being Captain Lorenzo Don Baker, who founded the modern trade by forming, with others,

the Boston Fruit Company, which later became the United Fruit Company.

By 1877 Jamaica was exporting 163,000 stems at two shillings a stem; the turnover was £16,000 comprising 2·58 per cent of the total island exports. Ten years later, in 1887, exports were 1,460,000 stems, valued at £14,000 and comprising 10·94 per cent of total exports.

The Americans bought up derelict sugar estates and turned them into banana plantations. Vast stretches of Portland, the rich flats of the Rio Grande and the abandoned sugar plantations at the foot of the Blue Mountains, were acquired or rented by the Americans. Neglected canefields were turned into flourishing banana plantations. By 1897 banana exports had shot up to 4,839,000 stems, and though the price for a stem had dropped from two shillings to one shilling and two-pence, bananas accounted for 32·37 per cent of the island's total revenue from exports.

Till about this time the old sugar planter class had looked on banana growing as—to quote Lord Olivier—‘a backwoods “nigger business”, which any old-time sugar planter would have disdained to handle, or, if tempted by undeniable prospects of profit, would have thought an apology was required.’ But now the planters tried to enter the new trade. The Americans welcomed them as producers but resisted any attempts at competition in marketing the banana crop. They raised the prices they paid for the crop and cut its selling price, so squeezing out not only the would-be Jamaican or British competitor but the small American as well. A brisk, fierce trade war—The Banana War—broke out. Out of this war emerged, on 20th March, 1899, the United Fruit Company with an initial capital of 20,000,000 dollars. It had absorbed all but a few of the smaller companies.

In May, 1901, the English shipping firm of Elder Dempster formed a subsidiary under Sir Alfred Jones known as the District Line and built four refrigerated ships—later increased to six—to carry fruit on the long voyages. When this company failed in 1910, its interests were taken over by Elders and Fyffes, a subsidiary of the United Fruit Company.

The United Fruit Company grew rapidly. The demand for bananas spread all over the world. The Company acquired vast

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estates in Jamaica, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica, Panama, Honduras and Colombia. It regarded control of vast acreages in a number of areas a necessary safeguard against crop failures through hurricanes in one or possibly more areas.

In 1902, Jamaica exported 11,004,000 stems of bananas, valued at £825,000 and accounting for 51.13 per cent of the island's total exports. From then on till the outbreak of the First World War banana exports often exceeded and rarely fell below half the island's total exports. By 1912 the United Fruit Company owned approximately 860,000 acres in the various territories in which it operated and had a lease on 32,000 acres more. Jamaica was, between 1876 and 1926, the world's largest single exporter of bananas. In 1928 first place as the world's largest single exporter was taken over by the Republic of Honduras. But the volume of Jamaican exports had grown to over 17,000,000 stems worth £1,774,000 and accounting for 42.81 per cent of the island's exports. In 1929, Jamaica exported 22,048,000 stems which earned £2,510,000 and accounted for 54.50 per cent of total exports.

While the banana trade flourished, the world was hit by the great depression. And in Portland a banana disease which few of the small growers had taken seriously spread and played havoc with their crops. The disease laid waste much of the area around Port Antonio. A number of hurricanes in the early 1930s added further to the difficulties of the small farmers. Young people began to drift from the rural areas to the towns and city. Many flocked into Kingston and swelled the numbers of the unemployed.

Out of the struggle between the Americans—the American end of the competitive war had eliminated all but the United Fruit and Standard Fruit Companies—and the West Indian growers came the Jamaica Fruit and Shipping Company and the Jamaica Banana Producers' Association. Despite the vigorous trade war, the world depression and the spread among the crops of Panama disease, the decade between 1929 and 1938 saw the peak period of the banana export trade. Some 192,000 acres were under banana and produced an average of 106 stems exported per acre. But selection was severe and the percentage of rejections particularly high. The small producers who had started the trade were hard pressed by the big combines. And

the flow of the peasantry from the country to the towns continued.

It was in this context that the British Government set up a Commission to enquire into the problems of the industry. About the same time Mr. Sam Zumurray, President of the United Fruit Company, came to Jamaica to try to persuade the Banana Producers to give up the co-operative organization. Mr. Norman Manley, the Association's lawyer, argued the case with Mr. Zumurray in Jamaica, and, later, in the negotiations in New York with the two companies. He argued the case solely on social grounds and found Zumurray sympathetic though immovable on the main point.

As a result of the talks, and largely on the initiative of Zumurray, the two companies offered to give one American cent on every bunch of bananas exported from Jamaica 'to be used in such a way as to be of real help in the cultural development of the island and of the peasants'. The Jamaicans, in their turn, agreed to wind up the Association as a co-operative organization and reconstitute it as an ordinary trading company 'with a special right to treat all of its contractors as shareholders'.

The agreement was reached in 1937 and the two companies gave a total of £25,631 12s. 10d. that year. Mr. Manley was asked to form an organization to administer this fund, and on 17th June, 1937, Jamaica Welfare Ltd. was created. The new company had a capital of £15 and its objectives were declared as:

To promote, manage and control schemes for and to do any act or thing which may directly or indirectly serve the general interests and the social or economic betterment and aid of the agricultural or working peasantry, small settlers, farmers, labourers and working people of and in Jamaica.

To engage in any work or activity directly or indirectly relating to the health, cultural improvement, education, recreation, agriculture, industry, finances, trade, justice and morals of or for the persons described. . . .

To receive and administer all property of whatsoever kind donated by any person for the objects of the Company.

Jamaica Welfare Ltd. was not to be a charitable body for giving hand-outs to the needy. Rather, it was to set in motion

a series of programmes to help train the people to do things for themselves.

Jamaica Welfare opened its first community centre at Guys Hill, a densely populated area where three parishes touched. A resident welfare officer was appointed and the work begun. The approach was for the officer to study the needs of the community and then to enlist the aid of leading members of the community, the teacher, the priest, the local midwife, in starting small groups which were later co-ordinated into a community association governed by a community council.

I visited the Guys Hill centre and spent several days visiting groups with Mrs. Mary Kelly, the local officer. I saw cooking demonstrations, jam-making groups, how families were taught to make better fireplaces, to improvise water tanks or to lay out a kitchen garden. In the evenings I sat in on discussion meetings ranging from problems of marketing crops to problems about the 3F (Food for Family Fitness) campaign. I found the co-operative idea the keynote everywhere.

In 1938 Jamaica Welfare put two mobile educational film units into operation. After three weeks 6,897 children and 2,747 adults had seen its films. The organization made grants of £5,350 to the Institute of Jamaica for the establishment of a museum of natural history and a juvenile library, £2,500 to the Birth Control League (its support of birth control led to opposition from the Catholic Church), and £1,000 to the 4H (head, heart, hands and health) Club, as well as a few lesser grants. By 1943 an elaborate system of social welfare work had grown up, based on the principle of co-operative self-help. A major experiment in community development had been successfully made. The Better Village Approach 'for the development of all activities in rural life which the people working together can undertake and manage for themselves' had proved successful, thanks to the dedicated efforts of a group of private individuals and the money supplied by the two American fruit companies.

But Caribbean storms and the Second World War all but wiped out the banana trade. Jamaica Welfare's income from the fruit companies dropped to just over £1,300 in 1942 and was wiped out completely in 1943. There had been a drop of nearly £10,000 in the organization's receipts in 1940, and from

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that date onwards it had drawn on its reserves to carry on the work. When the income ceased altogether in 1943, it had hardly anything to fall back on. The danger of Jamaica Welfare's work coming to an end was averted by the establishment of the Colonial Development and Welfare Organization.

Serious riots in Barbados, Trinidad and Jamaica in 1937 and 1938 led to the United Kingdom Government sending a Royal Commission to the West Indies under the chairmanship of Lord Moyne to enquire into conditions. This Commission recommended, among other things, the spending of large sums on social services and development and urged the setting up of a special organization for this purpose. Out of this came the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1940, and the setting up of the Development and Welfare Organization for the West Indies with headquarters in Bridgetown, Barbados.

The Development and Welfare organization sent Professor T. S. Simey, its adviser on social welfare, on a tour of the Caribbean area. Professor Simey's job was to make recommendations for a social welfare programme. He spent several months in Jamaica, had talks with members of the board of Jamaica Welfare Ltd., toured the villages and talked with leaders of local village groups. He came to the conclusion that the Jamaica Welfare model should be copied in the other islands and made recommendations to this effect. Organizations similar to Jamaica Welfare were set up in all the other islands. And he recommended that the social welfare programme in Jamaica be entrusted to Jamaica Welfare Ltd.

In 1949, Jamaica Welfare Ltd. ceased to exist as such and a Statutory Board, the Jamaica Social Welfare Commission, was set up by the government. This took over the assets and liabilities of the old company but continued its policy. It is a striking feature of Jamaica Welfare Ltd.—essentially the brainchild of a very tiny handful of Jamaicans—that after its initial period of trial and error it laid its foundations so well that the entire government social welfare programme today is based on those early foundations, and that key officers, among others, Mr. R. H. Fletcher, the company's secretary, and Mr. Eddie Burke, were carried over with the company when it was transformed into a government organ.

Today the island is divided, for welfare purposes, into sixteen districts, in which there are 3,020 village groups. There are, in nearly every district, a multitude of programmes afoot. Community singing, indoor and outdoor games, country dancing, festivals and picnics form the lighter side of the work. On the serious side there are buying clubs, savings clubs, home and village industries, credit unions, all sorts of co-operatives from consumer co-ops in the Corporate Area to taximen co-ops in Kingston, Montego Bay and Ocho Rios.

I attended a district festival where the men had erected a huge meeting place and supplied the benches, all contributing free labour in their spare time. The women of three or four villages took part in baking and jam-making contests and we were fed on the results. Then the children marched from their school and sang and danced for our entertainment.

For me, perhaps the most important achievement of Jamaica Welfare lies in its bridging of the cultural gap between what Philip Curtin calls the 'Two Jamaicas'. The mountain villager is daily growing less cut off from the town and city and its current of ideas. A single, homogeneous, cultural and economic pattern is being shaped in which the black peasant of the hills is increasingly becoming a full shareholder.

'Radio Jamaica' has helped this process enormously. Jamaican broadcasting is commercial and on government licence. The Jamaica Broadcasting Company Ltd. came into being towards the end of 1949 and began full-scale broadcasting in July, 1950. The company has a growing Rediffusion service. I found Rediffusion boxes almost everywhere I went in the mountain villages. If there were none in the homes, there was one in the local rumshop. Radio Jamaica accords the government time on the air. Perhaps more and better use could be made of radio time at the government's disposal, but certainly radio is playing a vital role in bridging the gap between the 'Two Jamaicas'.

Members of the black, coloured, and white middle-classes have long had a name for the black mountain peasant. They call him 'Quashie'. It is a derogatory term suggesting stupidity and slow-wittedness. They meet Quashie when he brings his produce down to the market, where they haggle with him about

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the price and try to beat him down. Claude McKay caught the mood:

*You tas'e petaler an' you say it sweet,
But you no know how hard we wuk fe it;
You want a basketful fe quattiewat,
'Cause you no know how 'tiff de bush fe cut.*

Beyond that Quashie had no face, was a blank black mask. And because he knew he was seen thus, was sensitive to their attitude to him, he responded with a cold withdrawal that made for the 'two Jamaicas'. It is the great achievement of those who staff Jamaica Welfare that wherever they have gone the face of 'Quashie' has softened into the friendly human face of Jamaica.

I personally know of no other colonial country that has anything to match Jamaica Welfare.

v. *Crown Colony*

My stay on the island was drawing to an end so I called on His Excellency, Sir Hugh Mackintosh Foot, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica and its Dependencies. His Excellency had been the first person to whom I had paid my respects on my arrival in the island. I had lunched in a charmingly informal family atmosphere with the entire Foot family. Both Sir Hugh and Lady Foot had shown more than the usual formal interest in my proposed travels and researches; both had made suggestions that proved most helpful later. Sir Hugh had invited me to call on him for a general talk at the end of my wanderings.

I turned off the Hope Road and into the main driveway of the thirty-acre ornamental garden that surrounds the great house. Before 1872, King's House had been the residence of the Anglican Bishops of Jamaica. Under the Crown Colony régime Sir John Peter Grant had transferred the seat of government from Spanish Town to Kingston and the former Bishop's Lodge had been turned into the new King's House.

Mrs. St. Aubyn, the Governor's private secretary, ushered me upstairs. The Governor rose from a huge, tidy desk. Then the telephone rang. The telephone conversation was about Hurricane Janet which had recently swept across the Caribbean, laying waste wherever it struck. It had missed Jamaica narrowly. Jamaica was sending help and relief to the devastated areas

and the Governor was a prime mover in these plans. The conversation ended and Sir Hugh turned to me again.

He is a compact, friendly, decisive man who knows his own mind. But he possesses the born diplomat's patience and ability to listen. He has, too, considerable personal charm and great gifts as a speaker. His easy informality has endeared him to the Jamaicans. I found him a striking example of the new type of colonial proconsul, actively engaged in furthering that self-government which must reduce, and ultimately eliminate, his direct authority in the running of the country's affairs. In Jamaica this process has in fact already progressed further than elsewhere in the British Caribbean. His Excellency has helped this process, first as Colonial Secretary and Acting Governor in 1945, then, after a spell in Nigeria, as full Governor from 1951 onwards. In 1955 his term as Governor was extended for a further period of two years.

His Excellency questioned me on my reactions to all I had seen. A male servant brought in tea. The telephone rang again. The light from outside filtered into the cheerful room. Then His Excellency returned to the questioning. We talked for close on two hours; then I took my leave of possibly the last Governor of a not completely self-governing Jamaica. I went down the finely carpeted steps, into the great entrance hall, and out of King's House. This had been the real seat of power for the eighty years between the Crown Colony régime which began in 1865 and the first General Elections which were held on 14th December, 1944. Since the first General Elections there has been a steady transfer of power from King's House to the elected representatives of the people. The years between Edward John Eyre and Sir Hugh Foot had been, especially towards the latter end, years of great change.

* * *

The Crown Colony régime which Sir John Peter Grant inaugurated lasted from 1866 to 1884 in its pure form, with the Governor having absolute power. Grant came to Jamaica from India with a reputation as a very able administrator.

He ruled with the assistance and advice of a new Legislative Council made up of the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Financial Secretary, the Director of Roads (later the Public Works Department) and the Collector of Customs.

He also brought in a handful of non-official nominated members. He had come boasting that he would so transform Jamaica that if the dead were to rise from their graves they would not recognize the island. If he did not precisely fulfil this boast, he certainly made radical and much needed changes.

One of Grant's first acts was to clean up the courts. He established District Courts modelled on the English County Courts. These largely superseded the old lay magistrates' courts with their strong planter bias. They were empowered to deal with civil cases in Common Law and Equity, and with disputes concerning titles of land and unlawful possession without title. They also had limited powers over criminal cases. Defendants charged before the magistrates' courts could have their trials transferred to the District Courts. Grant got rid of the old system of paying clerks and officers of the magistrates' courts by fees, and introduced a scale of salaries. These reforms went a long way to restore the peasants' confidence in the courts.

In local government Grant abolished the old Vestries and created new, appointed Parochial Boards to run local affairs. He reduced the number of parishes from twenty-two to the present fourteen. He established a Government Savings Bank with branches in each of the parochial treasuries; and he re-organized the postal service. He created an all-island constabulary force modelled after the Irish Constabulary. He took over abandoned estates and those forfeited for tax arrears. He created a government medical department and had forty medical officers stationed all over the island to take care of parochial public hospitals, paupers, prisoners and the police. He started the Rio Cobre irrigation canal which brought water to the arid plains of St. Catherine and so created vast new tracts of land for cultivation.

Finally, Grant disestablished the Anglican Church and diverted the money thus saved to the very grave needs of education.

In the six years of his governorship Grant went a very long way towards laying the foundations for modern Jamaica. The planters accepted his régime on the whole. It had been expected that he would exercise absolute power. They had given up their constitution in order that this should be so. For all

his strong-minded action, the Governor was amicable and popular. The planter fears of a black rising subsided.

The black peasants of the country, for their part, were content. Most of the immediate causes of their discontent had been removed. The law dealt more justly with them than before: and they benefited from Grant's reforms.

Grant left Jamaica in 1872. His successors were not, generally, as energetic and forceful in their actions as he had been. Sir Anthony Musgrave, who governed from 1877 to 1883, founded the Institute of Jamaica, the island's most valuable cultural centre. But the high standard of efficiency set by Grant gradually declined. Those who had surrendered the constitution had, by this time, recovered from their fears of black revolution and had come to regret giving up the constitution. They now mounted a campaign for the ending of the Crown Colony régime. A deputation was sent to England to press for a change. And when in 1882 a Royal Commission was sent to Jamaica to investigate finance and taxation in the West Indies, interested parties were not slow to turn it into a discussion on representation and the Crown Colony system.

Opposition to the Crown Colony government was perhaps best and most intelligently expressed to the Commissioners by Mr. William Morrison, editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and joint Principal of the Church of England and Collegiate High School.

'Recent events have turned the preponderance of public opinion in favour of some form of Government including the principle of direct elective representation. The system of Crown Colony Government has broken down, not so much under the blows of extreme opposition as under the weight of its own inherent badness. It is condemned even by those who once approved it, and it is deserted by those by whom it was once glorified. The bare assertion that the people of Jamaica are not fit for representative institutions is a mere begging of the question, and those who make the assertion may be asked who is to decide and say when the country shall have reached the required stage of social and political progress. . . I state, without fear of effectual contradiction, that Jamaica possesses, not only among the upper classes, but among the honest, industrious and God-fearing small settlers and freeholders, a body of men quite as worthy to wield the elective franchise as are their confreres in the Mother Country.'

The black people of Kingston and the area around it were, on the other hand, highly suspicious of those who opposed the

Crown Colony régime. Mr. W. Kelly Smith, who had been arrested as editor of George William Gordon's *Watchman* in 1865, led and spoke for a representative black delegation which delivered a memorial to the Commissioners:

'We, as negroes who have had a large share of experience in what is termed and known as popular representation, make this public confession, that neither our predecessors nor ourselves have ever derived any beneficial advantage from popular representation beyond a formal political recognition as a machinery to entrap and ensnare innocency for the accommodation of designers for personal elevation—and which conferred an artificial advantage and status in political circles. . . . Crown Government has very happily produced peace and harmony among all classes of the community; each class has been duly separated and left to work out its respective destiny.'

This was a fair measure of the lack of confidence the politically-minded blacks had in their white and coloured fellow countrymen.

Nevertheless, the Colonial Office yielded to the pressure for reform and sent Sir Henry Norman as Governor in 1884 with a 'moderate step in advance'. This proposed a new Legislative Council composed of the Governor, five officials, five nominated members, and nine members elected on a limited franchise. Any six of the nine elected members could block the passage of bills on financial measures unless the Governor invoked his reserve powers and declared these of 'paramount importance' to the wellbeing of the island.

A few years later, in 1895, the Elected Members were increased to fourteen, one for each parish, and the Nominated Members to ten. To be eligible for membership of the Legislative Council a man had to be resident for twelve months in the parish he proposed to represent or else have a clear annual income of £150 from property owned either by himself or his wife in the parish.

The Council was essentially 'white' at this period. Its members were drawn from the ranks of the conservative planters, the professional men and the merchants. Not all the whites were 'pure' white; but nobody very dark entered the Council chamber.

'Country life', writes Adolphe Roberts of this period,

'was extremely pleasant for well-rooted landowners. In point of fact, those who were above the peasant level were likely to have more land

than they knew what to do with. The days of frenzied production of sugar were over; the subsistence farming that had taken its place had worked out as a practical, easy-going system. This applied equally to the plantation and the cattle pen. Often the two overlapped. The most charming places in Jamaica consisted of about a thousand acres of grassy, rolling uplands where all kinds of livestock were kept, oranges grown, and the indigenous spice pimento reaped from trees that grew wild. Or it might be a coffee and cocoa estate in the mountains, lush with shading fruit trees, and grazing for animals on sunny slopes.'

In 1889, a black man, Robert Love, who had been born in Nassau in the Bahamas, settled in Jamaica. Love had been educated in the United States where he had been ordained as an Episcopalian priest. He had worked in the United States for a period and had then moved to Haiti, the black republic founded by Toussaint l'Ouverture. He had soon become a favourite with Haiti's President Salomon, a man who had been in exile in Jamaica during the Morant Bay affair and who had been a close friend of George William Gordon. It is very likely that President Salomon stimulated the interest that led Love to settle in Jamaica.

Love started a weekly, the *Jamaica Advocate*, and discussed the social and political problems of the island from the point of view of the black people. He told the blacks that they had the right to, and should, elect men of their own colour to the Council. He fought, and gradually overcame, the isolationism inherent in the views presented to the Royal Commission of 1883 by the group led by W. Kelly Smith. But though he supported the campaign for the abolition of the Crown Colony régime, many whites were horrified by his notions that blacks should stand for election to the Legislative Council. They charged him with spreading dangerous political ambitions among the blacks and sneered at his 'Loveism'.

To this Love replied: 'Some are whispering that we are dangerous. We don't care if we are.' The sneer at 'Loveism' he accepted and turned into a sweet little political declaration: 'We love the white man because he is a brother; we love the coloured man because he is a son; we love the black man because we must love ourself.'

Love exhorted the blacks: 'Educate your black girls; a people

cannot rise above the standards of its womanhood.' He published lists of able black men and urged them to stand for elections. 'Our people', he wrote, 'shrink from a clash which gives promise of unpleasant accompaniments.' He provoked, challenged, urged and lectured actively.

The most dramatic 'news' event of 1895 was the arrest and trial of Alexander Bedward for sedition. Bedward was a black revivalist who set himself up as bishop of his own sect and baptized thousands of his followers by immersion in the Hope River to the lusty strains of:

*Dip dem, Bedward, dip dem;
Dip dem in de healing stream!
Some come from de Eas',
Dem favour wil' beas'
Dip dem in de healing stream.
Dip dem, Bedward, dip dem;
Dip dem in de healing stream!*

Bedward was charged with having told his followers:

'Brethren! Hell will be your portion if you do not rise up and crush the white man! The time is coming! There will be a white wall and a black wall, but now the black wall is becoming bigger than the white, and we must knock the white wall down! The white wall has oppressed us for years: now we must oppress the white wall. The Government passes laws that oppress the black people. They take their money out of their pockets, rob them of their bread, and they do nothing for it. Let them remember the Morant war! . . . The only thing that can save you is the August Town healing stream.'

The judge declared Bedward insane and ordered him to be sent to the asylum. Love deplored the entire Bedward incident and felt it had been a mistake to give Bedward publicity by bringing him to trial. Bedward's lawyer got him out of the asylum on a legal technicality and the 'prophet' returned to his river where his followers welcomed him with their lusty

*Dip dem, Bedward, dip dem
Dip dem in de healing stream!*

Years later the 'prophet' was again confined to the asylum, where he died. But the 1943 Census revealed that there were still Bedwardites at that date, though they numbered only 352.

In the elections of 1896 Love got two black men to stand. Both were defeated. The island's population at the time was approximately 600,000, with the blacks outnumbering the

whites and coloureds by something like six to one. And though the franchise was open to all who had paid the small property tax, only about one per cent of the population were registered voters.

At the elections of the turn of the century Love himself stood for the St. Andrew seat. One of his two former candidates, Alexander Dixon, again stood for the south-western parish of St. Elizabeth. Love did not expect to win in the overwhelmingly white and coloured St. Andrew so he devoted much of his time to campaigning for Dixon at St. Elizabeth. The temper of that campaign might be gauged from a platform controversy between Love and the Honourable John Vassall Calder. Calder was a nominated member of the Legislative Council and a Privy Councillor. Calder supported the white candidate against Dixon and in the course of one of his speeches, declared:

'Dr. Love must remember that his ancestors were my ancestors' slaves, and as such he could never be my equal. He is aggrieved because my forefathers rescued him from the bonds of thralldom and deprived him of the privilege of being King of the Congo, enjoying the epicurean and conjugal orgies and the sacrificial pleasures of his ancestral home in Africa.'

Love retorted:

'The men who enslaved my ancestors were not the men who released them. The men who enslaved my ancestors were the Blackbeards and the Morgans, a type of Calder; the men who released them were the Wilberforces and the Granville Sharpes, a different type altogether. After all, slavery is but a preying of the strong upon the weak, and all nations have undergone the ordeal in their time, including Calder's nation. The shame is not on the slave but on the tyrant who enslaves him. Man was never made to be the property of man. Mr. Calder boasts that he can trace his ancestors back two hundred years. What of that! I can go back to Adam. When he said, however, that had my ancestors not been removed from Africa I would be sitting on the Congo throne, I verily believe that, and since "Authority is authority, where'er it's to be found", as King of the Congo I would be the equal of the King of England. Calder would have had to approach both of us with that due deference which subjects show to royalty.'

Love lost in St. Andrew, but Dixon won and became the first black man to sit in Jamaica's Legislative Council. The whites and coloureds were shocked, but reassured themselves by treating Dixon's victory as a freak event. It was not. In 1906 Love again stood for St. Andrew; this time he won.

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This was another turning point. The blacks now felt they could participate directly in the legislative life of the country. True, actual power was still with King's House with its official and nominated majority. But the blacks could choose black men to represent them. The business of government was no longer the exclusive preserve of whites and coloureds.

Other black men stood and were elected, till, in the 1920s, the composition of the Legislative Council had so changed that,



among the elected members, the blacks outnumbered the whites. Few whites stood for fear of being defeated by blacks.

Love died in 1913.

The story of Marcus Garvey, in so far as it touches on Jamaica, belongs here, for it was from the awakening black Jamaicans over whom Robert Love exercised his influential leadership that Garvey went forth to become the greatest black 'race leader' of modern times. Garvey published an autobiographical fragment in the *American Current History Magazine* of September, 1923, which throws light on Jamaica as well as on his personality and motives.

'I was born in the Island of Jamaica, British West Indies, on August 17, 1887. My parents were black Negroes. My father was a man of

brilliant intellect and dashing courage. He was unafraid of consequences. He took human chances in the course of life, as most bold men do, and he failed at the close of his career. He once had a fortune; he died poor. My mother was a sober and conscientious Christian, too soft and good for the time in which she lived. She was the direct opposite of my father. He was severe, firm, determined, bold and strong, refusing to yield even to superior forces if he believed he was right. My mother, on the other hand, was always willing to return a smile for a blow, and ever ready to bestow charity upon her enemy. Of this strange combination I was born thirty-six years ago, and ushered into a world of sin, the flesh and the devil.

I grew up with other black and white boys. I was never whipped by any, but made them all respect the strength of my arms. I got my education from many sources—through private tutors, two public schools, two grammar or high schools and two colleges. My teachers were men and women of varied experiences and abilities; four of them were eminent preachers. They studied me and I studied them. With some I became friendly in after years; others and I drifted apart, because as a boy they wanted to whip me, and I simply refused to be whipped. I was not made to be whipped. It annoys me to be defeated; hence to me, to be once defeated is to find cause for an everlasting struggle to reach the top. . . .

To me, at home in my early days, there was no difference between white and black. One of my father's properties, the place where I lived most of the time, was adjoining that of a white man. He had three girls and two boys; the Wesleyan minister, another white man, whose church my parents attended, also had property adjoining ours. He had three girls and one boy. All of us were playmates. We romped and were happy children, playmates together. The little white girl whom I liked most knew no better than I did myself. We were two innocent fools who never dreamed of a race feeling and problem. As a child, I went to school with white boys and girls, like all other Negroes. We were not called Negroes then. I never heard the term Negro used once until I was about fourteen.

At fourteen my little white playmate and I parted. Her parents thought the time had come to separate us and draw the colour line. They sent her and another sister to Edinburgh, Scotland, and told her that she was never to write or try to get in touch with me, for I was a "nigger". It was then that I found for the first time that there was some difference in humanity, and that there were different races, each having its own separate and distinct social life. . . .

After my first lesson in race distinction, I never thought of playing with white girls any more, even if they might be next-door neighbours. At home my sisters' company was good enough for me, and at school I made friends with the coloured girls next to me. White boys and I used to frolic together. We played cricket and baseball, ran races and rode bicycles together, took each other to the river and to the sea beach to learn to swim, and made boyish efforts while out in deep

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water to drown each other, making a sprint for shore crying out "Shark, shark, shark!" In all our experiences, however, only one black boy was drowned. He went under on a Friday afternoon after school hours, and his parents found him afloat, half eaten by sharks, on the following Sunday afternoon. Since then we boys never went sea bathing.

At maturity the black and white boys separated, and took different courses in life. I grew then to see the difference between the races more and more. My schoolmates as young men did not know or remember me any more. Then I realized that I had to make a fight for a place in the world, that it was not so easy to pass on to office and position. Personally, however, I had not much difficulty in finding and holding a place for myself, for I was aggressive. At eighteen I had an excellent position as manager of a large printing establishment, having under my control several men old enough to be my grandfathers. But I got mixed up with public life. I started to take an interest in the politics of my country, and then I saw the injustice done to my race because it was black, and I became dissatisfied on that account. I went travelling to South and Central America and parts of the West Indies to find out if it was so elsewhere, and I found the same situation. I set sail for Europe to find out if it was different there, and again I found the stumbling block—"You are black". I read of the conditions in America. I read *Up from Slavery*, by Booker T. Washington, and then my doom—if I may so call it—of being a race leader dawned upon me in London after I had travelled through almost half of Europe.

I asked: "Where is the black man's Government?" "Where is his King and his kingdom?" "Where is his President, his country, and his ambassador, his army, his navy, his men of big affairs?" I could not find them, and then I declared, "I will help to make them." . . .

Garvey returned from Europe in 1914 and launched his Universal Negro Improvement Association. He did not make much headway in his native Jamaica. He blamed the coloureds for this.

'I was a black man and therefore had absolutely no right to lead; in the opinion of the "coloured" element, leadership should have been in the hands of a yellow or very light man. On such flimsy prejudices our race has been retarded. There is more bitterness among us Negroes because of the caste of colour than there is between any other peoples, not excluding the people of India.'

But that was not the basic reason for his failure, though there was much truth in Garvey's charge. There were shade prejudices. Yet the elected members of the Council were predominantly black, and Robert Love, as black if not blacker than Garvey, had overcome his 'foreign' birth and risen to

leadership and won respect from white as well as black and coloured. Garvey failed in Jamaica, I think, because his ideas and approach were not attuned to the prevalent mood and needs of the times. The Jamaicans did not think of themselves as Negroes (with a capital 'N') let alone 'Universal Negroes'. Their world was Jamaica: the changes, the adjustments, they desired had to be made in Jamaica. Africa was so long ago and so far away as to be unreal. They shrank from Garvey's straightforward 'race' politics. Colour had always been a factor: the impulse had always been to play it down. 'Race' was an entirely alien factor.

Garvey moved to the United States where his movement met greater response. In three years his movement was over 2,000,000 strong. The American Negroes were a minority and to them the idea of going back to Africa carried a powerful appeal. Garvey flourished; his Association's membership shot up to over 6,000,000. He collected hundreds of thousands of dollars from his members as shares for the launching of a Black Star Line to take the Negroes back to Africa. A great convention of the representatives of 'the Negro Peoples of the world' was held in New York in 1920. Garvey was elected Provisional President of Africa and a *Declaration of the Rights of the Negro Peoples of the World* was adopted. The first ship of the Black Star Line, Yarmouth, made three cruises to the West Indies and Central America. Garvey was news, and he knew it. 'I, a young Negro . . . had become famous. My name was discussed on five continents. The universal Negro Improvement Association gained millions of followers all over the world.'

In the end the very success of his movement was his undoing. The massive organization was loose and unwieldy. While Negro women paraded the streets of New York dressed up as 'Ladies of the African Motor Corps' or 'Black Cross Nurses', and men paraded in the dashing uniforms of 'Royal African Guards', gangsters and shady types got at the Association's funds. Useless, unseaworthy ships were bought at staggeringly high prices. In one instance a man was paid 25,000 dollars for a ship which was never delivered and the money never returned. The shipping company sustained other losses from which it could not recover. The Association and shipping company's book-keeping was of the most primitive order. Finally,

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Garvey was arrested and charged with using the United States' mail for the purpose of defrauding investors in his shipping company. Certainly, a massive amount of money had gone in wastage and plain theft by unscrupulous men who attached themselves to the 'Provisional President' of Africa.

Garvey was found guilty and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. After serving his time he was expelled from America. He returned to Jamaica and offered himself, in 1929, for election to the Legislative Council. He was heavily defeated. The Jamaicans still did not want his race leadership. Garvey died obscurely in London in the 1930s. But he left behind him a very strong and persistent effect. More than any other man, he helped to liberate the Negro, both in the Caribbean and the larger world, of his crippling sense of inferiority. He fathered that great psychological emancipation without which there can be no physical emancipation. And this is a contribution of major proportions to the freedom movement of Negroes everywhere.

* * *

In economic terms the 1930s were hard years for the Jamaican peasantry. The banana trade still accounted for more than half the total value of Jamaican exports. But Panama Disease had spread from Portland to other parts of the island and it was the small cultivator who felt the pinch most immediately and acutely.

A Committee on Nutrition in the Colonial Empire visited the Caribbean. Of Jamaica it reported:

'Adverse economic conditions, the poverty of the masses, low wages, unemployment, the over-large family, and the high percentage of illegitimacy are the root causes of most of the malnutrition found. The average income of 184,000 or 92 per cent of the employed population in 1935 fell below twenty-five shillings per week, and 147,700 or seventeen per cent received an average of fourteen shillings per week. These are the sums earned by the male earner responsible for an average of five persons, but in a large number of cases he shirks his responsibility, leaving it to the woman to bear most of the family burden on an intermittently earned wage of five shillings per week. The difficulty of maintaining families under such circumstances is reflected in the infant mortality.'

Out of every 1,000 children born in 1935, 137 died.

When it looked at the health of the people, the Committee found:

'A very high percentage of the population are suffering from varying degrees of subnormal nutrition and the nutritional state of a distressingly large proportion of the labouring classes is definitely bad. . . . Of 12,000 children examined, multiple avitaminosis was found in about 20 per cent, the most striking signs being blindness, glossitis, stomatitis, dry skin, and anaemia. Evidence of mild rickets is frequently found among the younger school children and although no cases of beriberi, pellagra and scurvy have been detected in schools, the condition of many children suggests a near approach to these diseases. Dental caries is also exceedingly prevalent. The state of nutrition, alike in adults and children, is complicated by the considerable prevalence of yaws, hookworm infection and malaria.'

These physical conditions were reflected in the island's overall trade figures. Since the turn of the century the island's adverse balance had grown. In the five years 1934-38, goods to the value of £27,484,390 were imported. Exports were valued at £20,906,307, leaving an adverse trade balance of £6,578,083. In his report on *Labour Conditions in the West Indies* (1939) Major Orde Browne commented on Jamaica's adverse trade balance:

'Clearly Jamaica might save anything up to a quarter of a million pounds or more annually were she to produce, as she easily could, the greater proportion of the food now imported from overseas. The money thus retained at home would be paid to local growers, for whom much needed employment would thus be found. . . .

Imported coconut fibre matting is in common use though the husk from which it might be made at home remains rotting on the ground. A prejudice against local products handicaps the Kingston shoe factory, and fashion exacts the purchase of imported clothing rather than the work of Jamaican tailors and dressmakers. . . .

Dairying might provide an offset for the £113,000 spent on milk and the £60,000 spent on butter. . . . At present nearly a quarter of a million pounds annually is spent on preserved fish from North America, an anomaly accentuated by the fact that Jamaica's dependency, the Turks and Caicos Islands, exists largely on the export of salt to Canada for the curing of the article to be imported. . . . The local tobacco is mainly suited to the production of the popular Jamaica cigar; there would seem to be a possibility for a wider utilization of the plant to compensate for the £46,000 paid for imported tobacco. Boots and shoes cost annually £118,000 although a sound cheap article is made in Kingston. Laundry soap to the value of £43,000 is imported from the United Kingdom although Jamaica

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is rich in vegetable oils. £20,000 for confectionery seems a curious item for an island which produces not only sugar but cocoa.'

These conditions led, finally, to the troubles that ended the Crown Colony régime and opened the new era for Jamaica.

vi. *The Awakening*

The crisis came in May, 1938. It was sparked, strangely, by the commencement of operations at the Frome sugar estate. News that the West Indies Sugar Company was starting work soon spread and the unemployed converged on the great estate. There was work, but for only a handful of the thousands who demanded it. And so, with inverted logic, the unemployed directed their rage against this new source of employment and rioted. The general restlessness that intelligent Jamaicans had noticed spilled over in violence and bloodshed. The police dealt harshly with the rioters. The riots spread.

In Kingston workers on a housing scheme were driven from their work by rioters who insisted that there should be work for all. Everywhere on the island people came out and angry bands gathered in the streets of the city and towns and villages. The Kingston dockers came out, and an effective, though leaderless, general strike was on.

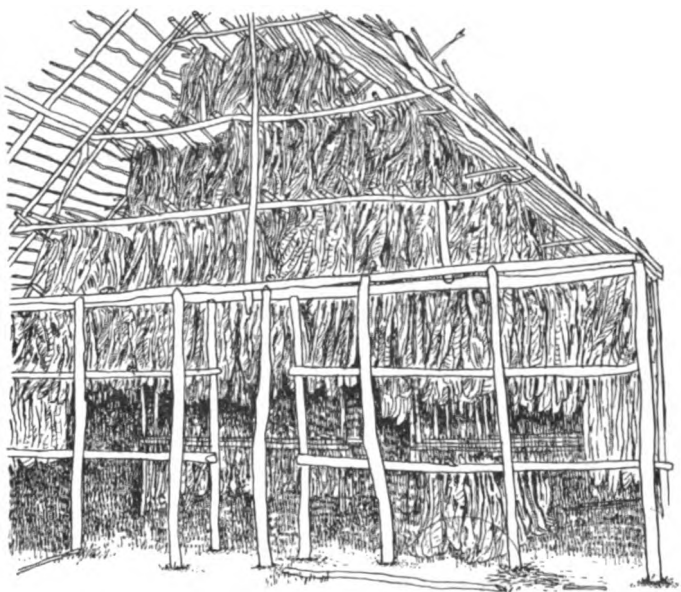
The most striking feature of the riots was their leaderless character. No agitators had gone among the people stirring them up. One union, the Jamaica Workers' and Tradesmen's Union, had been started in 1936 but had met with little success; and the sugar workers had rebuffed efforts by Alexander Bustamante to organize them. In the United States the Jamaica Progressive League had been formed by expatriates in 1936. They had called for a Jamaican nationalism, declaring that they 'firmly believed that any people that has seen its generations come and go on the same soil for centuries is, in fact, a nation.'

They demanded self-government on a universal suffrage. Their ideas had been welcomed by a group of progressive intellectuals in the island, which had launched a weekly news-magazine, *Public Opinion*, in February, 1937. But the magazine's editor admitted in an editorial of 16th July, 1938, that:

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'The labour convulsions of May caught most of us napping. While it had long been realized, by those in touch with the masses, that we had a straight choice between reform and upheaval, I think I was not alone in supposing that 1940 was more likely than 1938 to be the date of the upheaval.'

The politically conscious elements had, in fact, been out of touch with the mass of the people; had little or no responsibility for the start of the riots which were a spontaneous economic protest, with social and political overtones.



Drying tobacco

But the moment the riots spread to Kingston and the dockers went on strike, William Alexander Bustamante put himself at the head of the strikers. Bustamante was colourful, flamboyant, theatrical and had a magnetic platform personality. He spoke the language of the streets, and had a remarkable ability to voice the mood and feeling of the strikers. The strikers and rioters accepted his leadership and he emerged as the dominant figure of those days of confusion. He was arrested with a host of others.

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Norman Washington Manley, the founder of Jamaica Welfare, and cousin of Bustamante, now turned to active politics. He gave his services free to all the strikers, got the Governor to set up a Commission to investigate grievances, and took part in the negotiations to settle the dock strike. When the dock employers agreed to raise wages the dockers still refused to go back until Bustamante was released. Due largely to Manley's efforts Bustamante was freed and the strike brought to an end. The two cousins then travelled to the troubled areas and persuaded the people to return to their homes, promising that conditions would be improved. After three months of effort wages all over Jamaica went up by an average of from fifteen to twenty per cent. The British Government sent out a Royal Commission under Lord Moyne.

Bustamante launched a trade union on 23rd May and named it after himself: the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union. He appointed himself 'Founder and Life President'. Workers, both employed and unemployed, flocked into the union. Manley acted as legal adviser. Funds collected to feed the strikers were handed over to the union.

Manley and the founders of *Public Opinion* called a conference of representative people from each parish in the island. The idea was to launch a party that would be the political wing of Bustamante's trade union. The party, the People's National Party, was launched on the evening of 18th September, 1938. Both Sir Stafford Cripps and Bustamante were on the platform. In his speech Manley said:

'It was not so very long ago, not much longer than a week ago, that a Jamaican, a very prominent Jamaican, writing in one of our leading newspapers, remarked that no intelligent person in Jamaica today is thinking about politics. I am afraid that if what he wrote is true, there are at least a thousand fools in this hall and five thousand more outside. . . .

I am a Jamaican who takes the view that politics is essential to the vitality of this country as it has been essential in the life of every civilized community, and to the development and the achievement of a national spirit in every people in the world. I take the view that no amount of benevolent administration . . . will ever produce a people with a national spirit unless they possess a political organization in which they share and which marches with the destiny of the people as a whole. . . .

The (People's National) Party is pledged, like myself, to support

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the progressive forces in this country and to work for the raising of the standard of life of the common people of this country. The Labour Movement is essentially involved in that programme. Any man who pretends to be a friend of Jamaica or to be progressive will be false to his own standards if he attempts to split the progressive forces and to turn them one against the other.

And now, let me come to the party itself. Let me begin by making it plain that as far as I am concerned I do not profess to be the originator of the idea. It is an idea present for long in the minds of numbers of persons in this country. They have been thinking about it, sometimes vaguely, sometimes with perfect clarity, but it wanted some crisis, some convulsion, to make it plain that some such thing was necessary, and that its realization in practice was no longer to be delayed. That crisis came in May this year when the country was swept with a series of uprisings passing from one end of the island to the other. That was an occasion that forced everyone to stop to think and to take stock, among many other matters, of the political situation. Any open-minded and intelligent observer would have been struck by many things. The first thing that struck one forcibly, and I say it with regret but say it because it is the plain truth, is that the democratic institutions of this country had long ceased to lead public opinion or to inspire confidence in any quarter in this island. Another thing that struck every thinking person in close touch with the real thought and feeling of large sections of the country was the enormous growth of progressive ideas centering around the development of the country and the development of the common people, of the masses of the country. This was not something that had started only in May. It started long ago. Let anyone look back on the past ten years and he will realize the extent to which we in this island have been concentrating more and more upon our own affairs. We have thought more of Jamaica, talked more about Jamaica, and saturated ourselves more in the atmosphere and in the problems of the country than ever we can recall before. . . .

No amount of mere economic progress will make a real unity in our people. All efforts will be wasted unless the masses of the people are steadily taken along a path in which they will feel more and more that this is their home and their country, and it is their responsibility to work for its future. When that is realized, then there will be something to work for, and through that feeling will come greater efforts, more thinking, a higher discipline, and more honesty. These things cannot be achieved if measures of social improvement are divorced from the reality of common ideals about a national life.

. . . The new spirit must live and struggle. Difficulties and dangers are its hazards—more life its aim. And every man who calls himself a true Jamaican must work to keep it alive and to encourage the masses of this country to reach up for better things and to work to achieve them. . . .

I am not sketching a new constitution tonight, but I call attention

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to two obvious and necessary reforms. The first is the suffrage, the right to vote. We have today a population of 1,200,000 persons and a mere handful of 60,000 voters. This astonishingly small number is due to that much abused and over-rated system—the ten-shilling-voter. He exists because, so they said, if you allow too many people to vote you could never tell who they mightn't elect. But what has been the result? To put it bluntly, political futility, corruption and bribery. There can only be one sensible system and that is to give the vote to all the adults of the country. . . .

Another obvious reform is to increase the number of our elected members. You cannot organize or group together in loyalty a handful of men. The greater the number the greater the possibility of cohesion. Believe me, too, with more members we will get more work done—it sounds a paradox but it is true—and less talking. . . .

I do believe we have launched tonight a movement which, as nothing before started in Jamaica, will make of our country a real place and a real country so that our children and our children's children will be proud to say: "We belong to Jamaica".

The general assumption that Bustamante would lead the industrial wing and Manley the political wing of the national movement was soon dispelled. Critics charged the new party with being a Marxist conspiracy, with fomenting class and racial hatreds. These charges may have disturbed Bustamante, who was essentially a conservative. And, indeed, there were a handful of Marxists in the party. The party leaders and the union leader drifted apart. The party was democratically run, the union basically a one-man affair and Bustamante used it as his personal instrument.

In February, 1939, Bustamante went to Montego Bay to organize the dock workers. Things did not go according to plan so he called a general strike. The dockers in Kingston and elsewhere on the south coast came out. Many docks were brought to a standstill. A large number of workers on sugar estates also struck.

Sir Arthur Richards (later to become Lord Milverton), the new Governor who had arrived shortly after the riots, reacted quickly and firmly. He declared a state of emergency, called out the militia and warned that he would meet violence with violence. Employers responded by refusing to recognize the union. There was a vast army of unemployed that could be used to break the strike.

Manley saw the Governor and gave his personal guarantee

that if the emergency restrictions were eased he and his party would see that no disturbances occurred and that the trade union movement was organized on democratic lines. Richards ended the emergency.

A Trades Union Advisory Council was then set up which provided, among other things, that no union should send more than five representatives to it, however large the union might be; and that all unions, however small, could send representatives. Bustamante accepted this, but towards the end of 1939 he withdrew his union from the Trades Union Advisory Council which he denounced. Bustamante's union had by this time grown to over 50,000 and when he withdrew it the Advisory Council was left with a few tiny unions led by members of the People's National Party.

Bustamante could do no wrong in the eyes of his followers; his power and influence grew, especially in the country areas. The rift widened between Manley and himself.

When World War II broke out both Manley and Bustamante agreed to suspend all controversial activities. And, like the youth of nearly all the world, the young men of Jamaica went to war. Jamaica's population was greater than that of the rest of the British Caribbean and she supplied the majority of the 5,500 men from there who went into the Royal Air Force. Contingents of the various West India regiments were used for overseas as well as local service. West Indian women were brought to Britain under a special scheme for service with the A.T.S. Jamaican women were well represented in this, as were Jamaican men in the merchant navy. Indeed, so great was the general West Indian outburst of loyalty that one Governor reported he was 'inundated with offers of help and was faced with demands to serve for which it was difficult to find an outlet'.

Bustamante was interned towards the end of 1940 for threatening violence during a waterfront strike. Governor Richards seized the opportunity and made a Detention Order. This put the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union in difficulties. And once more Manley and the People's National Party came to the rescue. They took charge of the Union, got the employers to agree to arbitration and called off the strikes.

The People's National Party declared itself Socialist that

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year, but made it clear that it advocated 'a moderate Socialist Programme adapted at all points to local needs and local possibilities'. It affirmed that Socialism must be democratic and Christian in method and outlook.

In the same year, and flowing out of the 1938 Moyne Royal Commission, the first Development and Welfare Act was passed and the Development and Welfare Organization for the West Indies set up. In 1941 the Colonial Office offered Jamaica a constitution based on the Moyne proposals. This proposed adult suffrage, the enlargement of the legislature to about forty members, and a form of single chamber representative government. The right to vote down financial measures was to be abolished. The Legislative Council rejected this. The People's National Party studied the offer and made counter-proposals which, had they been accepted, would have transformed the offered constitution into a self-governing one allowing for two chambers.

Early in 1941 the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union made a claim for a wage increase for its members on the sugar estates of St. Thomas. In 1915 the male labourer on the sugar estate had earned an average of between one shilling and one and sixpence a day; and the female between ninepence and one and twopence. In 1941 this was still the case. Women's wages had changed only on the banana estates where a woman could earn as much as one and sixpence on 'heading out' (carrying) the banana stems from the field to the road. The union demanded that wages be tied to the cost of living index and asked for an increase to bring them in line with the index. Manley and Noel Nethersole devoted practically all their time to the conferences between the union and the Minimum Wage Board of the sugar industry. And when these talks broke down and the union decided on strike action their party lent the union its organizers for the necessary preparatory work.

On the morning of 10th March no one turned up for work in factory or field on the estates of St. Thomas. For a fortnight not a root of cane was cut. The strikers were orderly: there were no riots, no angry demonstrations; and so no police or militia were called out. The people of St. Thomas simply withheld their labour in quiet, orderly fashion. The sugar manufacturers capitulated in the face of this solid resistance. Manley and



Cutting sugar-cane



(Above) Clearing the cane-fields. In the distance loose trash is being burned

(Below) An irrigation channel on a sugar plantation

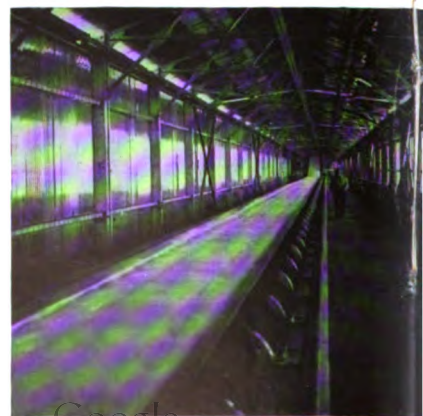
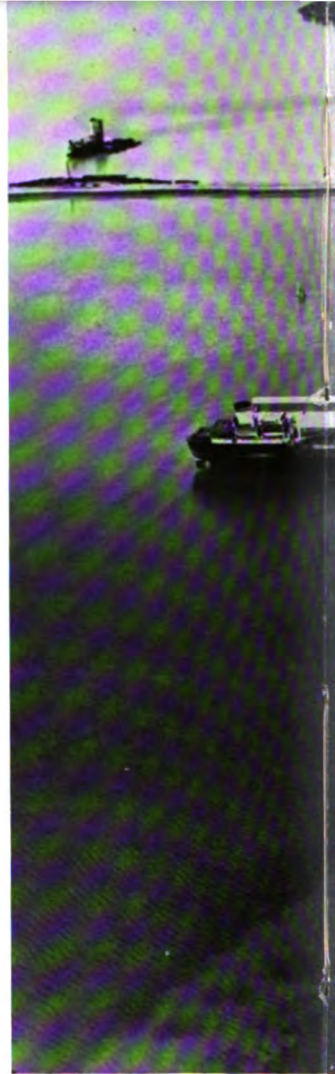
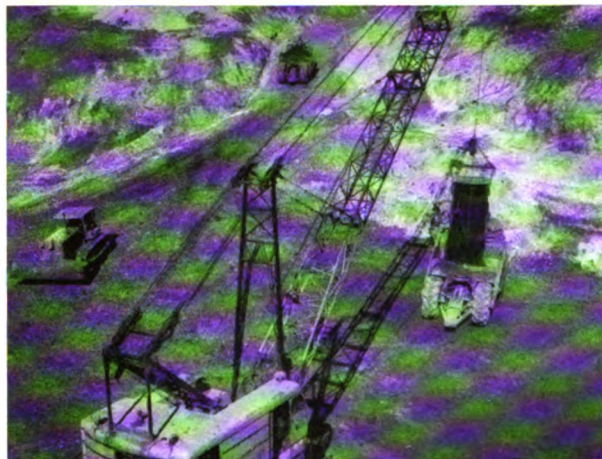




(Above) Loading green bananas at Port Antonio. The bunches are wrapped in diothene tubing to prevent bruising

(Below) A stem straight from the tree





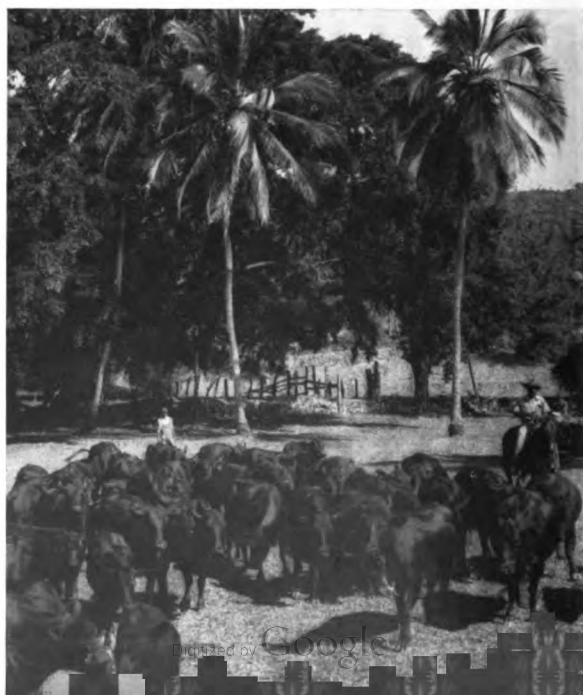
2

BAUXITE. 1. Loading bauxite into a scraper-carrier from a $2\frac{1}{2}$ cubic yard drag line. 2. A view of the Kirkvine Works. 3. The conveyor-belt system at Port Esquivel. This quarter-mile belt can deliver 700 tons of mined bauxite an hour into ships' holds. 4. The S.S. *Sunrip* and the S.S. *Sun Karen* loading at Port Esquivel, 32 miles by rail from the Kirkvine Works. Above is an aerial view of Port Esquivel, showing two 10,000 ton bulk alumina storage silos. Two more silos are being added





(Above) Two members of the Colonial Office citrus commission, with Jamaica's then Director of Agriculture, and the owner of a citrus grove. (Below, left) The steers which were once a chief means of transport. (Below, right) Jamaica black beef cattle



(Right) The skilled cigar-cutter on the right can make 100 cigars a day



(Below) Coffee seedlings being grown at Hope Station for the rehabilitation of the Blue Mountain coffee plantation





Lucky Hill co-operative land settlement scheme. Searching questions are fired at an applicant by Alton Henry (*left*), Chairman of the Settlers' Council. (*Left*) Peter Hinds, first headman, has a meal with his family. He earns a weekly salary and shares in the profits of the project

Nethersole sat in on the signing of the agreement which gave the workers an immediate wage increase and accepted the principle of wages being pegged to the cost of living.

The effects of the war on the island's import and export trade soon had the country in serious difficulties. People had come to depend on imported foods. Now, they faced a serious shortage. Prices went up. A black market came into being and food gangsters made their appearance. The initials 'R.A.F.' came to mean, in Kingston, the 'Rob and Flee' gang. The Government paraded units of the armed forces through the streets of the city but this did nothing to help the situation.

The People's National Party initiated the setting up of a non-party Emergency Council composed of influential people from all walks of life. Manley was elected president and the Council set about combating this new problem. It set up Parish Committees all over the island and Area Committees in the city. These committees organized Purchasing Clubs which helped keep down prices; they encouraged the use of native foods and gave cooking demonstrations, showing the best use that could be made of these. These efforts considerably eased the harsh economic conditions.

A large number of Jamaicans had been interned under the defence regulations. A sizable colony of internees had grown at Up-Park Camp and Jamaicans were at a loss for the reasons why some of the people had been interned. Among others, there had been the case of the internment of a columnist on *The Daily Gleaner*, the only daily. Another had been the case of W. A. Domingo, an expatriate who had been one of the founders of the Jamaica Progressive League in New York. Manley had invited him to come back and help in the work of the People's National Party. He had been whisked off the ship at Port Royal and taken into detention. Feeling against the Government ran high. A Jamaican Council for Civil Liberties was formed and a campaign for the release of the detainees mounted. Some leading businessmen were involved in this campaign and Mr. L. E. Ashenheim, one of the island's biggest company directors, was the Council's chairman. At a public meeting of several thousand people, in June, 1941, the Council for Civil Liberties passed a resolution protesting against 'the imposition in Jamaica of Defence Regulations in

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a form that was rejected in the House of Commons in England as being obnoxious and undemocratic'. The Council kept up its pressure till the Government was forced to release the detainees.

Bustamante was released in February, 1942. When he had been taken into detention in September, 1940 his union had had no real organizing staff and no car. When he came out the union had a fully trained organizing staff and three cars. It had won twenty-three wage disputes in his absence. The People's National Party had done its caretaking job well.

The People's National Party launched a 'Self-Government Campaign' in November, 1942. Bustamante launched a counter campaign, not against self-government but against the P.N.P. Often, there were skirmishes between P.N.P. members and Bustamante's followers; occasionally these developed into street fights in which stones were hurled and police had to restore order. Bustamante repudiated any responsibility for these stone-throwing battles.

In January, 1943 Governor Richards left quietly for England. The day after he left it was announced that he had gone to confer with the Colonial Office on Jamaica's problems. Immediately a widely representative committee was set up to sponsor a delegation from Jamaica to the Colonial Secretary. Bustamante was a member of the sponsoring committee which included Abe Issa, the island's leading businessman, the Honourable Rudolph Burke, a senior member of the Legislative Council, as well as political, religious and educational leaders. Manley was unanimously chosen to lead the delegation. The committee met the elected members of the Legislative Council. The endorsement of the elected members would have put the representative character and authority of the delegation beyond all dispute. At this meeting Bustamante demanded to know why he had not been chosen as one of the delegates to go to London. Later, he walked out of the meeting. The harmony planned was wrecked. The elected members decided that this was not the best time to send a delegation.

The issue assumed the proportions of a national controversy. Letters poured into the office of the *Gleaner* deploring the decision of the elected members. The *Gleaner* conducted what

it called 'a Straw Vote Poll'. Bustamante cabled the Colonial Secretary: 'Proposed deputation from Jamaica not representative of people of the country nor views. Political stunt. Labour who is in the great majority washes its hands.' On 25th January the *Gleaner* announced the result of its poll. In all, 602 people had voted: 578 were in favour of the delegation to London, 24 against. 568 of those in favour wanted Manley to lead it. The day after this announcement the Legislative Council gave its approval to the proposed delegation. A request to receive the delegation was sent to the Colonial Secretary. Bodies of all kinds set about preparing memoranda.

The Governor returned to Jamaica early in February and brought a message from the Colonial Secretary. The Colonial Secretary was deferring consideration of the request to receive the delegation till Jamaica had seen his constitutional proposals. These arrived in Jamaica on 23rd February.

The new constitution proposed a five-year experimental period during which a two-chamber system of government would be tried. On the results of this would depend such further advance towards responsibility as may be justified. During this period thirty-two members would be elected to the lower house, the House of Representatives, on a universal adult suffrage: and from the thirty-two chosen by themselves, would be elected a Speaker. The upper house, the Legislative Council, was to consist of three *ex-officio* members (the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney General and the Financial Secretary), not more than two nominated official members, and not less than ten nominated unofficial members. The Council was to elect its own President. And there was to be an Executive Council made up of the Governor as chairman, three official members (Colonial Secretary, Attorney General, Financial Secretary), two unofficial members from the Legislative Council, and five members from the House of Representatives. The Executive Council was to be 'the principal instrument of policy'. The Governor was to have a casting vote only and was expected to abide by the decisions of the Executive Council though, in certain cases, he could decline to follow its advice. The five Executive Council members from the House of Representatives were to become chairmen of the House's five committees on Finance and General Purposes,

Communications, Agriculture, Education and Social Welfare: and they were to form, in turn, a joint committee for the control of the internal affairs and business of the House. No Bills were to become law unless they had been passed by both the House of Representatives and the Legislative Council. The House was to be free to debate any subject it chose but no Bill concerned with either money or the implementation of Government policy was to be introduced without the approval of the Executive Council. The Governor would have powers of certification and veto. Jamaica's first General Elections were to be held on 14th December, 1944.

Jamaica welcomed the news of the new constitution tumultuously. Editorially, the *Gleaner* declared: 'There are personalities who have figured in awakening political consciousness in this country and in fashioning the demands which we have made. N. W. Manley, K.C., and the People's National Party, with their campaign for Self-Government have certainly played an impressive part in this awakening, and the present proposals can be said to flow in a measure from their representations both here and in Britain where they have influential friends and spokesmen.'

And young poets such as Roger Mais and George Campbell, the cultural wing of the People's National Party, gave voice to the optimistic joy the new constitutional proposals brought.

A sense of victory gripped the country. The *Gleaner* warned that 'the new Constitution has not altered in any way Jamaica's urgent economic problems'. The paper felt the delegation to England should not be abandoned because 'the solution of these [economic problems] would be assisted by sending the delegation to London'. Meetings approving the new constitution were held up and down the country. Women's organizations held huge meetings where members pledged 'to do their part under the new Constitution'. And from England came news that large sums of money would be available to Jamaica under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1940. And the pattern set by Jamaica Welfare Ltd. was to be followed in the other British territories in the area.

On 26th March, 1943 the Institute of Jamaica awarded the Musgrave Gold Medal—the highest cultural honour Jamaica

can give—to Edna Manley in ‘recognition of her work in promoting Art and Literature in the West Indies and Jamaica’. The *Gleaner* commented:

‘Edna Manley, brilliant wife of a brilliant Jamaican, is an artist of accepted rank. We admired the sheer courage and the uncompromising confidence with which in earlier years, surrounded by philistine unbelief in her sculptural talent and sometimes even by downright hostility, she won the fight of proving her now generally accepted worth as a creative artist. The award is no less made for her personal gifts than for her general influence, because without the imprimatur of her artistic integrity her general influence might have waned instead of expanding.

... [The] first All-Island Arts and Crafts Exhibition, which was a revelation as to how numerous and how promising were our artists, was the direct result of her confidence and her influence. ... In the field of music, the theatre, literature, the timid tyro can always find a sympathetic friend and an encouraging counsellor. ...

Her work in the whole field of culture is truly a worthy complement to the political leadership of her husband. It is difficult to over-estimate the extent of her influence.’

In art, as in politics, the P.N.P. had fostered a great awakening.

* * *

Also in March of that year the results of the most comprehensive Census yet taken in the island were announced. Jamaica had a population of 1,237,063. Seven years after the English had landed in Jamaica the population had been estimated to number 4,205, of whom more than half were white and the rest slaves. The census of 1844, twenty years before the Morant Bay affair, had shown a population of 377,453 of whom 293,128 were black, 68,549 coloured, and 15,776 white.

The 1943 Census made a detailed racial breakdown of the population. It created eight distinguishing groups. First there were the ‘native’ Jamaicans, divided into ‘black’, ‘white’ and ‘coloured’: the blacks numbered 965,960; the coloureds 216,348; and the whites 4,803. Next came the ‘British Isles races’ who numbered 5,386. Then ‘Europeans’: 2,623. Then came the Chinese and Chinese-coloureds numbering 12,394; the ‘East Indian and East Indian-coloureds’ who numbered 26,507; the ‘Syrian and Syrian-coloureds’ numbering 1,005; and finally ‘Others’: 1,456. The black and coloured groups of

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the population together accounted for ninety-five per cent of the total, the blacks by themselves for eighty per cent. The three 'white' divisions put together came to one per cent; the Chinese and Chinese-coloureds to one per cent; and the Indians and Indian-coloureds to two per cent. 25.3 per cent of the total population was under ten years old, and 25.6 per cent was illiterate. There were more children under the age of ten in the Chinese group than in any other. 35.5 per cent of the Chinese and Chinese-coloured population were under ten years of age. The average for all racial groups was 25.3 per cent. The blacks were slightly above the average, the coloureds slightly below, and the white groups halfway below the average.

Illiteracy was greatest among the Indians and Indian-coloureds, 48.6 per cent of whom had had no schooling of any kind. Next came the blacks with 28.1 per cent illiteracy, then the mysterious 'Others' with 20.7 per cent, then the Chinese with 13.9 per cent, the coloureds with 13.1 per cent, the 'Europeans' with 8.4 per cent, the Syrians with 5.6 per cent, the 'native' whites with 3.2 per cent, and the 'British Isles Races' with 1.3 per cent.

The percentage of professional men was greatest among the white groups but in actual numbers the blacks and coloureds outnumbered them greatly. During the actual period of Census taking 25 per cent of the working population among the Indians was out of work. The same was true of 21 per cent of the blacks and 15 per cent of the coloureds. Seven per cent of both the whites and Chinese were not working.

Weekly wages for blacks and East Indians averaged, for men, between ten and nineteen shillings: for women the average was less than five shillings. For coloureds it was between twenty and thirty-nine shillings for men, and below nineteen shillings for women. The Chinese male earned the same wage as the coloured, and the Chinese woman between ten and forty shillings. The whites earned between five and fifteen pounds for men, and between two and three pounds for women.

Common law marriage or concubinage was greatest among those with the lowest incomes and the lowest literacy rates: 12.7 per cent among the blacks, 10.5 per cent among the Indians, 9 per cent among 'Others', 7.8 per cent among

FACES OF KINGSTON

coloureds, 4.8 per cent among Chinese, and 1 per cent among the whites except the 'British Isles races' who had only .7 per cent. The proportion of divorces, on the other hand, was greatest among the white groups: .1 per cent for black, coloured and Chinese, .2 per cent for Indians, .6 per cent for 'native' whites, .5 per cent for 'British Isles races', and .7 per cent for 'Europeans'.

In the *Social Structure of Jamaica* George Cumper analysed the Census tables and commented:

'On the whole as we should expect the tables show that the white groups are better educated, better paid and enjoy a higher social status than the coloured, and the coloured than the black. Because the subject is one which excites strong emotion, it is necessary to make clear how much and how little these figures mean. They cannot safely be taken to show that the racial groups differ in innate qualities. The proportion of "black" professional men is not small necessarily because the group is innately less intelligent, nor is the proportion of wage earners large because it is unenterprising. Any differences of aptitude and character may well be created by the environment and opportunity which the social structure offers to members of different racial groups: and at the moment it is likely that a poor black who wishes to rise in the world will find the fact that he is poor a far greater obstacle than the fact that he is black. A fundamental fact is the linkage between poverty and African blood; many of the social distinctions follow from this. The segregation of different economic classes has happened in many highly developed societies, and is probably inevitable unless measures are taken to check it. . . . Before emancipation African blood was identified with poverty and illiteracy, and that fact, combined with the rigidity of the class structure in a society where opportunities are very unequal, is a principle reason why black skin is still linked with low social standing.'

The general economic picture was as serious as the *Gleaner* warned. The island's total imports were nearly nine million pounds, while exports were just under four and a half million pounds. Banana exports had dropped to the all time low of 1.2 per cent of total exports, earning only £47,000. Sugar was recovering, but slowly. The demand for labour created by the bases leased to the United States eased the situation slightly but the fundamental problem remained.

* * *

In this setting the island's first election under the new constitution was fought. In July, 1943 Bustamante founded the

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Jamaica Labour Party and personally chose each of its candidates. The campaign was a colourful affair, especially Bustamante's end of it. Personal abuse often spilled over into violence. The Jamaica Labour Party denounced the People's National Party as composed of communists, atheists and people who believed in birth control. Bustamante's earthy humour found favour with the new electors. He did not believe in communism, atheism and birth control. He did not believe in or want socialism.

Manley and the People's National Party fought a more quiet and responsible campaign. They offered the electors a programme of work to build a new Jamaica. The majority of the propertied and business interests backed Bustamante. Manley they respected but socialism they feared.

After years of voicelessness the Jamaican peasantry went to the polls and voted Bustamante and his Labour Party into power. He won twenty-two out of the thirty-two seats. The People's National Party won five. Independents won the other five. Of the 663,063 persons eligible to vote 389,109 had gone to the polls. Bustamante's Labour Party polled 41.4 per cent, Independents 30 per cent, the People's National Party 23.5 per cent and the Democratic and other splinter parties the remaining 5.1 per cent of the total vote.

There are two versions of the life of William Alexander Bustamante (born William Alexander Clarke in 1884). According to one account, which has gone into the record books, he was adopted by a Spanish mariner who took him to Spain in 1899. Another account says that he was in Jamaica up to the year 1908 and spent that particular year as Overseer of a derelict property owned by the mother of his cousin Norman Manley.

The first version has it that he joined the Spanish army and saw active service 'in various disorders and mêlées' in Casa Blanca and Spanish Morocco, and that he went to Cuba in 1925. According to the other version he went to Cuba in 1908 from Jamaica, stayed there till 1911 or 1912, and then returned to Jamaica for a short while during which time he got married. He is said to have gone back to Cuba and to have returned to Jamaica in 1922, the same year that Manley returned from England. This version says that he did in fact

go to Cuba in 1925, but not for the first time, and not from Spain.

He kept his surname Clarke until early in 1930 when he entered the United States for the first time as 'Alejandro Bustamanti', a white man of Spanish origin.

He has, in turn, been waiter, salesman, dietician, money-lender, police inspector and traffic manager for a New York tramway company. In 1932 he returned to his native Jamaica and got involved in the affairs of his country. In 1944, grown into a magnetic, flamboyant political personality, he offered the poor of his country Utopia; and they preferred it to the hard work Manley promised.



Boy playing reed instrument

7. THE NEW JAMAICA

i. *Busta*

SIR Alexander Bustamante came out and stood waiting behind a dwarf banana tree in his garden. Behind him, behind the low sprawling bungalow, the hills towered, slightly misted in the morning light and seeming to loom directly over everything. Sir Alexander took my small hand in his huge paw and towered over me. His face, in repose, seemed sad. He was casually dressed: a pair of old slacks, and a brightly coloured shirt open at the front and not tucked into his belt. He sized me up quickly, shrewdly, then smiled his welcome. The smile transformed his face into that of a rather raffish angel fallen from grace. His shock of white hair stood out almost on end, making a halo round the raffish angel face. His voice, when he spoke, was startlingly soft and light for such a massive body.

He reached up and fondled one of the huge golden yellow bananas. They were of a size and ripeness never seen in England. I told him this. I should see those on his farm, he said; these were only dwarfs, babies. I told him he would have a hard time convincing the English these were baby dwarfs. They never saw them that size. He let out a sudden, startling shout of laughter and grabbed at my arm. I tensed and all but jumped away, caught completely off balance by this sudden roar and quick move.

When I addressed him as 'Sir Alexander' he cut in quickly: 'Call me Busta. Everybody call me Busta.'

We were on the veranda and the misted hill was in front of us. I had the illusion that if I reached out far enough I could touch it, touch even its misted top. Our conversation began slowly, cautiously. But as he warmed to his subject Busta began to dramatize, to act out the events that had led him to power. The past came alive as he wanted me to see it; he relived it and, by word and gesture, by motion of hands, body, voice, compelled me to relive it with him. I grew tense when we reached the point when he dragged his faithful secretary to the ground, whipped out his pistol and dared the police to shoot it out. As a performance it was intoxicatingly genuine and sincere.

And when he spoke, more quietly, of his opponents, I found it impossible not to warm to his generosity of spirit. He acknowledged the great service Manley had done his union and spoke with warmth of his distant cousin. But I suspected I was seeing a very private side of Busta. In public he would be the angry roaring bull denouncing socialism, atheism and birth control. But for all the suppressed violence that came to the fore when he acted, his personality was irresistibly disarming and endearing. It became easy to understand why the electors had chosen him, and Utopia, at that first election ten years earlier. He offered colour and drama in a drab, unexciting world. The peasant could, by identification, sublimate his desire for colour, drama and defiant excitement. Busta had the personal magic that could offer the moon for a plaything and make it seem within reach.

And as we talked—or, rather, he talked and acted and I listened—he seemed a size larger than life on occasion, even in defeat as he now was. My mind kept slipping back in time to the days of Henry Morgan.

Bustamante's period of office was as turbulent as the personality of the man. Rivalry between the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union and the Trades Union Council reflected the political conflict between the two parties. In the scramble for membership the unions often acted from purely political motives. The Bustamante union tried to introduce the 'closed shop' and several workers who refused to join it lost their jobs. Inter-union rivalry often led to rioting. The basic struggle between the Bustamante union and the T.U.C. was for the right of bargaining with the employers for recognition. The Bustamante union remained firmly entrenched on the docks, the sugar estates and the plantations. The T.U.C. made progress in the urban areas.

In 1946 this inter-union conflict flared up into a minor riot. The employees of the Kingston mental asylum struck for better conditions. Their union was under P.N.P. leadership, and the Government agreed to see a deputation led by Glasspole.

When Bustamante, who was ill, heard of this he wired the Governor: 'Have no dealings with the strikers. This is not a strike it is a rebellion it must be crushed.' He then got out of bed, went down to the waterfront, collected a crowd of his

supporters, and led them in a march on the strikers at the asylum, where a pitched battle took place between P.N.P. and J.L.P. supporters.

When the dust of battle cleared two of the many wounded had died. The police arrested Busta and charged him with incitement to violence and manslaughter. A jury found him not guilty. And though the political conflict continued fiercely, the eruption of violence gradually declined until it became possible to hold public meetings without bloodletting.

But in other and more unspectacular spheres Jamaica's serious economic problems were being dealt with. The Moyne Commission had found the Department of Agriculture in poor shape. Half a dozen young men, most of them recently graduated, were running it with the help of a handful of poorly trained assistants. Out of its proposals to deal with the agricultural problems of the island, came a Ten-Year Plan. A specialist committee had found a widespread misuse of the land, lack of capital and credit facilities, a low level of efficiency, no long-term policy for agriculture, and no incentives for improvement. All this it had found aggravated by the very high level of illiteracy among farming communities. The Ten-Year Plan proposed the expanding and revitalizing of the Agriculture Department. It proposed the setting up of four administrative divisions in the department, each with a senior agricultural officer and a large agricultural station for research and demonstration purposes. Specialists were to be appointed to undertake research on poultry, pasture management, soil conservation and the canning of local products. A veterinary research laboratory was to be established. The state was to help improve farming to the amount of £500,000, the bulk of the money being earmarked as either subsidies or loans to be used for soil conservation or the clearing of new land. Six thousand pounds was provided for agricultural scholarships, and £50,000 for soil rehabilitation in the Yallahs Valley and the Christiana areas. There were schemes for afforestation, irrigation, swamp reclamation; for the acquisition of farming tools, the rehabilitation of coffee; and the purchase of property for land settlements. The Development and Welfare Organization helped in all this.

In this period the Government (again with the aid of

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Development and Welfare) assumed financial responsibility for the work of Jamaica Welfare. But here party politics did creep in. Bustamante's majority party in the House of Representatives resented and objected to Manley's membership and chairmanship of the board of Jamaica Welfare. Manley, they said, was the leader of the minority party. They accused the staff of Jamaica Welfare of having political sympathy for Manley and of using their position to influence the people. The staff denied this vigorously. The constitution of Jamaica Welfare was amended so that two members from the House could sit on the board. But the majority party still resented Manley's presence and the fact that the majority of people identified him with both the inception and success of Jamaica Welfare.

ii. *Federation*

On the 11th September, 1947 a Conference on the Closer Association of the British West Indian Colonies opened at Montego Bay under the chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Creech Jones, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Representatives from all the British Caribbean territories were there. Bustamante represented Jamaica, and Manley went as a member of the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission. In all there were twenty-three delegates.

The Conference established a British Caribbean Standing Closer Association Committee with instructions to work out ways of forming a Federation and to report back not later than June, 1949. The Conference also set up committees to study plans for agriculture, industry, the unification of currency and the possibility of establishing a customs union. The Conference also approved the appointment of a Trade Commissioner in London. This was the most positive step in the long history of the idea of Federation.

There are thirteen separate governments in the British Caribbean territories: British Guiana, Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados, the eight colonies of the Windward and Leeward Islands, Jamaica and British Honduras. These governments have a total land area of 99,668 square miles scattered over a 2,500-mile radius. The two mainland territories, Guiana

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and Honduras, account for 91,668 square miles, and Jamaica for 4,411 of the remaining 7,800 square miles. The total population for all the territories is estimated (1955) at 3,500,000. Jamaica provides just under half of this, the two mainland areas for approximately 560,000, and the rest are accounted for by the other islands. Each of the governments has its own Governor (though there is one Governor for the



Fishing in the shallows

Windward Islands and one for the Leewards), its own administrative staff, education system, customs service; each has its own police, medical and health services and its own agricultural department: and each is responsible, separately, to the Colonial Secretary in London.

The Colonial Office had attempted to cope with this problem of waste from time to time. In 1848 the tiny Turks and Caicos Islands were first put under the superintendence of Jamaica, then, later, in 1873, they were annexed to her. In 1862, when Honduras was declared a British colony, her Lieutenant-Governor was subordinate to the Governor of Jamaica; and in 1863 the Cayman Islands were annexed to Jamaica. But in

1884 a reverse process took place and British Honduras was separated from Jamaica.

The five small Leeward Islands were turned into a federal colony in 1871. This success led the British Government to attempt a similar federation of Barbados and the four Windward islands* which were then under the Governor of Barbados. But the Barbadians feared the possible loss of their independent Legislature and fought the proposal. This led to rioting in 1876, and the proposals were dropped. The success of the Barbadian isolationists led the Windwards to oppose the suggestion that their four islands should have a single Legislature and in the end they got an independent Governor to themselves. The tiny island of Tobago was attached to Trinidad in 1889.

In 1921-22 Major Wood (later Lord Halifax) visited the West Indies to study the possibilities of introducing the elective principle in the various local governments and to report on whether Federation was practicable. The Trinidad Chamber of Commerce voiced strong objections to Federation at the time. Indeed, the entire planting and business interests of the various territories were hostile to the idea of Federation; and the local peoples, too, looked with suspicion on the idea. Only the most advanced sections of the West Indian intellectuals favoured it. Major Wood reported against both the elective principle and the practicability of Federation.

In 1926 Mr. L. S. Amery, then the Colonial Secretary, called a West Indian Conference which recommended the establishment of a Standing Conference with representatives from all the territories. In 1929 this Conference held a meeting but nothing came directly out of it. And in 1932 a West Indian National League was established; but this, too, failed to find general acceptance.

About this time the West Indian intellectuals themselves took the matter in hand. They held a conference in Dominica and discussed a constitution based on Federation and full elective control of the Legislative Assemblies. But the delegates could not agree on the question of the franchise: some favoured adult suffrage, others a limited franchise. In the end they agreed that each territory should fix its own franchise

* At that time including Tobago but not Dominica.

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qualifications. At the same time the Colonial Office sent out a Commission to consider the union of Trinidad and the Windward and Leeward Islands. In its report the Commission opposed both Federation and adult suffrage.

The period of unrest, 1935-38, saw the birth of a number of political parties, trade unions and labour newspapers. In Barbados the Progressive League was established; in Jamaica the People's National Party; in Trinidad the Labour Party under Captain Cipriani and the Socialist Party under Ralph Mentor. There was also established a West Indian National Party composed of the more conservative middle-class intellectuals. Gradually the idea of Federation was popularized, first by men like Cipriani and Marryshow, and then by men like Manley, Gomes and Adams.

Other factors helped to create a revived and more favourable interest in Federation. A conference of senior medical officers called for a unified Caribbean medical service with standardized medical legislation. A Caribbean Civil Servants' Association came into being and demanded unified conditions throughout the West Indies. And the establishment of Development and Welfare gave the whole movement a great fillip. So did the establishment of the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission, and the Commission set up to explore the possibility of settling people from the overpopulated islands in British Guiana and British Honduras. In 1944 the West Indian Chamber of Commerce made, at its annual meeting, proposals for some sort of economic federation and decided, at its meeting a year later, that this was not practicable without some sort of political federation. And just before the Montego Bay Conference the Caribbean Labour Congress met and declared its aim to be a Federated West Indian Dominion. The Montego Bay Conference resolved:

'That this Conference, recognizing the desirability of a political federation of the British Caribbean territories, accepts the principle of a federation in which each constituent unit retains complete control over all matters except those specifically assigned to the federal government.'

So opened the final phase of a long historical process and a noble dream: the creation by consent of a new nation to

grapple, as a nation, with the problems of once isolated people on a number of far-flung islands.

The Standing Closer Association Committee met in 1948-49 and made detailed proposals for the setting up of 'The British Caribbean Federation'. And at a conference of the representatives of the British West Indies and the United Kingdom, held in London in April, 1953, these proposals were considered, modified and accepted. British Guiana and British Honduras had, meanwhile, elected to withdraw from the scheme. All the other Legislatures had approved it.

The Federal Constitution, as it was then worked out, provided for a House of Representatives of forty-five members with the following distribution of seats: Barbados—five; Jamaica—seventeen; Antigua—two; St. Kitts, Nevis, Anguilla—two; Montserrat—one; Trinidad—ten; Grenada—two; St. Vincent—two; St. Lucia—two; Dominica—two.

The first General Election would be held under the electoral laws then in existence in each unit; and the Federal Legislature would then enact its own electoral laws. The members of the House of Representatives would choose a Federal Prime Minister from among themselves. And elections would be held every five years.

There would be a Senate composed of nineteen members appointed by the Governor-General after consultations with the Governors of each unit member. No person would be appointed to the Senate who had not lived in the Federation for three years. And the term of office would be five years.

And finally, there would be a Council of State which would be 'the principal instrument of policy in the Federal Government'. This would consist of the Prime Minister, seven members nominated by the Prime Minister, and three Senators appointed by the Governor-General on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. The Governor-General would nominate three officials who would have the right to attend all Council of State meetings and take part in discussions. But this last measure would be reviewed from time to time and when the Governor-General decided that the attendance of the three officials was no longer required the practice would either be allowed to fall into disuse or the provision withdrawn from the Constitution.

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Two lists, one exclusive and the other concurrent, show the wide powers of the Federal Legislature: the units would have power of legislation over subjects on the concurrent list, but the Federation power to legislate on both. And only the Federation would have power to legislate on such measures as External Affairs, Defence, Exchange Control and a Federal judiciary.

A conference held in London in February, 1956, reached decisions on all outstanding matters, and formed itself into a Standing Federation Committee, under the chairmanship of the Comptroller for Development and Welfare, to meet periodically and consider points of detail arising out of the drafting of the Federal Constitution. In January, 1957, this Committee agreed on Trinidad as the site for the Federal capital, and determined on a name for the Federal territory: 'The West Indies'.

I found the most hopeful, the most exciting example of the unity implicit in the Federal idea at the University College of the West Indies in the lovely hill-encircled valley of Mona, seven miles from Kingston. I met there students, teachers and administrators, people from every one of the seven British Caribbean areas. The majority of the teachers were from the United Kingdom and Europe. The most striking thing for me was the West Indian-ness of the West Indians. In their Historical and Literary Societies and in their Halls of Residence the young undergraduates talked and thought as West Indians, without any hint of a narrow regionalism in outlook: and their elders, in Common Rooms and private homes, were West Indians, not Jamaicans or Barbadians or Trinidadians. I was struck by this again and again, perhaps because regionalism and regional prejudices are so strong in Africa.

The University College of the West Indies came into being as the result of the recommendations of the Irvine Committee, the West Indies branch of the 1944 Commission on Higher Education in the Colonies. The Committee suggested Jamaica as the seat and the other territories agreed to this. The British Government gave two and a half million pounds as a capital sum to be used for building and equipment; and the Caribbean territories undertook to defray the recurrent ex-

penditure of the College for the first six years and to divide the costs on a population basis. Jamaica gave the 653-acre Mona valley on a 999-year lease at a peppercorn rent.

The first Principal was appointed in October, 1946. The first students were admitted in October, 1948. The Halls of Residence and many college buildings were not yet up, so the students were accommodated in wooden huts that had been used to house evacuees from Gibraltar during the war. Meanwhile buildings comprising the Library, lecture rooms, laboratories and offices for the Faculties of Art, Natural Sciences and Medicine, three Halls of Residence and houses and flats for members of the staff went up. A donation of £8,000 from Barclays Bank provided for much of the Department of Education; and the proceeds from a special stamp issue as well as a gift of £5,000 by the late Gordon Miller, Chairman of the West India Committee, were used for laying out playing fields. There are grounds for football, cricket, hockey; and courts for tennis, netball and basketball; and there is an Olympic-size swimming pool.

The College began teaching Medicine in 1948 and since its foundation something like 200,000 patients have passed through its Teaching Hospital. In 1949 the College received its Royal Charter and entered into a 'special relationship' with London University, which awards its degrees.

For the year 1954-55 the University College had 382 students in residence, one-third of them women. In 1955-56 the total number of students had risen to 423.

The Department of Extra-Mural Studies of the University College has a Resident Tutor in each of the territories who works with the aid of a local advisory committee. And there is also a small group of Staff Tutors who travel about the Caribbean giving instructions on Industrial Relations, Local Studies, Drama and Social Work. I found these people not overtly concerned with getting rid of such hangovers of the 'small island mentality' as still remained. They were teachers, not politicians. But in the running of their classes they were, I think, laying the foundations for a wider, Caribbean outlook that was, if anything, more solidly based on reality than were the efforts of some of the politicians.

And the College's Institute of Social and Economic Research

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is performing an invaluable task in making plain the social and economic problems facing the area. The Institute's Journal, *Social and Economic Studies*, the Extra-Mural Department's *Caribbean Quarterly* and other publications under the general title *Caribbean Affairs* are as important as anything I know in the creation of an informed public opinion in the Caribbean today.

iii. *The P.N.P.*

In Jamaica's second General Election, held in December, 1949, Bustamante's Jamaica Labour Party was again returned to power but with a reduced majority. He won seventeen seats; the People's National Party won thirteen, and independents won the other two. But the People's National Party won the largest total number of votes—43.5 per cent to the Jamaica Labour Party's 42.7 per cent. Sixty-five per cent of a total electorate of 732,217 had gone to the polls. Manley himself won the seat for East St. Andrew and assumed the Opposition Leadership in the House. The People's National Party won nearly every single seat in the urban areas, the Jamaica Labour Party nearly every one of the rural seats.

Trouble was brewing within the P.N.P. about this time. The left wing of the party, some of them avowed Marxists, were in control of the T.U.C. The Marxists regarded the P.N.P.—in the familiar jargon—as 'a bourgeois nationalist organization to be used'. Pressure from within the party, and the charges of Communism levelled against the party from without by its critics, forced the leaders to deal with the problem.

A Special Party Conference was called and a Committee of Enquiry set up. The Committee found that 'a number of members of the Party, some of them leading members with high positions on the Executive, had acted in breach of Party policy and of solemn declarations publicly given, by forming a Communist cell within the Party and giving active support to Communist teaching and the spreading of Communist doctrines.' These members were given an opportunity to defend themselves in a stormy session spread over two days. At the end of it a majority voted for their expulsion.

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The expelled people took the T.U.C. away with them. The party found itself without contact with the organized workers. There was confusion in the minds of many; even among some of its own members confidence in the party was seriously shaken. And the party's opponents took full advantage of this situation.

But the party slowly recovered and in its annual Statement of Policy in 1952 it declared:

'We state again our complete rejection of the methods of Communism and our determination to oppose it as a political force in this country. We reject its appeal to force and falsehood, we reject the intrigues of its methods, its contempt for democracy as we understand it, its regimentation of thought and action, and its denial of the elemental human values.

We promise no millennium. We do promise justice and fair play to all, and the utmost effort to solve our economic problems and to build a National Jamaica of whom all its sons may be proud.'

The Jamaica Labour Party, meanwhile, had revised its constitution in 1951 and become more of a political party and less a one-man affair. It had set up branches, constituency committees, constituency executives, an Island General Council and a Central Executive. Its Policy Statement declared:

'The Party prides itself on being founded on sound Christian principles and upholds the highest democratic ideals. Although it has displayed a strong bias towards the welfare of workers and the less privileged sections of society, it nevertheless represents all classes. It believes in maintaining the rights of both labour and capital. It subscribes to the principle of a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.

The Jamaica Labour Party cherishes friendly feelings towards America, is pro-British; it believes in Social Legislation but it rejects Socialism as a doctrine....'

The brief period of confusion immediately after the P.N.P. split was probably the one period when the J.L.P. was strongest as an organized political party. But the P.N.P. recovered and set about recapturing its support with renewed vitality.

In April, 1952 the P.N.P. organized the National Workers' Union with Noel Nethersole as President, Florizel Glasspole as secretary, and Ken Sterling, of the P.N.P.'s organizing staff, as Island Supervisor. Within eighteen months the union had recovered most of the ground it had lost in the labour field and had won recognition in the sugar industry.

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The inter-union rivalry continued. The T.U.C. which had approximately 25,000 members when it broke from the P.N.P. steadily lost members to the Bustamante Industrial Union and the new National Workers' Union. But in spite of the inter-union fight the worker's status was improved. Arbitration machinery had grown up and come to be accepted in almost all the industries; the workers were often protected by contract, many got sick leave and holidays with pay. But unemployment continued to be high.

In 1951 Sir Hugh Foot became Governor, one of the most popular in the island's history. And in 1953 new constitutional changes created the ministerial system and gave the elected members eight ministries and a majority on the Executive Council. Defence, foreign affairs, justice, and finance to a large measure, still remained under the control of Colonial Service officials on the spot.

Both the Queen and Sir Winston Churchill visited Jamaica that year.

Towards the end of 1954 Jamaica held her third General Election. This time the People's National Party won eighteen seats and the Jamaica Labour Party fourteen. Again just over 65 per cent of the people went to the poll. There was no violence, no rioting; the two-party system, it would seem, had come to stay.

Manley's Party took office early in 1955.

8. 'JAMAICA 300'

i. Celebrations

ON the 10th May, 1955 *The Daily Gleaner* published a twenty-four-page 'Jamaica 300' supplement which surveyed the island's story since the landing of Penn and Venables. J. J. Mills' introductory article set the tone:

'So the tenth of May has come! It completes three hundred years of adventure, rising, falling and recovery under the rule of Britain. Jamaica began on the tenth of May, 1655 that career of indirection, direction and providential guidance which has brought her to the beginning of nationhood.

She has come by the long, hard way, through which alone a people can be prepared to shape its destiny.

"Long pass draw sweat, short pass draw blood."

It was the sweat mainly that enabled her hitherto; it is the prayerful sweating that will take her where she should go. . . .'

The tercentenary celebrations had started with inter-denominational religious services on the first day of the year; a 'Jamaica 300' Committee was set up and a year-long programme of social and cultural festivals launched. Representatives from other Caribbean territories as well as other distinguished visitors were invited to take part in the celebrations. The Governor of Puerto Rico, Señor Munoz Marin; President General Paul Magloire of Haiti, and representatives from most of the other territories went. From England, Princess Margaret went; and then from the United States the presidential candidate, Mr. Adlai Stevenson. There was a great coming and going of film stars, musicians, artists and business people; and a glittering series of shows and fairs. Contests and competitions took place up and down the island. Jamaica was, consciously, celebrating itself.

* * *

Theodore Sealy, editor of the *Gleaner* and chairman of the 300 Committee, invited me to a beauty contest run by the *Star*, a subsidiary of the *Gleaner*. The contest ran under the heading 'Ten types; one people'; and, with fine subtlety, the contest

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was both racial and non-racial. It was divided in different sections: there was one to choose 'Miss Satinwood', another for 'Miss Ebony', and so forth. The effect of this was to divide the contestants into racial types. Black girls competed among themselves; Chinese and Chinese-coloured among themselves; the fair competed only against the fair.

I wondered, and asked, whether the organizers would, after they had chosen the winners from the ten types, choose a reigning queen from one of the ten. No one knew. People tended to shy away from this. But this, I felt, was sheer cussedness on my part.

* * *

With Vic Reid, author of *New Day*, Glave and I went up into the hills to a 'male harvest'. We stopped at the market at Aboukir, bought meat and fruit and vegetables and then we went into a mean little rumshop to wait for our friends. They soon turned up in two big ancient American cars. Their noisy amiability soon transformed the mean little room with its two long benches and rickety table into a delightfully happy place. Appleton's Special and Captain Morgan rum assumed new quality and name: rum became 'wine of the country'. Water became 'sky juice'; the lumps of ice became 'snowballs'. Instead of asking for rum and water with ice in it, you asked for 'wine of the country, sky-juice and snowballs'.

The 'harvest' was the rich, warm, easy down-to-earth talk; light and gay, a kind of latter-day weaving of Anancy tales around themselves, the people they knew, personal peculiarities of friends and mocking ridicule of enemies. The atmosphere grew relaxed. I felt strongly that these people belonged in that special way wholly integrated people belong in their environment. No one got drunk. The wine of the country was a relaxing agency that made for an easier flow of words. Men dropped in, joined our party for a while, had a drink, told a story, and drifted out. Soon, the general talk slipped into story-telling. Anancy and the host of creatures he generally bested by his low-down cunning came alive in the rich flow of words.

Only once, and very briefly, was there any mention of a woman. Someone asked if I had been shown the Rose of the Mountains. When they discovered I had not they decided we

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would go by her house on the way to the eating place. Then someone took up the tale of the 'stupidest police-mun God ever made. Why mun, when sergeant say turn right him fall down!' It seemed that this referred to a real policeman and that there was a bitter feud between him and the teller of the tale.

We left the rumshop and made a detour to pass by the home of the Rose of the Mountains. The front car hooted and the Rose came out on to her veranda. She stood smiling while we admired her.

After a while we moved off. My friends had said strangely little to the beautiful black girl with her wonderful figure and appealing large eyes. Really, they were all under her spell, under the spell of her fixed and utterly lovely Mona Lisa smile. Quite perversely, I wondered whether she had learnt it from the films. But it certainly was worth the detour.

Our feasting place was a backroom in the village grocer's shop. Our food was waiting for us in a large paraffin tin over a fire. When we were ready, the contents of the tin were tilted into a large basin around which we sat. A dozen or more avocado pears were sliced up. Then we set to. One of my friends hacked up the huge hunk of pork. Each person took a large piece. Then we helped ourselves to the thick, greenish soup in which the pork had swum. Green bananas, yams, plantains floated in the soup. It looked an awful mess till I tasted it; when I did, I kept on eating with the best of them.

This meal, this communal form of cooking and eating, went right back to the days of slavery. In just this manner might a group of slaves have had their evening meal at the end of a day's work in the fields. Their talk would have been different. There would not have been as much gaiety and laughter, or as much meat in the communal pot. But the link was there; in the food and in the manner of its cooking. And it was there in the mind of Vic Reid with his acute sense of Jamaican history.

Later, more men joined us. The wine of the country flowed, and with it the steady, delightful, intoxicatingly gay flow of words. I gave myself up to it.

There was a sudden, torrential tropical downpour which

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made it seem that it might rain for a whole week; but it was over in less than an hour.

It was dark when we started out on our journey down to Kingston. Vic Reid and I sat in the back and talked about Jamaican literature. Glave was happy in front; he hummed softly to himself. We stopped for refreshments at every village we came to. The mood of 'male harvest' was strongly on us. And in each village we found cheerful folk crowding the streets, 'taking the evening air', talking in little groups. The moon came up and touched the hills with shadows, giving them a new, and for me, unknown loveliness.

'It began with Redcam', Reid said, peering owlishly at me. 'Tom Redcam—Thomas Henry MacDermot.'

ii. *Jamaica's Voice*

*I am in love with Life
Not with her gems or trinkets, place or fame,
Wealth or possessions or a long linked name
Just Life, barefooted through the meads of dew,
With a glad mystery deep in eyes of blue:
I am in love with Life.*

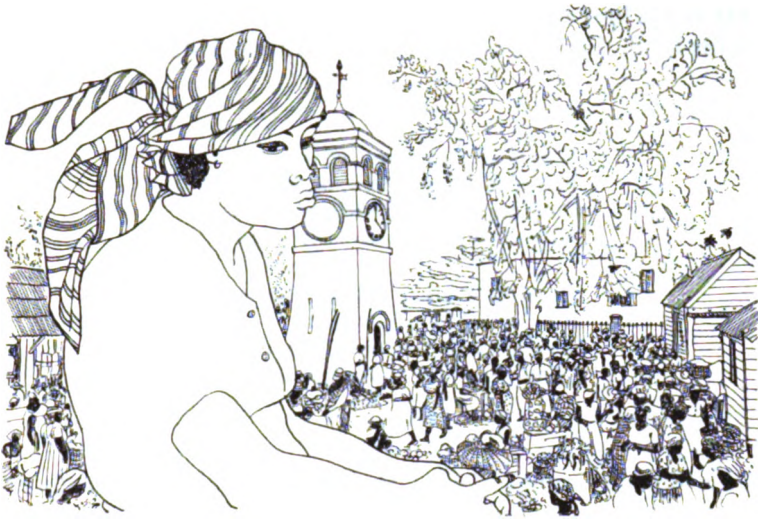
Tom Redcam was the first native-born Jamaican poet to seek and find his inspiration in the life and history of Jamaica. Redcam came of an Irish family that settled in Jamaica in the 18th century. His father, an Anglican priest, died when he was still very young and his mother had to bring up five children on next to nothing. Redcam was born in 1870. He became a teacher, then a journalist, ending up in 1904 as editor of the *Jamaica Times*. Commenting on the relations between white and coloured Jamaicans on the one hand, and black Jamaicans on the other, he wrote in 1899:

'Today we lead; tomorrow we advise; and on the day following we are co-workers together with our black countrymen. . . . It is as our actions and opinions relate to them that they will stand applauded or condemned by the future historian.'

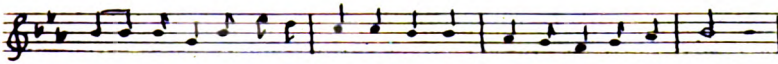
This, for a native-born white Jamaican of the times, was revolutionary. He dealt with this theme in a few of his poems.

But the political stuff was necessity; the burden a man must bear who would shape the thoughts and actions of others. He

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*Carry me ackee gone o' Linstead market,
Not a quattie wort' sell . . .*



(Jamaican folk song)



The ackee fruit : an orange red in colour,
it is used in soups, stews and savoury rice

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was at his best when he was 'in love with Life' and the beauty of his land. There was the Guinea Grass to sing.

*Who will weave so rich a carpet
Velvet-soft and green, as mine;
Gov'ring mile and mile of country,
Mountain slope and pasture line.*

*Here the Guinea Grass is waving,
Bowing as the winds go by,
Myriad seeds together swaying
'Neath the blue sunlighted sky.*

Or a view of Orange Valley, St. Ann, which leads to historical reverie in a long poem of great beauty. The introductory lines etch a sharp, clear picture.

*In front a mighty Ceiba halts
To sentinel the land,
Far as dim, distant muted tides
Wash round a silent strand,
Like clouds in dreams the white foam grows
Faint on the far-off reef;
Sound founders in this space of air,
Freighted with Ocean's grief;
And all is silent, save the wind's
Soft sighing harp of trees,
And some wayfaring village shout,
A vagrant on the breeze.
By grass-fields gold-entinctured green
The darker Guangos tread,
The forest ranks enmarshalled sweep
O'er yonder mountain head.
The westering sun, a shivered lance
Hath struck through quivering leaves,
Where a wide grove of Cocoa Palms,
With shimmering impulse heaves.
Ackees flaunt garish, gypsy gems,
Dark-robed Pimentos gloom,
Crimson through feathery leafage gleams
The Poincianas' bloom.*

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And Redcam could capture the language of a street-scene and the rage of the indignant black lady who knows her rights and asserts them.

*Why, doan't I pay me car-fare?
Tuppence—same fe we two?
What you da mek up you face for?
You tink I is frighten' fe you?*

*Because you Mudda see duppy
So put whitey wash in you 'kin,
Seems as you tink is Buckra;
You nigga man—ugly no sin.*

As editor of the *Jamaica Times* Redcam encouraged younger writers and found space for their work in his paper. One of those he so encouraged was a poor black boy from the hills of Clarendon named Claude McKay, some twenty years his junior. Redcam published some of McKay's dialect verse and helped the young poet to publish his first two collections of poems, *Constab Ballads*—the poet was for a time in the Jamaica Constabulary—and *Songs of Jamaica*. McKay was awarded a medal by the Institute of Jamaica. He left Jamaica soon after this to win a great reputation as one of the leading poets of the 'Negro Renaissance' in the United States. He had exploded on the American Negro scene with his challenging 'If We Must Die'.

*If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honour us though dead!
O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!*

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This militancy was electrifying even to the racially militant American Negroes. But before it there had been the McKay of the 'Flat Foot Drill'.

*Fus' beginnin', flat foot drill,
Larnin' how fe mek right tu'n:
'Tention! keep you' han's dem still
Can't you tek in dat a li'l?
Heavin' all, but larnin' none. . . .'*

And afterwards there was to be the aching homesickness of the exile, dreaming, with a catch in his throat, of the lovely island home. Redcam knew this exile too. In exile the white and the black native sons were united in utterance by their homesickness. Illness compelled Redcam to go to England for treatment in 1922. He spent most of his time in a nursing home and died there in 1933. From England Redcam dreamt of his 'Little Green Island'.

*A Little Green Island, in far away seas!
Now the swift Tropic shadows stride over thy leas;
The evening's Elf-bugles call over the land,
And ocean's low lapping falls soft on the strand.
Then down the far West, towards the portals of Night,
Gleam the glory of orange and rich chrysolite.
Day endeth its splendour; the Night is at hand;
My heart groweth tender, dear, far away land.*

And Claude McKay saw his self-imposed exile as winter and the hope of getting home as 'After the Winter'.

*Some day, when trees have shed their leaves
And against the morning's white
The shivering birds beneath the eaves
Have sheltered for the night,
We'll turn our faces southward, love,
Toward the summer isle
Where bamboos spire the shafted grove
And wide-mouthed orchids smile.*

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*And we will seek the quiet hill
Where towers the cotton tree,
And leaps the laughing crystal rill,
And works the droning bee.
And we will build a cottage there
Beside an open glade,
With black-ribbed bluebells blowing near,
And ferns that never fade.*

But McKay never went home. He had built up other and wider loyalties, had become, with Langston Hughes and Sterling Brown and Countee Cullen, an American Negro poet. Harlem, New York, had become 'home'.

McKay did not, as he often promised himself, return 'To ease my mind of long, long years of pain'. If he had I think he would have found the peace he sought. He died in America in 1948. The children of Jamaica recited his poetry up and down the island in the '300' contests.

By 1923 interest in poetry had grown to such an extent that the Poetry League of Jamaica could be established as a branch of the Empire Poetry League. The League posthumously proclaimed Redcam Jamaica's first Poet Laureate.

In 1924 J. E. Clare McFarlane, the island's senior living poet, who was the Founder-President of the Poetry League, published his first collection of poems. McFarlane's verse was European in orientation. His 'Villanelle of Immortal Love' is an example.

*Love will awaken all lovely things at last.
One by one they shall come from the sleep of Time,
Bearing in triumph the deathless dreams of the past.
Hard on their fair designs came the wreck of the blast;
Where they lie scattered in every land and clime,
Love will awaken all lovely things at last.*

McFarlane edited the first anthology of Jamaican poetry, *Voices from Summerland*, published in London in 1929. Adolphe Roberts, Vivian Virtue and a host of others wrote poetry which was published locally in the main, but occasionally appeared in English or American magazines. Roberts wrote as much about other places as about Jamaica. And when

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he wrote of Jamaica it was often in an historical mood: he is essentially a historian. To him a harbour is a reminder of the old buccaneers, 'The Captains'.

*A glamour of regret is on the brown
And placid streets of this old harbour town,
That wear their pride like a Victorian gown.*

*They mourn the vanished captains and their fleets,
Whose cargoes once were spices and strange sweets,
Parrots, and marmosets, and parakeets.*

Generally speaking the writing of poetry was, for the Poetry League poets, overtly at least, unrelated to the national awakening that stirred the island. H. Gillies Clerk brings to mind Keats and Shelley with his 'Ode to the Jamaica Mocking Bird'.

*Hail, Seraph of Jamaica! Hail, sweet bird!
Sweet when throughout the day,
The joyful roundelay,
Pouring through all the latticed-leaved trees is heard;
Or when pimento branches glist'ning play
Fragrant accompaniments to thy wondrous song;
Perched on thy dry twig-rostrum—
Throne of thy wide-spread kingdom,
Where thou dost rule the world with thy melodious song.*

Vivian Virtue was possibly the most successful of the younger poets in this group. His 'Atlantic Moonrise' is a fair sample of his work.

*The new-washed moon drew up from the sea's dark rim,
Naked, and unsuspecting, on my sight
Her bosom dripped, till, struck with virgin fright,
Catching my gaze, she snatched a cloud-fold dim
Across the delightful shame that flushed each limb,
Mocking the hunger in me to possess her bright
Divinity with proper, prudish spite,
With beauty's conscious sovereignty and whim.
Baffled I waited, burning with desire;
Then with such slow magnificent pretence,
As though I were not there, she stripped again. . . .
I stood like David on the roof, the fire
Of young Bathsheba torturing his sense,
Bartered, like him, my peace for Beauty's pain.*

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The troubles of the 1930s and the growth of the nationalist movement round the P.N.P. led to the emergence of a new group of young poets in the late 1930s and early 1940s. This group looked inward for inspiration, assigned to themselves the task of making their countrymen see their land with new eyes. They sought, and occasionally found, ways of making their poetry capture the mood and essence of their country. Out of this movement came Roger Mais'

*All men come to the hills
Finally...*

with its deep undertones of the island's past and the poverty of the 'proud lone men' with 'dusty, broken feet'. They did not shy away from politics. George Campbell, one of the leading figures of this movement, wrote of 'The Island'.

*They come to me and tread my soul
They come to me and take their toll
And ever am I brimming full.*

*But you digging the road
They rate you as human bull
O you burdened with loads
They pass you by, they laugh along,
They steal your ways, your words, your song.*

The freedom with which they wrote often made it possible for them to describe Jamaica's natural scenery more freshly than did those who worked within a much more rigid verse framework: thus D. H. Carberry on 'Nature':

*We have neither Summer nor Winter
Neither Autumn nor Spring.*

*We have instead the days
When the gold sun shines on the lush green canefields—
Magnificently.*

*The days when the rain beats like bullets on the roofs
And there is no sound but the swish of water in the gullies
And trees struggling in the high Jamaica winds.*

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*Also there are the days when leaves fade from off guango trees
And the reaped canefields lie bare and fallow to the sun.*

*But best of all there are the days when the mango and the logwood
blossom*

*When the bushes are full of the sound of bees and the scent of honey,
When the tall grass sways and shivers to the slightest breath of air,*

*When the buttercups have paved the earth with yellow stars
And beauty comes suddenly and the rains have gone.*

It made possible, too, Philip Sherlock's incantatory call to the ritual of 'Pocomania'.

*Long Mountain, rise,
Lift you' shoulder, blot the moon.
Black the stars, hide the skies,
Long Mountain, rise, lift you' shoulder high.
Black of skin and white of gown
Black of night and candle light
White against the black of trees
And altar white against the gloom,*

*Black of mountain high up there
Long Mountain rise,
Lift you' shoulder, blot the moon,
Black the stars, black the sky.*

In 1943, under the guidance and editorship of Edna Manley, a number of writers co-operatively published *Focus*, a collection of short stories, poems, essays and plays. In her foreword Mrs. Manley wrote: 'Great and irrevocable changes have swept this land of ours in the last few years and out of these changes a new art is springing'.

The first *Focus* had ten short stories, over fifty poems, three short plays and five short essays. In the second *Focus*, published five years later, there were roughly the same number of poems as in the first. It was this issue that first brought to light M. G. Smith's 'Jamaica':

*I saw my land in the morning
And O but she was fair.*

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This issue also had Basil McFarlane's striking poem, 'The Final Man'.

*This is the final man
Who lives within the dusk
Who is the dusk
Always.*

*To know birth and to know death
In one emotion
To look before and after
With one eye
To see the Whole
To know the Truth
To know the world
And be without a world;*

*In this light that is no light;
This time that is no time
To be
And to be free:
This is the final Man
Who lives within the dusk
Who is the dusk
Always.*

But although poetry still flourished, there were sixteen short stories, six more than in the first *Focus*. And Edna Manley's editorial gave the impression that there might have been more but for limitation of space. Fiction was coming into its own. In the same year, 1948, Robert Herring devoted the entire April issue of *Life and Letters* to Jamaican writing. He, too, could not include all the publishable Jamaican stories he had received.

Edna Manley commented editorially in the second *Focus*: 'There are signs that our people are becoming more conscious that it is essential that we should produce books of our own, and if this feeling grows, there will be far less financial risk involved in putting our writers of talent before the public.'

In 1949 J. E. Clare McFarlane edited a second anthology, which was published in England, *A Treasury of Jamaican Poetry*. And in the same year Vic Reid's *New Day* was published in New York, and later in England. *New Day* was not

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the first novel written in and about Jamaica. It was preceded by at least a dozen others, written mostly in the nineteenth century and beginning with Michael Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the Midge*. But Scott, and all the other writers of that time, were 'outsiders', Englishmen or women, seeing Jamaica as 'outsiders'. In the opening years of the present century Herbert George de Lisser, a brilliant coloured man who for many years edited the *Gleaner*, had published five novels. The striking thing about Reid's novel, the thing that made it a turning point in Jamaican prose fiction, was the idiom Reid used and the angle of vision from which he told his story. The new day which gives the book its title was the coming of the new constitution of 1944. The story-teller is an old man whose life and memory span the eighty years between the Morant Bay affair and this 'new day' of the new constitution. The story opens with the musing of the old man on the evening before the great day:

'Tomorrow I will go with Garth to the city to hear King George's man proclaim from the square that now Jamaica-men will begin to govern themselves. Garth will stand on the high platform near the Governor and the Bishop and the Chief Justice, and many eyes will make four with his. Garth will stand proud and strong, for mighty things ha' gone into his conception.

Eh, but now I am restless tonight. Through the half-opened window near where I sit, night winds come down the Blue Mountains to me. Many scents come down on the wind, and I know them all. I know all the scents o' the shrubs up on the mountains. There are *cerosee*, mint, mountain jasmine, *ma raqui*, there are *peahba* and sweet cedars. I know that the bitter *cerosee* will drive away fever, that *ma raqui* will heal any wounds—even wounds from musket balls. . . .'

And so the old man's mind slips back in time, back to his own boyhood and the affair at Morant Bay, and Gordon and Eyre. Reid has not, as he himself said, 'attempted a history of the period from 1865 to 1944. . . . What I have attempted is to transfer to paper some of the beauty, kindness and humour of my people, weaving characters into the wider framework of these eighty years and creating a tale that will offer as true an impression as fiction can of the way by which Jamaica and its people came to today'. In this, it seems to me, Reid has been more successful than any other Jamaican novelist so far, despite the fact that the last third of *New Day* falls away.

In 1950 Edna Manley's idea that Jamaica should publish the island's own books became a reality: the owners of the *Gleaner*, The Gleaner Company Ltd., established the Pioneer Press. Since its inception this publishing house has issued some twenty-one titles in attractive paperbound editions, extremely



well-bound and printed, and selling at three and sixpence. Among its earliest publications were a collection of *Anancy Stories and Dialect Verse*, *Fourteen Jamaican Short Stories*, and the collected poems and one historical drama of Tom Redcam under the title *Orange Valley and Other Poems*. It has published Adolphe Roberts' biographical studies, *Sir Henry Morgan*, and *Six Great Jamaicans*.

The first novel published by the Pioneer Press, *The Capture of Jamaica* by S. A. G. Taylor, has been their best selling book so far, running into four impressions and selling over 10,000 copies. This would be an impressive début for a novelist in any country and context. In a colonial country the size of Jamaica and with its population, it is striking.

Taylor's novel dealt with the landing of the English and the first seven years of their occupation, seen through the eyes of an English soldier who settled on the island. Taylor stuck scrupulously to the facts. The great success of his novel was due to his ability to render history into an absorbing and exciting story. He followed this with two other novels, *Pages From Our Past* and *Buccaneer Bay*. Taylor, it so happens, and the fact is unimportant in contemporary Jamaica, is white. Another Pioneer Press discovery, W. G. Ogilvie, is a black man.

In *Cactus Village*, his first novel, Ogilvie captures the feel and mood and accents of a present-day Jamaican village: there are the great co-operative efforts to clear a man's land, the quarrels and jealousies, births and deaths, love and laughter and hard work. The story is that of the Pratt family, Hezekiah and his wife Sue and their son Isaac, who becomes a teacher, and their daughter Florence, who becomes the assistant post-mistress of the village. The novel ends with a hint of the timelessly circular movement of life. Isaac has gone down from the hills to Kingston to marry a girl who was a teacher like himself. And Sue, like a mother, is weeping at home. Hezekiah comforts her.

'Her husband caressed her gently.

"Don't cry, dear Sue, don't cry", he begged.

Under stress of strong feeling he reverted to the native patois: "That's what life is. We has a chile, we love him. We work for 'im, we live for 'im. Him grow up, take a wife. Him don't need we no more. But that is how we come, me dear; and them must do likewise. We do we best, and give God t'anks we labour turn out good. Don't cry, dear Sue, don't cry."

His words were true. On this little island set at the crossroads of the Caribbean Sea, a small race works its slow destiny. Dry seasons follow times of rain; and rains come after droughts. Mad hurricanes may level lands; undaunted by the tempest's wreck, the people start anew. They live their simple humble lives with but one aim in view. The peasant's son becomes a teacher; the teacher's son a doctor. Thus the endless cycles go, each spiral lifted higher.

The present may be full of gloom, the parents crushed by toil; they work and smile, because they know their sweat and pain will ease the way for those who come behind. Their work will bear fruit in their young; for those a golden dawn.'

Ogilvie's second novel, *The Ghost Bank*, was the Jamaica Prize Novel of 1953. Neither Taylor's nor Ogilvie's novels have

so far been published outside Jamaica: nor has *Tales of Old Jamaica* by Clinton Black, the Pioneer Press' third fiction discovery. Apart from these three, the Pioneer Press has published books of folk tales and animal stories; and Dr. McCulloch's *Your Health in the Caribbean*, a clear, simple, common sense account of what to do, eat and drink, and what precautions to take in order to lead a healthy life.

In 1953 the Pioneer Press published its first anthology of Caribbean short stories, thus bringing West Indian writers other than Jamaican to the public's attention.

Of those who have achieved a wider fame than their own island, Vic Reid is still writing; Roger Mais, who published three novels in London, *The Hills Were Joyful Together*, *Brother Man* and *Black Lightning*, died in 1955 just when he seemed on the verge of a period when he might have influenced West Indian writing as Claude McKay influenced American Negro writing during the period of the 'Negro Renaissance'.

In 1955 the latest Jamaican novelist to emerge, John Hearne, published *Voices Under the Window*, a short, taut novel set in the period of the riots of 1938. The novel achieved a very successful critical press in England and was awarded the Llewelyn Rhys Prize in 1956. It is one of the most impressive first novels I have read: written with an economy, skill and craftsmanship unusual in such works. Hearne's second novel, *Stranger at the Gate*, was published in London in the spring of 1956.

This is no mean body of literature for a country the size of Jamaica. In the context of British colonial territories, even colonial territories on the verge of self-government, it is unique. And if we look at the literature of the entire British Caribbean we encounter more literary vitality than in any other British area outside the United Kingdom.

Writing is very 'fashionable' in some Jamaican middle-class circles, and occasionally this leads to pretentiousness. Reviews are patronizing at times; a particular writer falls out of favour with someone who makes literary fashion and is damned. In a personal memoir on Roger Mais, John Hearne has commented, fairly though rather savagely, I think, on how Mais was neglected till he won a wider fame: 'But there are few societies where the rule of the philistine is so absolute as in

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Roger Mais' own island: or where the philistine has greater pretensions of knowing the true grandeur of art.'

iii. *Art*

The gate to 'Drumblair' was open. I went in and walked up the curving driveway towards the large two-storeyed house. It was early morning and the mists were still on the highest hills. A policeman stood at the far left-hand corner of the long veranda; he paid no attention to me as I climbed the steps and went to the open door. The bark of a dog and the sound of a child's laughter came to me. I went into the house and felt again its tranquil and homely atmosphere.

Mrs. Manley was on the phone in the other room. The dog in its glowing golden coat sniffed at me then turned away, faintly contemptuous. The little girl said hello absently and went on with her writing. She was Mrs. Manley's granddaughter. She was busy, now, writing to her trade unionist father who was on the north coast at the moment. The child worked with the complete absorption of the young, tongue curled round the corner of her mouth. From the other room Mrs. Manley's voice carried to us—to me, really; the child was too absorbed in what she was doing. The mists were slowly lifting from the hills. I was going to miss those hills desperately; I was going to miss my Sunday morning journeys up to the hills and mountains.

The telephone conversation ended and Mrs. Manley came out to me. We talked of Jamaica's art and artists. I asked the questions, she gave the answers. She talked vivaciously, using her capable hands, her shoulders, her face even. Of all her many and varied interests art was closest, her own medium, the channel through which she expressed her creative impulses. And she, too, had encountered John Hearne's 'philistines' in her early struggles. I mentioned it. She smiled disarmingly and carried on talking, but not about the 'philistines'.

* * *

At the turn of the century and well into the 1920s a group of water colourists came to the fore. They were, generally, well-off, educated, and belonged to Jamaica's upper class. Their

work was in the tradition of English water colourists. But for all that it showed great love for the Jamaican landscape. Perhaps the outstanding artists in this group were Francis Cundall, Lily Perkins, Stella Shaw and Harry Jackson.

In 1922 Edna Manley appeared on the scene. Her art, both drawings and sculptures, were as unlike what had gone before as could be. Her inspiration came from the black folk of Jamaica and was strongly influenced by traditional African rather than traditional European art. Inevitably she ran into trouble with the arbiters of what constituted 'good' Jamaican art. They charged her with 'distortion', with 'over-simplification', with 'crudeness'. Certainly, the early work did not show the sensitivity of the later; but it showed great strength and it brought art closer to the people. Two of her carvings of this period are in the Sheffield gallery, 'Eve' and 'Dance', both large and strong, and done in Jamaican wood. One of her earliest large sculptures, *Negro Aroused*, was carved in 1937, the years before the riots. Another, *The Prophet*, was identified in the public mind with the emergence of a political leader though it was carved long before he appeared. And for poetry in wood there are her *Mountain Girl* and *Rachel*. Slowly and steadily, Mrs. Manley fought and overcame the hostility of the 'philistines'.

One of the results of the 1938 riots was that the Institute sent one of its officers to look for artistic talent among the people. This led to the discovery of Dunkley and Henry Daley among others, and to the realization that there was painting and carving going on among the so-called 'submerged masses'. An English artist described these 'discoveries' as

'outstanding, yet the painters still earn their living as barbers, truck drivers, sign-painters and so on. They have not seen much original work from outside. Vigour is the underlying quality of their work. Also they see a greater variety of separate colours than other painters. For example, they have looked at the texture of brown skin more penetratingly than other artists have so far done. The result is new but authentic. This is an important contribution that painting cannot afford to lose. Their materials and art conventions are traditionally western, of course, but they bring to their work original conceptions and interpretations.'

Out of this period, too, came Albert Huie, who is recognized as Jamaica's outstanding painter today. Huie has the

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distinction of being the island's first professional artist. He is a man without any private means and supports his family entirely on his painting. He is brilliant both as portrait painter and lino-cutter. The only illustrations in the first *Focus* were three full-page lino-cuts by Huie.

In 1942 Edna Manley, assisted by Nellie Wingfield Digby, started free art classes at the Institute of Jamaica. From these classes emerged a new batch of young artists. Of this group, Ralph Campbell had since won a scholarship and is now studying abroad; and Cora Hamilton is now working in London. David Pottinger, who loves Kingston, devotes almost all his time to painting its markets, old shops and its market women. Whitney Miller, Leonard Norvic, Vernon Reuben and L. Peterson are other artists who have emerged from the free classes begun by Edna Manley and now carried on by others.

Other artists of note are Alvin Marriot, a brilliant technician in wood; David Miller, who has done some magnificent heads, one of which—and possibly the best—is owned by the Institute; and Gloria Escoffery who is both painter and writer. Rhoda Jackson, niece of Harry Jackson, started as a commercial artist but later turned to more serious work. Her designs for embroidery have a wide fame, and she has done a number of murals. Karl Abrahams, a painter with a flair for the exotic, was recently commissioned to do a mural for the new Banana Board building. The result was brilliant. And Parboosingh, an artist recently returned from Mexico, had just received a commission to do a mural for the Ministry of Education.

The most recent development in Jamaican art when I was there was the emergence of three young people: one a painter and the other two sculptors. The painter, Leslie Clerk, paints with the intensity of a primitive. Icie Da Costa's carving is strong and realistic. And Dorothy Payne, the last of the three, has produced some very striking work. Her carving has great power and a rare simplicity that gives it a kind of African starkness.

And there is, of course, the Accompong Maroon artist, Namba Roy*, who has lived in England for many years and whose work has been highly praised by English critics and greatly appreciated by English viewers.

* Designer of the jacket of this book.

Jamaica has not done as well in the theatre as she has done in art and literature, though there is an exciting Little Theatre Movement which promises much. A few amateur companies offer London successes to small audiences but no real native theatre has as yet grown up, though quite a few native plays have been written. The Extra-Mural Department of the University College of the West Indies has appointed Errol Hill Staff Tutor in Drama. And the problems of creating a native theatre are being considered. For the 'Jamaica 300' celebrations Shakespeare's *The Tempest* was produced. That was fine; it would have been finer still if, besides this, something native to Jamaica had been staged on this special occasion, something related to the event Jamaica was celebrating. Indeed, two Jamaican writers had, in fact, written an historical pageant spanning the three hundred years that were being celebrated. But it is only fair to say that plays by native playwrights are occasionally performed. Not long ago Barry Reckord's *Della* was staged and provoked a most lively controversy in the local press.

Discussing the problems of creating a theatre, not only in Jamaica, but in the West Indies, Errol Hill wrote of how

'our work has sometimes been criticized or held under suspicion on one score or another. There has been sensitiveness in political circles about any play on a political theme. . . . On one occasion, a warning was received from the head of a religious denomination previous to a public lecture on West Indian drama. In another, certain members of a class in drama appreciation were withdrawn because one of the playwrights under discussion happened to be an atheist. West Indian plays have been attacked for dealing too much with the seamy side of life and there has been the usual outpouring against the use of the vernacular on the stage.

Oh the "philistines" with their nice clean minds!"

Hill went on to propose:

'To ensure the future of drama in the West Indies, I am of the considered opinion that it is imperative now that a small company of the best theatrical talent should be formed immediately in one of the larger islands, preferably Jamaica, with stated objectives:

- (1) the regular staging of the best West Indian plays;
- (2) every play to be taken round the country areas, recruiting local villagers, where necessary, for small parts and giving them a full share in organizing and presenting the show;

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(3) as soon as a suitable repertoire is formed, the company to tour other West Indian territories overseas.

Only when this ideal becomes accomplished fact can we say with any degree of truth that we have arrived at a West Indian national theatre.'

It seemed to me that Radio Jamaica could help greatly by giving broadcast performances of Jamaican plays, much as the B.B.C. broadcasts English plays.

* * *

Jamaican readers are extremely well supplied with reading matter. The Institute of Jamaica has a magnificent collection of books. As well as its art and exhibition galleries and its lecture hall, it houses a general lending and reference library, two Junior Centres, a West India reference library, a science reference library and a natural history museum. I found there airmail editions of every important English and American newspaper and magazine, as well as some exciting old manuscripts. For music lovers the Institute runs regular series of lunch-hour concerts of gramophone records and personal performances by local or visiting musicians.

For many years the Institute has served the island's readers directly over the counter and by post. But in 1948 the task of getting books to readers in the furthestmost corners of the island was taken over by the Jamaica Library Service under a system similar to that of the English public libraries. This island-wide service was made possible by a £70,000 grant made by the British Council. From 1957 onward the Government of Jamaica will assume responsibility for the maintenance and continued development of this service.

Through this service there has been established with the assistance of each of the Parochial Boards a library in each parish. Branch libraries and reading centres were set up in the parishes. Nearly 200,000 books were issued during the year 1953-54. There are strong demands for a further extension of this service. 'The impulse to read struck me as quite as strong as the impulse to write, and more widespread.

There is then no lack of culture, no absence of means to answer cultural needs. As well as the Poetry League, there is a Jamaica Centre of the International P.E.N., a Musical Society, a Natural History Society, the Surrey Philharmonic Orchestra.

an Alliance Française and an International Club. There are also a number of choirs. And every journalist who has ever visited Jamaica can bear witness to the warmth with which the local fraternity welcomes members of the brother/sisterhood to the Press Club.

In the daily newspaper field the Gleaner Company has a monopoly. The *Gleaner* was founded in 1834 and was for long the island's only daily. It is, I think, the best daily newspaper in the British Caribbean; and though it serves a city of less than half a million people its editorial and production standards are little below those of the best English newspapers, and are certainly better than those of the more sensational ones. But its recently founded evening subsidiary, the *Star*, falls very far short of these high standards.

Theodore Sealy who edits the *Gleaner* and is, to my mind, the best journalist in the Caribbean today, also edits the weekly *Overseas Gleaner* (which keeps expatriates informed of events at home), and *Children's Own*, a weekly sold only through schools.

The *Chinese Public News* edited by Chai Yin Sen, and the *Chung San News* edited by Lee Tom Yin are both published twice weekly. With the fortnightly *Pagoda* and the annual *Cathay*, they constitute the only communal newspaper on the island. Recently, one of the non-Chinese editors engaged in an exchange with one of the Chinese editors over this question of having communal papers.

The outstanding weekly newspapers are the *Jamaica Times* and *Public Opinion*. The *Jamaica Times* was founded in 1898 by a young Englishman, Walter Durie, who had been a reporter on the *Gleaner*. For a while it seemed as though the paper would founder. Its circulation did not touch the 1,000 mark. Then Tom Redcam offered Durie his services free until such time as the paper's circulation made it possible for him to be paid. Durie accepted this offer. Redcam worked steadily and built up circulation. In January, 1900 Durie appointed Redcam assistant editor; in 1904 he became full editor. Redcam made the *Times* an important factor in the moulding of responsible opinion and gave constant and sustained support to writers and writing. Its present editor, Lenford Nembhard, has carried on these traditions.

Public Opinion was born out of the national awakening of the 1930s and had a great deal to do with the shaping of that awakening. It was founded in 1937 and Osmond Fairclough, who was prominent among its founding fathers, was also a prime mover in the forming of the People's National Party a year later.

Other weeklies are the Sunday paper, *Catholic Opinion*, edited by the Rev. Gerald Heffernan; and the magazine, *West Indian Review*, edited by Esther Chapman. The latter is the only weekly news magazine as distinct from a newspaper. It is extremely well produced and edited. It is glossy and carries stories and pictures of the island's social set, and visiting tourist celebrities. But it does, from time to time, devote the bulk of an entire issue to the study of some particular problem such as the livestock industry, manufacturing, or agricultural development. One of its basic interests is the tourist trade which, I think, it serves very well.

The outstanding monthlies are *Spotlight*, edited by Evon Blake; and the *West Indian Sportsman*, edited by Alva Ramsay. *Spotlight* and *Spotlight Illustrated* (which appears quarterly) are both greatly influenced by American methods of magazine production: 'Here again, ladies and gentlemen, is the magazine you have been waiting for, SPOTLIGHT ILLUSTRATED. A little late, yes, but a good job, you'll agree as you turn the 52 pages.'

The Jamaica Agricultural Society publishes a quarterly journal; and there is a quarterly *Youth Magazine* as well. The Education Department has its own quarterly, *The Torch*, and the Health Department its *Public Health Journal*.

The ladies seem to have cornered the market in annuals. *Ambassador* is edited by Iris Collins-Williams; *Cathay* by Florence Milner, *Jamaica Annual* by Esther Chapman, *Jamaica Mirror* by Gertrude Sherman, and *Pepperpot* (the best to my mind) by Elsie Benjamin-Barsoe.

Perhaps the happiest newspaper editor I met in Jamaica was Bancroft McGeary who edits the Spanish Town monthly, *The Tribune*. He walked into the Press Club one sunny morning, seated himself in front of me, and tried to make his normally cheerful face look sad.

'I want to tell you something, man', he said.

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'Yes?'

'You know the man arrested me. . . .'

'No?'

'He did. You know why?'

Some of the other members of the fraternity began to chuckle and draw near. .

'No', I said. 'Why?'

McGeary's face opened wide in his effort to keep a straight face. One or two others failed utterly to contain themselves.

'You ask me why!'

'Yes', I said.

He began to splutter with laughter.

'Because I'm black!'

I knew, then, how far Jamaica had come; how basically free from race.

iv. *Buy Jamaican*

There was no escaping 'Jamaica 300', even if I desired to do so, which I did not.

Wycliffe Bennett, secretary of the '300' Committee, and Elsie Benjamin-Barsoe took me across the island to Falmouth where they were to judge the local finals of the island's National Festival of Arts Competitions. We left Kingston before day-break and reached the north coast in time for a late breakfast.

Falmouth is, today, a poor town. But all about are reminders of its days of glory. Its streets are wide. Its stone buildings are fine Georgian structures, some with delicate wrought-iron balconies. And the impressive old courthouse, built in the days when Falmouth was one of the principal sugar ports, is, to my mind, the most charming on the island. In the heyday of King Sugar and slavery the town was the social and commercial capital of the north coast plantocracy and the seat of the Baptist opposition to slavery. William Knibb built his chapel in Falmouth and from it, on that midnight that heralded emancipation, he cried: 'The monster is dead! The negro is free!'

We wandered through the quiet streets and watched parties of smiling, laughing, shouting schoolchildren converge on the courthouse from the surrounding country. Some came in

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trucks, some on foot; all were scrubbed clean and dressed in their best. The grown-ups of the town came out to watch the children.

We had trouble getting into the great hall. Proud mothers and a large number of fathers had come to see their offspring perform. And all the local dignitaries were present: the Custos, the Resident Magistrate and the Justices of the Peace. In the corridors teachers put their pupils through last-minute rehearsals. The programme announced contests in verse-speaking, story-telling, group and solo singing, piano playing and folk dancing. And the contestants came from such delightfully named places as Unity, Refuge, Alps, Troy, Bounty Hall, Freeman's Hall and Wait-a-Bit.

The Custos, the Honourable D. A. Delgado, opened the proceedings with a little speech, and the contest got under way with a little moon-faced black boy, not much more than two feet high, marching on to the platform and declaiming the story of Drake's Drum with great vigour in a high piping voice. The proceedings came alive for me when a very self-possessed young Miss of twelve held the huge audience spellbound with an Anancy story that made us feel and see the charmingly cunning spider as though he were there on the platform living out the story. Occasionally some teacher had been too ambitious and song or recitation became a meaningless parroting of words. But more often the performances were most rewarding.

These were some of the island's lucky children; those who had had a chance to go to school. For education is not yet compulsory for all the children of school age. Since 1923 school attendance has been compulsory for children between the ages of eight and fourteen in all the main urban areas but not in the more remote rural areas. There are 698 elementary schools: of these, 335 are government schools, and the rest are run by the churches. The church schools receive government grants based on attendance.

The island's school-age population (seven to fifteen) is estimated at 300,900. Of this total 207,415 are enrolled in government schools and an estimated 70,000 are not enrolled in any type of school at all. Less than half the children at school attend for as much as sixty per cent of the time. But despite this there

is considerable overcrowding. Figures from the Education Department showed that there were 165,000 school places available and that if compulsory attendance were to be made effective at least another 115,000 school places must be provided. The Ministry of Education and Social Welfare has in hand a school building programme which should supply additional new schools in new districts with accommodation for an estimated 3,950. In addition there are extensive building replacement programmes in hand. But certainly the most pressing problem in primary education is that of finding school places.

Provisions for post-primary education are, all round, a deal better than for primary. The island has twenty-seven grant-aided secondary schools with a total enrolment of 7,640, almost double what it was ten years ago. And for those able to afford it there are a large number of privately run secondary and primary schools. The real problem is that of getting schooling to the children of the hills.

* * *

After lunch I deserted the crowded hall and the National Festival of Arts, borrowed Elsie Benjamin-Barsoe's little Austin, and took the road to Montego Bay, the island's tourist capital. In part the road ran close to the seashore, tall palms fringed the sea, and on the other side of the road canefields swept away. At one point an unspeakably ugly old John Crow obstructed my way and glared defiantly as I hooted. In the end I had to stop, get out and shoo it away. The bald-headed creature glared malevolently, weighed me up and then took off. In the air it became a thing of grace and power. Known as the Turkey Buzzard or the Turkey Vulture in the United States, from which he migrated, John Crow has become as integral a part of the island as have the human migrants from all the corners of the earth. May Jeffrey-Smith, a local naturalist, tells how the American Turkey Buzzard became John Crow in Jamaica:

'And how did this vulture acquire the name . . . ? A few years before the Great Earthquake which, in 1692, destroyed Port Royal, the Rev. John Crow, a clergyman from Ireland, exhorted his congregation not to complain of their ill-treatment. His audience, however,

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was largely made up of prisoners of the Monmouth and Argyle's Rebellion who had been sent to Jamaica to serve ten years in deportation and slavery, men torn from their homes and kindred, whose only fault in many instances was serving the Royalist cause. In contempt, they named the bird, whose black plumage and red neck recalled the hated preacher—"John Crow". Today the Jamaican peasant crushes the superior snob with: "Ebery John Crow t'ink him pickney white," or "Jamaica Turkey fly high."

I paused at Rose Hall. A century ago it was the finest Great House on the island with 365 windows (one for each day of



the year), fifty-two doors (one for each week) and twelve staircases (one for each month). Legend has it that the Mistress of the Great House, Mrs. Rosa Palmer, 'killed three husbands and the fourth killed she'. H. G. de Lissar wove this legend into a popular novel, *The White Witch of Rose Hall*, published in London in 1929. In reality there were two Mrs. Palmers, Rose and Ann. Ann was the White Witch, but legend has mixed them up completely and Rose is saddled with Ann's crimes. The estates of Rose Hall are still producing sugar but the Great House is a crumbling ruin.

As I neared Montego Bay I understood why my friends in Kingston had talked of it as the 'Gold Coast'. There were large,

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lavishly attractive houses set in expansive and well-kept grounds. These were the winter homes of wealthy Americans and Englishmen who constitute the core of a kind of 'international set' during the tourist season which for some strange reason runs only from about mid-December to mid-April.

Jamaica's tourist trade dates back to the turn of the century when a small group of doctors discovered the health-giving qualities of a small cove and cave east of the town. The water there was very buoyant and its temperature constant at about 80 degrees. People heard of this and came from colder climates to seek the healing waters. The place became known as Doctor's Cave. And the tourist trade began around it.

The early trade was a quiet, leisurely affair with the same elderly visitors returning year after year. It fluctuated between the two world wars, and then, after the Second World War and the devaluation of sterling, it made sudden and rapid strides. In 1950, 74,892 tourists visited Jamaica; in 1952 the figure had risen to 104,786; in 1953 to 121,732; but there was a slight fall-off in 1954 when 112,808 tourists visited the island. In the years 1950-54 revenue from tourism rose from £2,936,480 to £5,750,000. Of the five and three-quarter million pounds earned in 1954 over four million pounds' worth of dollars were brought in by Americans and Canadians. This made tourism a most valuable industry, second only to sugar and rum.

Since the war new tourist centres have sprung up along the north coast, and Jamaicans have become acutely aware of the importance of tourism to the national economy. The Government appointed a committee shortly after the war to look into the possibilities of expanding the trade. Its report envisaged the possibility of earning an annual income of ten million pounds. But at present the very high hotel rates make it impossible for any but the really rich to spend a fortnight in a Montego Bay hotel. The lowest rate I saw advertised for the season December, 1955 to April, 1956 was ten dollars (seven shillings to the dollar), and that was for a single room without a private bath. Single rooms with baths ranged from between twelve to thirty-seven dollars daily: and double rooms with baths range from between twenty to fifty-two dollars daily. Prices in the other tourist centres were slightly less steep but were still hard on people in the middle-income groups. For

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those who can afford these prices services and amenities are excellent. Even American visitors have, however, been known to complain: a letter in the local press from one described the hotels as 'the most outrageously over-priced in all the world'. This would be of no moment if the island intended to, and could, double its tourist trade by catering for the very rich only. But it seems to me that the tourist trade is more likely to hit its ten million pounds a year target if it caters for the middle-income groups as well as for the very rich.

The Tourist Board—a semi-government agency under the chairmanship of Mr. Abe Issa, and representative of all those concerned with tourism—has great expansion plans in hand. For the year 1955–56, £120,000 will be spent on general publicity and the maintenance of offices in New York, Miami and Toronto. Tourist Board officials estimated that the 'season' which began in December, 1955 would see an increase of more than fifty per cent over that for 1954.

The 'season' had not yet begun that early November afternoon when I drove into the tourist capital. There were very few bathers on the miles of white beaches, glowing silver under the tropical sun. Tourism would, one day, be an all-the-year-round affair doing twice or three times as much good to the country's economy as it now did. That, with a little care and a little control of the get-rich-quick merchants, seemed a certainty.

Of the problems attendant on tourism perhaps the one that caused most concern was the extent to which the island's beaches were bought up and the native people excluded from them. Towards the end of 1955 the Government established a Beach Control Authority with powers to declare any beach a 'Public Recreational Beach'. Another has been the disinclination among some of the north coast luxury resorts to welcome coloured guests. On this point Adolphe Roberts has written:

'An overwhelming majority of the Jamaican people are of Negro blood. Yet the occasional black visitor is barely tolerated in most of the top hotels of the north coast, and in some is barred by means of adroit subterfuges. This would not happen in Cuba, a much whiter country. And it does not occur in genuinely Jamaican hotels.'

I found a hint of this coolness when I walked into a big hotel for tea later in the afternoon. There were very few guests but

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I was made to wait an unnecessarily long time. And the price of my pot of tea made me wonder whether I was paying a 'colour tax' as well. But these are small and, I think, dying blemishes on a trade that is vital to the island.

I got back to Falmouth in time for dinner at a local club run by a young Chinese woman. It ended up as a gay, rollicking party with a floor show and dancing. We left for Kingston well after midnight and ran into dense mountain fog over Mount Diablo. When we could see them, the valleys below were a sea of white cloud. And the mountains, all about, were dark shadows till the moon touched them with a strangely magical half-light. The sense of great size the mountains create in one's mind was more intensified for me on that nocturnal journey than at any other time. Jamaica became a vast mountainous country.

* * *

As their contribution to the year of celebrations the Jamaica Manufacturers' Association held a 'Jamaica 300 Industrial Fair'. Major Orde Browne, whose *Labour Conditions in the West Indies* (1939) underlined the need for locally produced food and other goods, would have found the exhibits most rewarding. Jamaica was herself producing the bulk of the goods she had previously imported. And there certainly was no prejudice against buying local products in 1955. I must confess, though, that I found using Jamaica matches a most dangerous operation as far as my clothes were concerned.

In red letters the Fair's Souvenir Programme urged:

BUY JAMAICAN . . . TO BETTER JAMAICA

Other slogans read:

BUY JAMAICAN . . . SUPPORT JAMAICANS

BUY JAMAICAN FOR A BETTER JAMAICA

BE JAMAICAN . . . BUY JAMAICAN

BE LOYAL . . . BUY JAMAICAN

Shoes, cigars, cigarettes, fats, confectionery, cosmetics, beer, building materials, clothing and canned goods are all locally produced today. The Ministry of Trade and Industry and the Government-appointed Industrial Development Corporation

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work in close co-operation with the Manufacturers' Association. Mr. James F. Gore, one of the island's pioneers in industrial development, expressed optimism about the future of the manufacturing industries:

'Foreign capital is being attracted to Jamaica. We have many new and large industries, including the Ariguanabo Mills. A large chemical plant with a capital of £4,000,000 is to be built shortly. Concessions have been given to the Base Metals Company for exploring oil possibilities in Jamaica.

'It is my opinion that there exists a large possibility for Jamaica to engage in the manufacture of end products for re-export to large American firms, items that can only be successfully manufactured by hand labour. Such end products can be produced in Jamaica at one-tenth the labour cost to American manufacturers.'

Of all the exhibits at the Fair the one least familiar to me was that of Alumina Jamaica Ltd. It was one of the simplest of the stands. It showed, first, a sizable pile of red earth with the label 'Bauxite, 300 lbs.' on it; next there was a smaller pile of what might have been lime or chalk with the label 'Alumina Hydrate, 150 lbs.'; next there was an even smaller pile, much finer and much whiter than the one before, which had the label 'Alumina 100 lbs.'; and, finally, there was a 54 lb. aluminium bar. On the right-hand side of the stand were displayed a collection of aluminium pots and pans and dishes, a chair and a pair of step ladders, and a note: 'THESE ALUMINIUM PRODUCTS WERE MADE IN CANADA FROM JAMAICAN ALUMINA'.

I visited Alumina Jamaica's Kirkvine Works near Williamsfield in the Parish of Manchester. A young Canadian engineer took me over the enormous works and then conducted me on a stage-by-stage tour of the processes through which the red earth goes before it ends up as the fine white powder which is exported to aluminium smelters in Canada, British Columbia and Scandinavia. The process is very similar to that used in the manufacture of sugar.

Bauxite was discovered in Jamaica thirteen years ago. Actual mining operations started in 1952, but already Jamaica is one of the world's largest producers. Three large companies operate on the island: Alumina Jamaica, which is a fully-owned subsidiary of the Canadian Aluminium Limited of Montreal, the Reynolds Jamaica Mines Ltd. and the Kaiser Bauxite Com-

pany. Reynolds and Kaiser are American companies. The two American companies ship the dried ore to the United States for processing. Alumina Jamaica does its processing on the spot. Total investments by the three companies amount to about twenty-two million pounds. In 1954 the two American companies exported approximately two million long tons of bauxite to their processing plants. The Canadian-owned company has exported a total of 135,096 long tons of alumina from the date of its opening in December, 1952 up to the end of 1954. To get this tonnage of alumina the company had to mine approximately three times that amount of bauxite. The companies pay the Jamaican Government a royalty of tenpence on every ton of bauxite mined. Many Jamaicans would like a higher royalty.

For its size the bauxite industry is a very small employer of labour. Alumina Jamaica gives steady, all-the-year-round employment to just over 800 people for the running of both its great plant and its port, Port Esquivel. Of these only forty-seven are of non-West Indian origin. The company also farms some of its 30,000 acres, and in 1954 it employed an average of 497 persons a month in its 400 acres of orange groves and herding its 4,000 head of beef cattle. In addition it lets 2,800 acres to small tenant farmers. The company has plans in hand which would double both its productive capacity and its investment. This expansion would create additional work for between 1,200 and 1,300 people.

The Chief Minister, Mr. Manley, has recently suggested in the House of Representatives that Jamaica's share from bauxite profits was not enough. He cited the case of the Kaiser Company which showed in 1954 a clear profit of twenty-eight million dollars after taxes had been paid. The Government received only 128,000 dollars. The Chief Minister told the House that he proposed to 'open negotiations this year (1956) with regard to these matters'. The royalty rate of tenpence a ton on bauxite was agreed by the previous Government.*

Professor V. A. Zans, director of the island's Geological Survey Department, gives the probable reserves of bauxite at

* During 1957 the Jamaican Government came to an agreement with the three bauxite producing companies raising the payments to 3s. a ton royalty and 11s. income tax.

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approximately 315 million tons, 'a most valuable asset to the island's industrial economy for many decades to come'.

Jamaica's bauxite deposits lie in pockets on the surface of the white limestone formation which covers more than half the island, and mining it is a relatively simple operation: the topsoil is removed and the ore is then ready for mining. Mining is done with large draglines. Indeed, I found the degree of automation a striking feature in the mining and processing of bauxite.

Gypsum mining is another growing industry. Jamaican gypsum is of a high quality that often grades into alabaster. In 1954 well over 150,000 tons were exported, and some 6,000 tons used locally by the Cement Company and by the manufacturers of plaster board. Gypsum mining is in the hands of Jamaica Gypsum Ltd., a subsidiary of the Panama Gypsum Company, which is itself a subsidiary of the U.S. Gypsum Company.

Professor Zans also reported fair prospects for developing an iron mining industry.

'Prospecting carried out by the Geological Survey and the companies concerned, has revealed several deposits of high-grade haematite and magnetite ore amounting to several million tons in St. Andrew and Portland. Two local companies, Jamaica Iron Ore Ltd. and Mavis Bank Iron Ore Ltd., have been formed to develop these deposits. Attention is also being paid to the possibility of scrap iron smelting on the island....'

On the labour side sugar still absorbs the largest number of workers. About 65,000 workers are directly engaged in the industry. They have a forty-eight-hour week and an eight-hour day with time-and-a-half for work in excess of that. Wages for unskilled labour range from eight and threepence to nine and sixpence a day, varying with the size of the estates. The top rate for skilled labour is thirty-two shillings a day.

Next comes the banana industry which employs 20-25,000 workers. Wages range from five shillings to seven and sixpence a day for the unskilled and the maximum for the skilled is twenty-two shillings a day.

The next largest employer of labour is the Government with approximately 20,000 workers. (This figure goes up to just under 30,000 if employees of parochial boards are included.)

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Their hours of work vary from a thirty-three-hour week to a forty-hour week. Labourers with the Public Works Department get from ten to thirty-five shillings a day. Clerical staff get between £300 and £750 a year, and the administrative staff between £900 and £2,500 a year.

The citrus industry employs about 10,000 workers and then there is a whole list of small industries employing between 3,000 and 4,000 workers. In most of these industries, sugar, bananas, citrus and rice, there is a lot of task work, and workers may earn as little as six or eight shillings a day or as much as fifty shillings a day, depending on the job and the availability of work.

In the rice industry the minimum wage is nine shillings and the maximum twenty-six shillings a day. In Kingston dock workers earn between three and twopence and three and sixpence an hour: in the country ports they earn between two shillings and three and threepence. There is a forty-four-hour week in the cement industry and wages are from two and threepence to five and a penny an hour. Rum has a forty-hour week and wages are from two and fourpence to three and ninepence an hour. Textiles have a forty-eight-hour week and wages range from eleven and twopence to twenty-five shillings a day. Bauxite has a forty-hour week and wages range from three and fivepence to seven and twopence an hour. Wages in the cattle industry vary from four to nine shillings a day.

One of the key problems of labour is that the industries that employ most workers are of a seasonal nature. Nearly half the workers in the sugar industry work less than half the year. This plays the very devil with living conditions.

To me one of the great mysteries was how the seasonally employed worker lived. He was, generally speaking, out of work for twenty-two or thirty weeks of the year. I asked trade unionists how he lived, how he fed his family, what he did for shelter. One unionist told me: 'In theory half the Jamaican population starves to death.' In fact they somehow manage to survive till next crop time comes along and there is work to be had.

In the old days nearly all seasonal workers had their plot of land to which they could return during the out-of-crop season. They could scratch a living from their bit of land till crop time

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came along again. But in the last twenty years this situation has become the exception rather than the rule. The result is that the great majority join the unemployed. There are no unemployment benefits whatsoever; and the unions cannot give them any unemployment pay because they are in no position to do so.

The new bauxite industry which has sunk something like £40,000,000 of capital in Jamaica employs only around 1,400 as a permanent working force. More than one union leader told me that bauxite had created more real unemployment than employment. It is this employment situation that is at the root of the current migration to the United Kingdom.

* * *

There are three main unions in the island and there are sharp rivalries and conflicts between them. The Bustamante Industrial Trade Union has a paper membership somewhere in the region of 60,000. It is the trade union arm of Bustamante's Jamaica Labour Party. The National Workers' Union has a paper membership that is around 50,000 and its political affiliation is to the Peoples' National Party. The Trades Union Congress has a paper membership of about 2,000 and its political affiliation is to the Marxist group that was expelled from the P.N.P. and is now known as the Peoples' Freedom Movement. To get the real effective strength of these unions their paper membership should be cut by about twenty-five per cent.

All three unions are organized on a 'blanket union' basis. In theory each union is subdivided into what are called national industrial groups. These are sugar, other agriculture (bananas, rice and citrus), mining (bauxite and gypsum), industrial (factories, textile and knitting mills), hotels, and clerical and shop assistants. But in reality union organization is based on the single sugar estate, the single dock or port, the single factory. These are organized on a branch basis, with a branch secretary and chairman and branch meetings.

Perhaps the major problem facing Jamaica's trade union movement is the inter-union struggle. It takes up an enormous amount of the union leaders' time and energy. The struggle by one union to wrest control of a particular branch from

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another union is fierce. And the worker sees the competing unions as supplicants for his favour. The result is that he develops a negative approach to unionism. He won't pay his dues. At the first hint of irritation he threatens to 'withdraw my membership' and join the rival union. All of which hampers fundamental union loyalty.

But there are hopeful signs. The new crop of young union leaders who have emerged over the past five or six years struck me as being aware of the dangers of this situation. They seemed to be aware that the inter-union scrap was a kind of mad race that was hurting both the workers and trade unionism. Awareness of the problem is the first step towards coping with it.



9. THE HILLS, FINALLY

i. *'Land is the Life of the People'*

POSSIBLY the most hotly debated issue during my period in Jamaica was the Manley Government's introduction of the Land Bonds Law. This empowered the Government to acquire land, compulsorily if necessary, and to pay for it by the issue of interest-bearing bonds. Chief Minister Manley, who until very recently was also Minister of Agriculture, published his Land Bonds Bill well in advance of the date when it was to be debated in the House and invited the comments and recommendations of all interested parties. The discussions this provoked were widespread and in the nature of a national debate, charged, often, with passion and high feeling.

To get a perspective on this debate I set out for the hills for the last time and journeyed to Christiana which lies almost in the centre of the island, 3,000 feet above sea level. There, in 1954, the Government had established the Christiana Land Authority to carry out a land and peasant improvement programme on much the same lines as the older Yallahs Valley Land Authority which was established in 1951.

Night fell as I neared Christiana. It grew cold enough for me to change out of my shorts into a pair of long pants and to put on a sweater. The dark roads grew steep, then steeper. A cold wind blew through the mountains. This rapid change of climate continuously distorted my sense of the size of Jamaica, made me feel it was much larger than its actual size. Up in the Blue Mountains—where it always rained on Sundays for me—I had found the coolish climate of an English spring or autumn. And I had found English roses and apples and pears growing there. My Jamaican friends had always wrapped up warmly to go up with me. To them it was 'cold' up there.

My headlights picked out a fork in the road. I had that strange feeling that whichever of the two turnings I took would turn out the wrong one. I should not have started out so late; I should not have dallied so much on the road. But this was my last journey into the hills and so I had lingered

often to look my last on much of this kind and lovely land. The price might well be a cold night out on the hills. It would not be too high. I took the turn to the right and kept climbing the steep curving road.

An hour later, when I had resigned myself to being lost, I saw the dark outlines of a man trudging by the side of the road.

'Am I right for Christiana?'

'No. You go wrong way.' The man came towards me out of the dark, looming big. 'You took wrong turning.' He peered at me.

'I want to get to the Land Authority', I said. 'Mr. Morrison.' I put on the car's inside light so that we could see each other. 'If I go back and take the turn to the left, that will take me there?'

'Other turns later. Maybe you get lost again. Better I show you.'

I protested that it was a long way for him to walk back but his stolid peasant courtesy would not be denied. In the end he agreed to accept his bus fare so that he could get a bus from Christiana which would drop him at the point where the road forked.

I certainly would have lost my way again if the silent peasant had not been with me. But he was strangely reluctant to talk and confined himself to 'noes' and 'yesses' when I questioned him in the hope of starting a conversation. Did he know Mr. Morrison, the Executive Officer of the Authority? Yes. Was he one of those who got help from the Authority? No. Why not? Silence. Did he mind my asking him these questions? No. Was he one of the tenant farmers? Yes. We were getting nowhere so I gave it up. There was nothing unfriendly; he just did not want to talk and, I suspected, he thought me a rather nosey type from Kingston. He told me when to turn, where to slow down, where to go faster, until we reached Christiana.

The offices of the authority were closed but the kindly manager of a guest-house on the hill above the offices sent a message to Morrison's home. I took leave of my silent peasant friend, had dinner at the guest-house, and waited for Morrison. The people at the guest-house would find me a bed for the night if he did not turn up.

Morrison arrived a little before ten. He was a thin, nervously

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energetic young black man in his early thirties, self-assured and with a single-minded devotion to his work. The Christiana Land Authority was more than merely his job: it was the instrument through which he contributed his own share to building a better Jamaica. He couldn't wait for morning to initiate me into the work of the Authority so we dumped my things at the Manchester Inn and set out for a nearby village where the peasants were having a Saturday night party. The story of Christiana, of the peasants, of the Authority's dreams and plans, all poured out of Morrison in an enthusiastic rush. I thought: lucky Jamaica with its dedicated young men and women who have the opportunity to direct their energies into creative channels. Nationalism, it seemed to me, was healthier here than anywhere else I had seen it at work.

As we journeyed through the dark, Morrison's steady flow of words built up the feel of the Authority's work. In all, the Authority's improvement programme took in 59,000 acres of land made up of 24,000 holdings, all situated in hill and mountain country that ranged from 800 to 3,000 feet above sea level. The bulk of this land is between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above sea level. The climate is, generally, very cool and moist and the rainfall, evenly distributed throughout the year, ranges from between sixty-five to over one hundred inches.

Four parishes meet in the area under the Authority's development programme. One-half of it is in the southernmost end of the northside parish of Trelawny; one-third is in the north-western end of Clarendon; one-twelfth in the south-western corner of St. Ann and the rest in Manchester. The area is open and exposed to the prevailing winds. There are approximately 28,000 adults—people of sixteen and over—in the area.

In the earliest days of Jamaican history this mountainous area was thickly forested. Later, cattle were grazed on the hill-sides and a measure of deforestation took place. But in the birth and boom of the banana trade woodlands and food and fruit trees were cut down or burnt away to make room for banana trees, which soon covered the whole area. There followed a period of great prosperity that lasted till the outbreak of Panama Disease and the collapse of the trade. By then much of

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the once forested hillsides had been stripped or burnt bare and severe erosion set in.

A brief boom in ginger caused a slight economic revival after the banana crash. But the ginger market collapsed in 1952. The people and the land were now reduced to acute poverty. The fickle prosperity of ginger had completed the exhaustion of the soil. Peasants had burnt away the hillside vegetation to 'cash in' on the ginger boom. When the rains came the fine exposed top soil was washed away and an ugly picture of land devastation was revealed. The Christiana Land Authority's job was to help the peasants rehabilitate the land as well as themselves.

I asked Morrison whether this ugly picture was uniform throughout the area. It was not. After the banana crash two patterns had emerged. In the Albert Town, Ulster Spring, Aenon Town, Cave Valley and Frankfield sections of the area the people had returned to a mixed tree crop economy: they had grown coffee, cacao, coconuts, citrus and other fruit trees as well as cane. In this area erosion was, generally speaking, under control. The healthier situation of the land reflected itself in the people. They were better fed, their homes were better, and they were less suspicious and more ready to co-operate with the Authority. In the other sections of the area, in places like Christiana itself, Spaldings, Bailleston, Wait-a-Bit, Litchfield and Wire Fence, where people had depended on a ginger and yam economy, the people were the poorest, the most suspicious and the most difficult to work with.

Morrison swung the car round a dark corner. We hurtled downhill and then pulled up sharp. We had arrived. The sound of music came from somewhere ahead and to our right. Instead of getting out, Morrison switched on the car light, fished some cigarettes from his pocket and settled back.

'You'll see them. But these people we are seeing tonight are among the more prosperous, those with a tree crop economy. You'll see the others tomorrow. . . . The thing is, where the land is poor they are poor too; their spirits are poor too. You can judge the people by the state of their land. If it is healthy, they are healthy and happy.' He gripped the steering wheel and searched for words. 'But if it is sick and dying, they are sick and dying. You understand, man?'

I understood. The Africans say: *Land is the life of a people.*

I don't know how long we would have sat there talking if someone had not come out of the party place and all but forcibly dragged us out of the car.

'Talking again, Mr. Morrison! Time for party, man! Time for party! No good for man work all the time.'

The party was in a largish room attached to a general store and rumshop. The room was crowded with people dressed in their weekend best. Two or three other young officers of the Authority were already there, sharing in the pleasures of the people among whom they worked. A three-piece orchestra—guitar, concertina and trumpet—made music for dancing. The management kindly invited me to the back to 'wash the dust out of my throat'. I was the visitor so whatever I wanted was on the house. At the back I shed my coat and tie. I returned to the dance floor less of the stranger, more as though I belonged. Morrison was in earnest conversation in a corner with three peasant farmers. In another corner a group of young people, strapping youths and buxom girls, carried on a loud-voiced, laughter-studded conversation. Three or four old ladies sat on a bench near the orchestra, feet tapping to the beat of the music while they tried to make themselves heard above the din. A sullen-looking young man near the door kept darting furtive glances at a buxomly attractive young barefoot black girl who sat with a boy who might have been her young brother. And on the floor people whirled about gaily. The atmosphere was enormously relaxed and happy. In this little corner of the hills there was laughter and happiness this Saturday evening.

Suddenly, the management was beside me. His hands were a clear indication that he spent more time on the land than in his shop. He leaned over and said something. The din was too great so I shook my head. By pantomime he urged me to dance. I nodded. I caught the eye of the sullen-looking young man at the door and inclined my head in the direction of the girl he was watching. The hint of a smile flitted across his face, then he made a slight motion of his head. I went across the floor. The young black girl looked up, darted a quick glance at the door, then rose smiling. She danced light as a feather. I steered her round the room and slowed down near the door. They were

all so happy: no reason why I should not try to play Cupid for once. . . .

I winked at the chap near the door. He smiled, then looked quickly at one of the old ladies near the orchestra. She was watching us. This wiped the smile off the chap's face.

'That your mother?' I said to the girl.

She nodded, rather sadly. The dance ended. Three or four young couples went out of the room hand-in-hand. I left the young lady beside her brother and went back to where the management waited with a rum and coconut water. As I passed the young fellow at the door, I said:

'Dance with her, man.'

He did, next time the music struck up. This cheered me greatly, made me feel that I had done something useful. Then I caught sight of the old lady's disapproving face. . . .

Early on Monday morning Morrison and I set out to meet the hill folk at work. First, we went to the prosperous, tree-crop area. Our first stop was outside a small village where we met a tall, lean man called Arscott. With him we climbed a steep sloping hill on which his seven acres of land were situated. In places we had to scramble on all fours. But cane, coffee, yam and citrus grew well on the sloping hill.

The land was well-cared for. Arscott had used stones to build contour barriers. He had got help and advice from the Authority and was doing very well. He had a horse, a donkey and a pig and was by way of being a small-scale employer. And like an employer, he complained about labour.

'Labour in this part of the world is very scarce and people seem to want more money than we can afford. Our people clamour more for money than for work. I'm a small farmer and they ask me twice as much money as I can afford. They want the same money as the big farmers pay.'

Later we went to his house in the village. My suspicion that life was easier than he tried to make out was confirmed when I saw his home. He owned a three-roomed house. His wife ran a small grocery shop on the ground-floor. And he was the owner of a car and a truck.

How, I asked, had he arrived at all this prosperity. His shrewd, intelligent eyes twinkled. He gave up the pretence of poverty. He'd been abroad. That was the only way a man could

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ever pull himself up. 'The people who have been to the United States for six months are better off than the people who've lived here for twenty years. They come back with enough money to buy and improve a nice piece of land.'

Going abroad as migrant labourers had, over the years, become a pattern of Jamaican life. It had begun seriously in the 1870s when de Lesseps started the digging of the Panama Canal. Later the growth of sugar plantations in Cuba, the banana boom and the opening of large plantations on the Central American coast stepped up the process. The greatest rush of all, to the United States, began in the 1890s and was kept up as a steady flow until the United States Government introduced quota regulations. Today, despite the migration to Britain, New York still remains the city with the most Jamaicans outside Jamaica. There is a suburb of New York called Jamaica. It is also a terminal point of the New York underground and tipsy travellers often find themselves thrown out of the last train at Jamaica, New York, on Saturday nights.

Some of the migrants settled permanently abroad. Some remitted money to their relatives at home. And some, like Arscott, returned with a little capital and established themselves as the more prosperous members of their communities.

Mr. Arscott's living-room had half a dozen upholstered chairs, a large polished table in the centre and two small occasional tables; there was a china cabinet against one wall and an organ and a sewing machine against another. And on the wall hung a card that said this was the branch office of the Bustamante Industrial Trade Union. I asked if he was still active in the Union. Not really. All he wanted now was to live out the rest of his life in contentment. He had got the things he wanted. If only they could get the right price for their produce! Still, he would live independently and happily till he died. 'Death is a sure gift.'

Later a few other men joined us. The talk got around to health. Where, I asked, was the nearest hospital. An earnest young man called Donaldson said it was about fourteen miles away. When people became too ill to get to hospital on their own strength (and they rarely thought of hospital till then) the villagers made a stretcher out of two lengths of bamboo and carried the sick to hospital. The main ailments from which

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people suffered and died, Donaldson said, were tuberculosis and venereal disease.

This statement led to a heated discussion about who was to blame for the prevalence of V.D. Mr. Thomas, a part-time Coffee Supervisor of the Jamaica Agricultural Society, said: 'We have appointed a man to distribute free tickets for medical



Children playing cards

attention. Sometimes the poor patient has to wait for hours and the doctor does not turn up. They sometimes address them in such abusive language that they are willing to return the ticket. Some of the times a boy or girl suffering from V.D. goes to the doctor and finds that he has to pay two guineas and if he cannot afford it he has not attention until it becomes chronic. These people know no better and they pass it on to

other people.' Thomas charged some doctors he knew with being more interested in money than in the health of the people. Donaldson and the others were not so sure. They felt it was wrong to blame the few doctors there were. 'Some good; some bad as with everything.' But the real remedy was more doctors, more hospitals, more nurses.

We lunched with Mr. Wright, a shopkeeper of Albert Town, about half an hour's drive from the village where we had first stopped. Mr. Wright was a local leader, a man of standing and responsibility in the community and a very good friend of Morrison's. The little town was deserted. I asked Wright where the people were.

'You don't find them around during working hours; they're all in the fields, nearly all are employed here. The soil is fertile and the rainfall is good, so the small man can make a living.'

I asked about the average size of holdings. It was from one and a half to two acres. And could a family make a living on that? Yes. In this area a man could support his wife and four children on that. They could eat three meals a day, be decently clad and they might even be able to put by twenty to thirty pounds a year. Such a man would work his land with the help of his family. He would be able to grow and sell pimento, coffee, yams, breadfruit, avocado pears and ackee. A particular feature of the area was that every kind of fruit tree flourished. They produced large quantities of citrus. And they made good use of the loans, subsidies and materials offered under the Authority's Rehabilitation Programme.

What about 'Morning Sport', the custom started shortly after slavery when the folk of a village banded together and spent a whole day working on a clearing or digging up one man's land? It had died out completely at one time. But the Social Welfare people had reintroduced it and it was becoming popular again. They called it 'Digging Day' now and the man whose land was being worked provided food and drink for the day. Co-operation was coming back. It seemed that people were more willing to help each other where things were not pushing them down too hard.

What about the home and the family? The Social Welfare people have been at work here too. They've persuaded the

people that better homes mean better health and so people are trying to improve their homes. Ten years ago the place was dotted with shacks. Today there are more two- and three-roomed cottages built of concrete and with zinc roofs. Not all the children are kept from school as often as in the past. A great number of them now help in the fields at weekends only.

What of love and marriage? Wright looked at his wife and smiled.

'Any mass marriages?' I teased.

They laughed outright then. A very highly placed lady had, a few years back, decided to solve Jamaica's illegitimacy problem by organizing mass marriages, with charity supplying the clothes and a communal feast. This had caused more harm than good. A number of happy homes had come to grief.

'No mass marriages', Wright said. 'But love—yes. It is like everywhere. But courtship is quick, about two weeks. The girl is usually about sixteen and has her first child at seventeen. The man is around twenty to twenty-two. They sleep together until she's expecting a baby, then, if everything is satisfactory, they start living together.'

'And that is for good?'

'Yes. They are man and wife. Sometimes it breaks up but it is rare: nearly all the time it is for good.'

'Love but no marriage', I said.

'There are more married here. They have a little more money. It is where they have no money and the land is poor that they don't: and it comes from the old days too.'

As we left Wright came out to see us off. He wanted to be sure that I should not think it was all like this area. People here were, relatively speaking, well off. They had security of tenure and the land was good, had not suffered too much abuse.

Outside Albert Town we were caught in a sudden downpour of blinding sheets of rain that forced us to pull up and wait. It kept up for about ten minutes, then eased off. The bright sunshine gave the wet hills a liquid brilliance. But the water that came down the hillsides was thickly silted.

'We can't afford it,' Morrison mumbled, as though enraged with the elements. We set off again on the bumpy winding road. As we went further from Albert Town signs of hillside erosion became more obvious. In places all the top soil had

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been washed away showing deep gaps between solid rock. The land here, on both sides of the road, was in a state of terrible desolation.

'What land is this?' I asked.

Morrison told me. He spoke bitterly, seeming to hate the very sound of the word.

'All like this?'

'Much of it is worse than you see here. Four thousand five hundred acres of it and the people are starving for land! There was no mistaking the bitterness in Morrison's voice. 'The owner is an absentee in England. You won't believe these hills were once thickly wooded. Now large sections of the soil are completely inert—a polite agricultural term for dead, barren, without fertility!'

'Take it easy,' I murmured. He had all but forgotten he was driving.

'It's going to be a long and costly business restoring it to fertility at a level capable of supporting a decent standard of living. It makes me mad! All this waste when we can't afford it. All this waste!'

'Still no need to kill us', I murmured.

He relaxed and smiled ruefully.

The owners of the property had been absentee proprietors for at least forty years. Today about half the 4,500 acres were let to roughly 1,400 tenants at a rent of thirty-four shillings per acre per annum. Of the remaining 2,500 acres approximately fifteen acres are in rivers and streams, thirteen acres in roads and tracks, and twelve acres are cultivated by the resident overseer who is employed for the sole purpose of collecting rents. The remaining 2,460 acres ruinate in a sea of land hunger.

* * *

The setting sun touched the hilltops with light here and there as darkness crept over the land. We passed peasants trudging home by the side of the road: the men carried their implements of work on their shoulders, the women and children carried either firewood, stems of green bananas or baskets of ground provision on their heads. In the main they walked barefoot, were lean and poorly dressed. They were

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representative of the majority of Jamaicans, of nearly ninety per cent of the island's population. And all about them were the hills, their home.

ii. *Green Town*

Ten miles north of Christiana and a mile from the small township of Wait-a-Bit is the tiny village of Green Town, a hollow strip of land caught between the hills. Green Town had come into being when Charles Green and his wife 'Cousin Millie' had moved from the south-western coastal parish of St. Elizabeth in 1886 in search of better living conditions in the hills. They had set up home in this hollow strip which was then called Ebdon. But others had moved in before them and there was very little land to be had. So Charles Green and 'Cousin Millie' hired themselves out as common labour: he earned a shilling a day, she a sixpence. The Greens were very prolific and by 1902 the family had grown to such an extent that the hollow strip was renamed after them. In time 'Ole man Charles' and 'Cousin Millie' died; the family dispersed and only the name remained. Today only Miss Emeline Green, a great-granddaughter of 'Old man Charles' and 'Cousin Millie', still lives in Green Town. We were on our way to see Miss Emeline.

Much of the land through which we travelled was sick to a point of being 'inert'. And on a distant hillside just outside Wait-a-Bit we witnessed the unhappy spectacle of a peasant clearing his land by firing. It was sure to rain within the next twenty-four hours.

On the outskirts of Green Town a tall, thin, light brown man leaned against a palm in a pose of utter dejection. There was a machete in his belt and he supported himself with a staff. I told Morrison to stop and we went to the man. He was big, big-boned but thin as a skeleton. He recognized Morrison and tried to raise a smile.

'You sick?', I asked.

'Me doan know. Me tired all the time. All the time. Jamaica life very hard, God of peace.'

Morrison introduced me, explained what I was about. Did he mind if I asked him some questions? No; he would answer them. But he was tired. He just wanted to rest. In a while he

would go back to work. He worked on the hill behind us. A man who had eight acres had given him a bit of work to do and there were his own two acres to look after.

He had two acres here at Green Town and his house was on it. It was a one-roomed house. He had nine children. The first two were grown up and had gone away. The rest were still at home and the nine of them—he and his wife and the seven children—lived in the one room.

He could earn a pound a week by working on someone else's land, but there wasn't always work to be had. In the yam season, from January to July, his two acres grew enough to earn two pounds a week. 'If you don't have banana for yourself and you can't save anything from the yam season to carry on, you have a hard time for the rest of the time.'

He had been buying his two acres of land for the past fifteen years. The price of the land was twelve pounds an acre and he had to pay seven per cent interest. 'Sometimes we cannot pay anything more than the interest. I have been paying interest for fifteen years.'

In yam time they ate yam, but from about June they had to buy flour, rice and corn-meal. Rice cost tenpence a pound, flour and corn-meal each cost fivepence halfpenny a pound. For meat they had salt fish at one and sixpence a pound. Beef was also one and sixpence a pound and pork one and threepence a pound, but salt fish went around better and they sometimes didn't have beef for six months. Also, salt fish got over the problem of salt because they often didn't have salt to put in the food.

What about this tiredness: How long had it gone on? And did he cough? It had gone on for a few years now. He got up tired and working was an effort. He generally went straight to bed after work. Cough? Yes. Had he seen a doctor? 'I am in deep debt as I have no money to pay my bills.' His wife had her children at home and the confinement cost was a guinea. A District Nurse came and there was 'trouble' if they could not pay her the confinement fee. The children went to school, but not regularly. When their clothes had to be washed and mended they stayed at home; also when they had to help in the yam season.

'Life is not easy', I said.

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'If I had five acres of land and not these debts and interests I could make life better. I would be able to plant more and get more. Life is the same for the other people around here.'

'What do you do after work? On Saturdays and Sundays?'

'Sometimes we hold meetings. My wife and me go to church together. We Baptists. Maybe once a month. We married 1925. I was twenty and she sixteen.'

'And Saturday?'

'Every man go to the rumshop and sit around. I buy tobacco but white rum is sixpence a drink so I can't do that.' A faint, slightly ironic smile passed over his gaunt face. 'When I want a drink I drink a little *Cerasee* tea.'

He squinted at the sun, got hold of his staff and raised himself. We'd been squatting.

I said: 'The Government is now making a law which will make it easy for you to get that five acres of land without paying so much interest. All they will ask of you is that you work the land well and look after it. Have you heard of it?'

He turned sceptical eyes on me and shook his head.

'Only talk; only talk. Always they talk.'

'It's true', Morrison said. 'You'll see, my friend.'

'When I see I believe,' the man said and began slowly to climb the hill.

* * *

We found Miss Emeline Green at her home near the foot of a sloping hill. Her home is a dilapidated thatched hut about thirteen feet by eight. This is divided into two of the bleakest, most miserable rooms I have ever entered; small, dark, dank and desperately crowded with the few beds and old boxes that pass for furniture. There are two beds in the back room made of 'sticks and banana trash', and one larger bed and a primitive table in the front room. Miss Green and her eight children live in these 'rooms'. I took a quick look and hurried out of the 'house'.

The sloping land outside was well cultivated, well cared for. The coffee, breadfruit and banana trees looked healthy. Miss Green came and stood beside me with a small child in her arms. The child was a little over two years old but looked as small and weak as a babe in arms. Miss Green was a shrivelled-up little

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woman of forty with staring bloodshot eyes. Her sunken face made her eyes seem larger than they really were. The other children, mainly bundles of rags, cautiously joined us: eight pairs of eyes that seemed larger than they were; eight stunted bodies. The eldest, the twenty-one-year-old 'man' of the family, had the body of a boy in his early teens. They all showed very advanced signs of malnutrition. Only the eldest boy's dress was not in a completely ragged condition.

'This all the land you have?' I asked.

'One square chain: yes. But two friends, Arthur Brown and Cleveland Rowe, them gi' we two square chain for grow yam for market.'

'Your husband working them now?'

Miss Green shook her head. Her man was sick, had been sick for two years and unable to do any work. He was in hospital 'from his chest'. She was bringing up the eight children as best she could.

She had not been to school, and her man, Adolphus Powell — 'no we no marry' — hadn't been to school either: and none of the eight children had gone to school. She explained, defensively, that her first common law husband, Walter Williams, father of two of her children, had given them no support so she couldn't send them to school. And Adolphus' parents had died when he was very little and he had had no schooling so he could not earn enough to send the children to school; and he was always sickly. She went on apologizing, explaining that they'd really tried, till I felt choked and anxious to get away.

The eldest boy came down the sloping land with us. He was twenty-one and he'd not been able to find work to help his family. He'd been born here. Could Mister Morrison help him with a job? He'd do anything. Could we help him to get to another country where there was work? Many people had gone abroad looking for work. But he didn't even have a piece of land to sell to go abroad. Perhaps if he could get away he could earn enough to come back and make life better for his family. 'People go away and come back after some years with enough money to make life better.'

A little distance out of Green Town Morrison said:

'Did you see the very good type of agriculture they practise on the one-tenth of an acre they own? That's a sure indication

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that, given a five-acre plot of land and technical guidance, they can improve their conditions beyond all recognition.'

He was right, of course. But I was out of sympathy with him for once. I was depressed by the miserable present reality of the Greens of Green Town.

* * *

The Webbs of Allsides are a much happier family than the Greens of Green Town. For one thing, Clement Webb, the father of the family, is at home to earn the family's daily bread. For another, both Clement and Lilian Webb are aware, in a vague sort of way, that changes are taking place in their country and that these are going to affect them and their children very much. They couldn't tell me what these changes were but they felt that there were changes and were hopeful.

I first met the Webbs one rainy noonday when the down-pour had turned the hillside tracks to slithery mud paths. I had ceased to be a 'stranger' to the hill folk by then and word had got round that I was 'alright'. So Lilian Webb welcomed me into her tiny front room, muddy feet and all.

Their home was a sixteen by nine foot thatch-and-wattle house divided into three rooms that were spotlessly clean. The wooden floors had been polished till they shone. The inside walls were boarded with brightly-illustrated magazines. There were chairs, stools, tables and glass crockery, and Mrs. Webb had a bunch of flowers on the front room table. All the rooms were used as bedrooms. There were four single beds: one in the front room, one in the next, and two in the end room. Cooking was done outside in a lean-to.

Nine of the twelve Webb children are alive. Their ages range from twenty-four down to one. The two eldest, Beres and Stennet, have left home and are working in Kingston and Mandeville. They each send their parents three shillings a month to help with the bringing up of the younger children. Mother and father sleep in the front room, the two elder girls in the second room, and the younger children in the third room. Four children are still at school and attend regularly. They all help on the land after school and at weekends. Mrs. Webb is very proud of the fact that all her children had a better

schooling than either she or her husband. She only went as far as the second standard and he as far as the third.

Mrs. Webb was a cheerfully big, robust woman who looked much younger than her forty-three years. She had been born on the Allsides property; in fact, in the very same house in which she now lived. Her father had been an Allsides tenant. She had spent a period working as a maid in Kingston but she hadn't liked it so she had returned to Allsides in 1929. Her husband had also been born on the Allsides property. At sixteen he had started out as a tenant on his own. When she had returned from Kingston they had worked side by side for a spell and then decided to get married. Their children were the fourth generation of Webbs on Allsides. 'And nothing to show.' But they were happy, and that was the important thing. She left me with the younger children and went through the mud and rain to the lean-to to see how the lunch was going. When she returned I asked if I might go and have a look. Was it for that book of mine? Yes. But would people really be interested in what they ate? I slithered across the mud to the little shanty kitchen. A three-legged iron pot cooked over some smouldering bits of wood. Inside the pot were slices of yam, some green bananas and sweet potatoes. I nearly went face down in the mud before getting back. She had some paper ready so that I should not mess up her shining floor any more.

Was that really all they were having for lunch? Sometimes they had salt fish with it, and sometimes peasoup as well. What about supper? It would be the same. For breakfast they had bustea or coffee and bread. Every day of the week? No. On Sundays they had beef or mutton and rice as well as yams and bananas and cocos. Sunday dinner time was when they had meat.

The children went regularly to church and Sunday School. Mrs. Webb attended the Baptist church but Mr. Webb only went to 'ninth night' ceremonies. 'Ninth night' is a direct link with the days of slavery. When someone dies the villagers gather in the home of the dead and stage a series of activities that culminate in a big celebration on the ninth night, when there is eating, drinking and dancing and playing of games as well as the singing of hymns and the reading of the Bible. In this manner the other villagers comfort the bereaved family,

reduce the importance of death and help the departed spirit on its way.

Clement Webb arrived in the middle of our discussion of 'ninth night'. He was wet through, but they all took it as a matter of course and he didn't bother to change. Yes, he'd heard about me from some of the others. I realized then how hard it would be to get anywhere for someone who had made a wrong start with the hill folk. What was it I wanted to know? While his wife got the food ready we talked, the youngest child riding its father's knee.

Webb was a year older than his wife: big and with a deliberate peasant stolidity about him. He weighed his words carefully and I could almost see his brain ticking over before he spoke.

He rented three acres of land altogether: but in five separate pieces. There was the quarter-acre piece on which the house stood: then there were two half-acre pieces, each half a mile away from the house but not in the same direction: next there was a three-quarter-acre piece about three-quarters of a mile away; and a one-acre piece a mile and a half away. Yes, he paid the usual thirty-four shillings per acre per annum. Wouldn't he have preferred to have his land in one parcel? You have to take what you can get. He had one pig, one dog and one donkey. He grew yams, bananas, peas, cassava and other food crops. His average income was £150 a year. His wife generally made about five pounds a year from 'higgling'.

Yes, he'd been born here, he'd grown up here, he'd worked here all his life: and not even a decent house to show for it.

I chose my words carefully and said the Christiana Land Authority people had told me he and the other tenants on Allsides refused to take their advice about taking care of the soil. He admitted it frankly. It was true. But why should they make another man's land good for him. He had spent all his life on this land, his mother and father had spent all their lives here, and his wife and her people too. But they had nothing to show for it. Other people benefited from their work. That's why he wouldn't build a proper house.

He told me the story of a man who had put up a fine brick house. The man had fallen ill and been unable to pay one quarter's rent. He had been driven off the land and the owners

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of the land had benefited from the house he had built with his hands and sweat and money. They were working hard enough to pay the rent to others, no reason why they should make improvements which others would enjoy without bending their backs once. If it were his land, or if he were sure he would not be driven off it, then he would be willing to do what the Government Agricultural Officers wanted him to do. But there was no reason to go on making things fine and finer for other people to enjoy. They'd been doing that for a long time, but things would be changing. It was time. He and his wife had worked hard to give their children a better schooling than they'd had themselves. He wanted the younger ones, and his wife, to be in a better house than this.

Had he, I asked, heard about the Government's Land Bonds Law?

No. What was it? I explained as best I could. He nodded. Yes: it was time.

Lilian Webb brought in the food and wrung my heart by wanting me to share the little they had.

* * *

These people, the Greens and the Webbs, were representative of hundreds of families I had met in the hills and whose warmth and friendliness had compelled a responding warmth from me. They were, too, a challenge: the conditions under which they lived was the challenge that had brought forth the great debate down in the plains.

iii. *The Debate*

The House of Representatives was crowded. It was, in any case, too small for the number of people it now had to accommodate: there was not enough room in the visitors' gallery: the press gallery was congested and uncomfortable. Plans were in hand for the erection of a new House. I had seen an exciting model. But for all its small size there was no mistaking its atmosphere as a democratic debating chamber.

The Government Ministers—Florizel Glasspole, Minister of Labour and Leader of the House, sat on the left of Chief Minister Manley; Noel Nethersole, Minister of Finance, Dr.

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Ivan Lloyd, Minister of Education and Social Welfare, A. G. St. C. Coombs, Minister of Communications and Works, Dr. G. L. Logan, Minister of Local Government and Housing, and C. L. A. Stuart, Minister of Health, all sat on the right of the Chief Minister—and their supporters sat on the right of the bewigged Speaker. The Opposition, clustered about the figure of Sir Alexander Bustamante and his deputy, Mr. Edwin Allen, sat to the left of the Speaker.

After question time the Chief Minister rose, moved the second reading of the Land Bonds Bill, and spoke to his motion. He spoke quietly, with hardly any gestures; rarely raising his voice above the pitch of ordinary conversation. After he had spoken for forty-five minutes one of his fellow Ministers moved that he be given another thirty minutes.

Mr. Manley began:

'Mr. Speaker, this Bill brings to its last stage a matter that has agitated Jamaica for the last sixteen years. I will subsequently give a short review of the history of the measure. Suffice it to mention now that it first became a topic of active discussion as far back as 1939 when a Government Board recommended such a measure be brought forward.

I have adopted a procedure with regard to this Bill of making months ago an advance announcement of Government's intention to enact such a measure, with a short explanatory statement, and as a result of the considerable public attention that it attracted—and I welcome public attention—we thought it right to publish the Bill itself and a much fuller statement of its origins, aims and intentions, and the manner in which it would be operated, so as to give the public the widest possible opportunity of criticism, recommendation, condemnation or what you will, before the measure was introduced into the House. Care was taken as well to send advance copies to all the members of the Opposition so that it could not be suggested that they had not more than ample opportunity to consider its terms and to come here today prepared to adopt them. It has proved a very interesting exercise, this pre-publication and invitation of criticism and comment. For, in addition to newspaper articles which have appeared, some of which have been laudatory in the extreme, more of which had been dubious, some of which have been condemnatory; some of which have been well-informed, some less well-informed, and some, if I may say so, just plain stupid—in addition to all these things, I have received a considerable number of written communications, some from organizations of great repute and more or less conservative outlook, and some from individuals who have been concerned to make useful and sensible suggestions.'

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The Chief Minister then went on to say that the communications he had received had led to three or four important modifications of the original proposals. He then traced the history of the measure and in the course of it firmly scotched the 'nonsense about Socialism and Nationalization' put forward by some critics of the measure. Some people were opposing it simply because it was the present Government which was bringing it in, but

'it is interesting to note that the acquisition of land was a measure brought forward by a Conservative Government in England, and not by a Socialist Government; nor was it in aid of nationalization, but, on the contrary, in aid of the better distribution of land. And that is precisely what started off this topic in Jamaica in 1939; because it was in 1939, when people were thinking with some boldness and some willingness to try new things—a willingness which I hope will never die out of the land and be overcome by timidities and fears about nothing—that a Government body known as the Food Production Board, a board deeply concerned with the need to get the best use made of the land of Jamaica, and entirely liberal and conservative in constitution, advocated that all acquisition of land by Government for land settlement should be by Land Bonds, and that Government should have the right to resort to Land Bonds as far as it required to do so.'

Sir Alexander Bustamante interjected to describe the measure as 'robbery without violence'. The Chief Minister retorted that in 1944 a Committee composed of the Island Treasurer, the Chairman of Committee, the Director of Agriculture and the Commissioner of Lands, among others, had recommended that it should be compulsory for Government to acquire land by Land Bonds. 'You will go far to find a more respectable-sounding body of vagabonds in the history of this country. . . .'

By 1961 the population would, at the present rate of increase, be 1,800,000, and in ten years' time it would exceed 2,000,000. And when the World Bank set out its programme of expenditure of from twenty to thirty million pounds and tried to estimate what it would have achieved at the end of it, a careful reading showed that the problem would merely have been kept up with: that there would be the same problem of unemployment, the same problem of unequal resources.

'The consequence of these circumstances is that the need for money

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is going to be increasingly apparent with every passing year. Already today—and it has been so for years past—there is a clamour for money for every sort of purpose. You have only to sit and listen to a Budget Session of this House, and listen to the insistent talk of districts needing roads; the need for the improvement of the roads here and there which everybody is talking about; the demand for the extension of hospital services; the discovery that after ten years of very sincere effort to expand the educational services there is still a steadily growing need for further expansion, and still a large claim on the capital resources of this country; the demand, too, for medical and health services—all without touching the basic development of the country. In the face of all these things how can anybody—as many critics of this measure have dared to do—how can anybody say that Government cannot establish a need for the raising of money at this time by Land Bonds! I see people who pretend to be arguing honestly daring to say that the basic objection to the measure, which would be perfectly all right for Government had the need to raise money existed, is that there is no need. I cry shame on them, and I say they are either stupid or dishonest. . . . If we can avail ourselves by recourse to the credit of the country for the means to tackle urgent problems of development it is our solemn and bounden duty to do it; and there must be a time when people will realize that the needs of the country as a whole have some say in the affairs of Government. . . .

The original proponents of the idea that underlies this measure had advocated that all land acquired by Government for land settlement should be acquired by Land Bonds compulsorily. Maybe they were right, but this is a much more restricted proposal. There is something to be said against the acquisition of land which is being fruitfully put to use by compulsory purchase at all. There is something to be said for it, and therefore even more to be said against compulsory purchase by bonds; and it is not proposed to apply the Law to any but two limited categories of land, which in both cases involve a problem of critical and vital importance.

One is the category of lands substantially used for renting to tenants; the other is the undeveloped land in a development area.'

There was a lot more: all spoken quietly, calmly but firmly and lucidly.

When the Chief Minister sat down the Leader of the Opposition rose to express his 'almost global objection to this Bill'. This was a gay and rollicking speech in which the manufacture of brooms, gilt-edged securities and everything else came in. Towards the close of his speech, Sir Alexander said:

'When I sat and listened to the Learned Chief Minister, the eminent barrister, I wondered if he thought that he was convincing us over here. If my Friend had a good cause I could just say "No". If my

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Friend, the Chief Minister, had a good cause, he would not have to speak an hour or more. He would have come to the point, but this is what he did. Great lawyers and great minds work like his mind and mine. The Chief Minister attempted to convince, not me, but others. . . .'

Mr. Wills Isaacs: 'Ken and Barry.'

Sir Alexander: 'Yes. He attempted to convince others that the recommendations were made regarding these land bonds—which is true—by boards. I was a member of one of these boards but I got so sick of it I only went twice. I would not agree to take away people's land by force. I went twice and when the recommendations came to me I put them on the shelf.'

Mr. Manley: 'Then why did you sign the report?'

Sir Alexander: 'I signed it with a protest.'

Mr. Manley: 'Not about that.'

Sir Alexander: 'I signed about something then.'

Mr. Manley: 'I know, but not that. Speak the truth. Why did you sign the report?'

Sir Alexander: 'I don't know; I cannot write. It was said during Election they have to hold my hand to sign.'

Dr. Ivan Lloyd: 'Nobody held it that time.'

Sir Alexander: 'I learned to write.'

And so the debate went on: rollickingly gay at times; earnest and angry at others: a combination of levity and high earnestness that people unused to real democratic procedure find so hard to understand. But really, the speech of the day was the Chief Minister's quiet, closely reasoned factual statement. It overshadowed all that followed from both sides of the House.

* * *

The Land Bonds Bill became law shortly afterwards. The first property acquired under the new law was Allsides. For the Greens of Green Town, the Webbs of Allsides and all the other folk of the hills this will, I think, prove the most important event since the abolition of slavery and the end of apprenticeship.

iv. *Departure*

Many Jamaicans called 1955 the year of decision. And Norman Washington Manley had been at the centre of things since his Government had taken office at the beginning of the year. He had presided over the heaviest legislative programme in any one year. He had been to Britain and America on his country's

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business and he was getting ready to lead the Jamaican delegation to the final conference on Federation..

We sat on the quiet veranda, not talking much: there really was no need to talk. I had just come to take leave of someone I had grown to admire greatly.

There was an air of tranquillity about him in repose, almost an air of sadness. But that was only till he smiled. He is the complete opposite of his cousin, Sir Alexander Bustamante, in everything except one respect: they both have tremendous personal charm. But Manley's is quiet, not flamboyant in the least.

Manley was born in the parish of Manchester in 1893 of mixed English and Negro descent. His father was a small merchant who died early, and his mother had to pinch and scrape to give her children a decent education. After elementary school he went to Jamaica College where he was both an outstanding scholar and athlete. He set up a record of ten seconds for the Inter-scholastic 100 yards which stood from 1911 till 1952. From 1913 to 1914 he taught in a number of elementary schools on the Island. In 1914 he was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship and went to Oxford. The First World War intervened and he saw active service with the Royal Field Artillery, winning the Military Medal. After the war he returned to Oxford and completed his law studies. He was called to the Bar in 1921 and in the same year married Edna Swithenbank. They returned to Jamaica in 1922.

Almost immediately he sprang into prominence as a lawyer. There is a story that whenever anyone was arrested and told he could have a lawyer the immediate reply always was:

'Me want Mister Manley, sahl'

And there is the saying,

'If you want a lawyer, fly to Manley; if Manley's on the other side, fly to Cuba.'

Manley appeared in every big civil or criminal case from 1923 onwards until he gave up his law practice on becoming Chief Minister. His fame as a barrister spread far beyond the confines of the Caribbean. I first met him in 1946 when he came to Britain to defend a Jamaican on a murder charge. He won the man's acquittal at the Manchester Assizes.

JAMAICA

Jamaica Welfare was only one of a large number of undertakings in which he took an active and important part. His interest in sport is very great. He has been president of Jamaica's Olympic Association and was largely responsible for her sending a team to the Empire Games in Britain in 1934: he has also been president of the Jamaica Boxing Board of Control. He has, at one time or another, been on almost every single public advisory board and committee in his country. Music is his especial love; and his interest in art and literature has encouraged Jamaican artists and writers almost as much as his wife's interest. Personally, I know of only two other politicians with as deep an interest in the arts as Manley: Churchill and Nehru.

We went on talking quietly. He was pleased with my reaction to the racial situation. They had basically solved the problem of race here. But there were many other problems: poverty was very real and something had to be done. Much had been done but there was much more to do. He was optimistic about Federation too. He'd been told that I had fallen in love with Jamaica? Yes. He turned a beaming face on me. . . .

Some people came in. The local branch of the P.N.P. was holding a committee meeting at the house. We made way for them. I left him feeling Jamaica and the West Indies were very fortunate in having his quiet and sound leadership in this moment of their history.

* * *

The lady who had urged me to see Kingston from the Warieka Hills after dark had been right. The city was a lovely twinkling toy from up there. And beyond the city was the sea, lit by the moon. And around me were the dark and friendly hills. And all about me were the noises of the creatures of the bush. But it was a friendly bush: there were no snakes to fear. I sat on a rock and looked down on the city for a long time. This was my last night. In the morning I would leave Jamaica. And in the leaving I would die a little, was already dying a little. I had come as a stranger. I was leaving with the painful parting wrench of a lover.

I had been born and brought up in a multi-racial society where the present was ugly and the future promised to be

THE HILLS, FINALLY

uglier. There the problems of race and colour, perhaps the key problems of our century, were so riddled with fear and hate that they seemed beyond any but the most terrible and bloody solution.

In Jamaica, and in my exploring of its past and its problems, I had seen the solution of that problem. The Jamaicans had lived out the multi-racial problem and were now reaching a stage where race and colour did not matter, only a person's worth as a person. In this they are far ahead of most of the rest of the world; have much to teach the rest of the world.

After an hour I left the hills and went down into the city. Glave, Fleming, Morrison and all my other friends had gathered for a farewell party. And in the morning there was the journey back in time and space.

APPENDIX A

C. D. & W. Assistance

(From 1st April, 1941 to 31st December, 1956)

THIS list of Development and Welfare Schemes includes several administered by the Government of Jamaica for the benefit of the West Indies as a whole: e.g. some of the grants in favour of the University College of the West Indies. Jamaica has of course profited from other allocations made for the general benefit of the West Indies and therefore not listed here, including other and larger grants for the establishment of the University College. Schemes in favour of the Jamaican dependencies are not listed.

DEVELOPMENT SCHEMES

(Administered by Jamaica)

1. GRANTS

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
D 13 + A-E	Provision of minor amenities	£ 6,436
D 83 A	Survey of springs and streams	528
D 83 (B)	Major water supply schemes	{ 3,000
" " A		{ 3,000
" " B		{ 3,000
D 89	Yaws control	48,990
" A		
D 113	Malaria control	28,644
D 121	Afforestation	152,836
D 129 + A	Supervisors of P. T.	4,200
D 130	Probation officer	{ 4,100
" A		{ 1,250
" B		{ 2,730
D 131	Improvements of the Port of Kingston	{ 2,444
" A		{ 746
D 132	Modern farm prison	53,072
" A		
D 133	Boy Scouts' organization	7,500
D 140	Play centres for children	1,829
D 147	Stationery for public elementary schools	41,733
D 148	Training centres	6,864
D 153	Vital statistics	{ 7,500
" A		{ 2,000
" B		{ 3,500

JAMAICA

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
		£
D 154	Broadcasting service	808
D 158 } " A }	Education in connection with agricultural credit	13,842
D 162 } " A }		6,500
" B }	Social welfare officer	3,810
		8,404
D 163	Bridle road to Maroon Settlement	1,880
D 171	Playgrounds for public elementary school	1,869
D 180	Children's Homes	2,742
D 182	Rural health	46,440
D 184 } " A }	Reform of local government	3,875
D 200 A: B: C	Training of subordinate personnel	2,572
D 201 + A-C	Technical assistance	5,471
D 209 } " A }	Public health training centre	15,100
		41,508
D 219	Library facilities for Institute of Jamaica	2,574
D 231 } " A }	Social welfare services	10,450
		2,000
D 236 } " A }	Facilities at Palisadoes Airfield	143,174
" B }		
D 240	Animal Dispensary Hospital	1,455
D 243	I.C.T.A. scholarships	8,100
D 248 } " A }	Staff for C. D. and W. schemes	17,000
		8,034
D 251	Higher training of surveyors	2,506
D 255 } " A }	Water supplies	67,659
D 278 } " A }	Deputy Director of Prisons	4,526
" B }		
D 286 } " A }	School building—Education Dept.	11,100
		252
D 297 } " A }	Agricultural development	525,000
		380,000
D 303	Social welfare	149,098
D 305 } " A }	4H. Club work in the West Indies	6,666
" B }		
D 306	4H. Club work	30,115
D 316	Scholarships for W. Indian medical students	32,400
D 319	Housing for school teachers	50,000
D 333 + A: B	Training of West Indians	6,770
D 358	Social welfare course	5,731
D 364 } " A }		500,000
" B }	School buildings	100,000
" C }		100,000
		200,000
D 367	Medical scholarships	2,512

APPENDIX A

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
D 378 } " A }	Social science course in U.K.	{ 920 23
D 409	Secretary for Development	3,873
D 436 (a) } " A } " B }	Social science course in London	{ 2,110 100 150
D 444	Agricultural centre	300,653
D 458	Rail and road transport	1,200
D 477 } " A }	Coffee rehabilitation	{ 63,550 9,200
D 485	Health education	9,165
D 519	Educational planning officer	3,758
D 522	Social welfare training course	4,766
D 527 } " A } " B }	Housing development schemes	{ 100,000 100,000 100,000
D 533	Town planning offices	5,126
D 541	Medical scholarships	3,398
D 550	Land settlement	11,309
D 601	Agricultural subsidies	477
D 633 } " B } " C }	East Caribbean census	{ 378 18,650 700
D 634 } " A } " B }	Hospital construction	{ 54,000 15,495 2,943
D 642 } " A }	Statistics bureau	{ 4,080 60
D 671 } " A } " B }	Social welfare course	{ 5,427 201 300
D 695	Training of surveyors at Toronto	1,770
D 717 } " A }	Establishment of the University College of the West Indies	10,009
D 741	Rainwater tanks	65,000
D 748 } " A }	Domestic water supply	{ 6,103 1,165
D 756 } " A }	Social welfare course	5,689
D 779 } " A } " B }	Scientific equipment for the University College of the West Indies	{ 15,265
D 785 } " A } " B }	Geological map of the Kingston district	{ 190 211 100
D 831	Books for U.C.W.I.	5,813
D 852	Medical equipment for Medical School	16
D 863 } " A }	Furnishing of students' residences	5,766

JAMAICA

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
		£
D 872	Erection of permanent buildings	19,756
D 873	Exploratory boreholes	{ 15,000
" A		{ 15,000
D 880		{ 40,000
" A	Water supply	{ 40,000
" B		{ 30,000
D 900	Allc. to Capt. J. C. Z. Zond	514
D 908	Reconstruction of Gibraltar Camp	19,018
" A		
D 909	Teaching hospital	9,783
D 937	Domestic water supply	{ 22,850
" A		{ 1,400
" B		{ 2,800
D 960	Social welfare course	{ 1,000
" A		{ 4,740
D 984		{ 41,450
" A	Geological survey	{ 3,460
D 985		{ 35,075
" A		{ 900
" B	District water supplies	{ 8,200
" C		{ 3,000
D 999	Canning plant	20,749
D 1011	Hospital in Spanish Town	{ 97,690
" A		{ 26,111
D 1012	District water supplies	3,900
D 1027	" " "	{ 4,000
" A		{ 1,000
D 1038		{ 4,646
D 1039	Building materials	4,646
" A	Engineering consultants	555
D 1069	Boy Scout Movement	2,250
D 1090	Rainwater storage tanks	72,500
D 1108	Training	1,672
D 1125	Stationery for elementary schools	31,250
D 1144	Yaws control	42,512
D 1145	District water supply	{ 14,650
" A		{ 4,490
D 1146		{ 6,000
" A	" " "	{ 550
D 1147		{ 5,900
D 1149		{ 20,714
D 1167	Rural health	20,714
	Salvation Army Institute for the Blind	12,500
D 1169	Social welfare	{ 31,000
" A		{ 9,050
" B		{ 64,450
D 1186	State aid to Agriculture	285,000
D 1214	Playgrounds for elementary schools	5,000
D 1216	Hospital	{ 98,475
" A		{ 24,619

APPENDIX A

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
D 1227	District water supply	£ 2,250
" A		407
D 1228	" " "	8,500
" A		12,900
" B		4,125
D 1237	Prevention of cruelty to animals	4,000
D 1244	District water supplies	51,450
" A		9,450
D 1245	" " "	52,500
" A		13,125
D 1253	Co-operative societies	50,737
D 1260	Water supply scheme	36,750
" A		8,500
D 1261	" " "	3,750
" A		5,000
" B		956
D 1264	Fisheries development	20,830
D 1268	Site for hospital	7,875
D 1275	Juvenile prison camp	4,597
D 1276	Boy Scouts' Associations	7,500
D 1277	Water supply scheme	11,150
" A		8,000
D 1308	Dept. of Agriculture	100,000
" A		100,000
" B		100,000
D 1357	Infant play centres	7,000
D 1387	4H. Club movement	33,318
D 1414	Water supply scheme	3,125
" A		335
D 1415	Supply scheme	5,200
" A		1,955
D 1419	Special programme service	15,800
" A		425
" B		310
D 1453	Housing in rural areas	128,333
D 1472	Water supply	16,275
D 1480	Rainwater tanks	82,500
" A		34,500
D 1489	Town planning dept.	24,033
D 1523	Health centre dispensaries	36,967
D 1524	Water supply	6,560
D 1541	Forestry service	136,361
D 1543	Industrial development committee	9,410
" A		
D 1560	Domestic water supplies	4,850
" A		438
D 1574	Water supply	1,750
D 1594	" "	17,500
" A		7,500
D 1595	" "	38,740
" A		15,984

JAMAICA

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
		£
D 1596 } " A }	Water supply—domestic	{ 8,840
D 1597 } " A }	" "	{ 1,950
D 1628	Anti-tuberculosis	2,700
D 1630	Domestic water supply	1,250
D 1639	Marketing of handicrafts in U.S.A.	55,777
D 1653	Straw goods industry	2,500
D 1662	Water supply	310
D 1773	Falmouth Hospital	8,851
D 1806	Social welfare course	3,396
D 1897	Water supply	127,575
D 1942	Geological survey	4,000
D 1982 } " A }	Research into animal nutrition	{ 3,852
D 2027 } " A }	District water supply	{ 28,125
D 2042	Agricultural training centre	6,243
D 2050	Domestic water supply	2,573
D 2051	Water supply	88,500
D 2052	" "	10,425
D 2053	Domestic water supply	13,000
D 2096	Trade unionist training course	1,685
D 2170	District water supply	2,154
D 2324	" " "	2,350
D 2348	" " "	2,275
D 2362	School of Agriculture	1,710
D 2377	Water supply	8,375
D 2398	Home economics training course	1,850
D 2411	Caribbean vocational training scheme	10,650
D 2483	Public health training centre	125,000
D 2589	Teacher training college	14,265
D 2597	Farm development	1,830
D 2602	Government broadcasting	245
D 2615	Domestic water supply	53,211
D 2616	" " "	10,400
D 2617	" " "	100,500
D 2618	" " "	12,750
D 2619	" " "	1,765
D 2620	" " "	2,125
D 2627	" " "	17,342
D 2636	School teachers' housing	18,695
D 2642	Fertilizer subsidy	32,500
D 2671	Chemical laboratory	2,492
D 2706	Administration course	2,500
D 2717	Provision of minor amenities	4,000
D 2727	Domestic water supply	33,750
D 2735	Home economics training course	45,000
D 2737	Covering of water supply	5,500
		675
		1,975
		2,040
		2,500

APPENDIX A

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
		£ £
D 2747	Domestic water supply	65,250
D 2778	Public health centres	20,250
D 2842	Govt. Technical School, Kingston	52,500
D 2843	Youth corps	35,000
D 2887	Geological survey	115,180
D 2939	Cocoa expansion	294,750
D 3017	Water supplies	100,000
D 3023	Teachers' cottages	8,500
		£7,889,060

2. LOANS

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
		£ £
D 167	Construction of Mona Reservoir	382,000
" A		80,900
" B		2,600
" C		100,000
D 550	Land settlement	15,600
D 618	Hurricane rehousing scheme	100,000
		£681,100

3. RESEARCH SCHEMES

(*Administered by Jamaica*)

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>
		£
R 11	Supply } Fishery survey	3,070
"		197
R 21	Coconut research	5,668
R 23	Geological map	510
R 45	Sugar industry	2,600
R 82	Refrigeration of bananas	12,000
" A		1,000
" B		140
" C		300
" D		90
" E		2,000
" F		725
" G		83
R 93	A: B: C } Psychological research	6,920
"		1,243
R 197 (B)	Banana research	14,934
R 251	Dept. of social and economic research	1,464
" A		1,104
" B		207
R 364	Malaria research	5,550
R 442	Industrial development	2,190

JAMAICA

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>	
		£	£
R 551	Animal nutrition	6,242	
R 564	Coconut and banana diseases	20,492	
R 580	Banana breeding	14,300	
R 653	Nutrition research	3,109	
R 807	Banana breeding	15,118	
		<hr/>	£121,256

4. SCHEMES ADMINISTERED BY S.F.S. (DEVELOPMENT)

<i>Scheme No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Amount</i>	
		£	£
D 499	Scholarship (Economics) London	1,090	
D 817	Scholarship	215	
D 886	Training of Jamaican student	444	
		<hr/>	£1,749

SUMMARY

Total for 'D' Schemes	£8,570,160
„ „ 'R' Schemes	121,256
„ „ S.F.S. Schemes	1,749
	<hr/>
Total C. D. & W. assistance	£8,693,165
	<hr/>

APPENDIX B

Jamaica's Exports

EXPORTS OF BANANAS		EXPORTS OF RUM		EXPORTS OF SUGAR	
	<i>stems</i>		<i>gallons</i>		<i>tons</i>
1938	23,811,337			1938	105,034
1947	5,519,526	1947	2,306,119	1947	100,278
1948	6,095,038	1948	1,869,924	1948	150,251
1949	6,563,378	1949	1,640,864	1949	190,867
1950	5,772,679	1950	2,363,090	1950	218,006
1951	3,701,721	1951	2,131,189	1951	208,686
1952	4,553,899	1952	1,658,399	1952	199,336
1953	10,216,022	1953	944,093	1953	277,053
1954	11,637,250	1954	869,198	1954	324,904
1955	10,896,189	1955	1,245,458	1955	291,719

EXPORTS OF ALUMINA FROM PRODUCTION OF BAUXITE

	<i>tons</i>						
1952	...	(100,271 net dry tons of bauxite mined)					
1953	28,732.4	(99,194	"	"	"	")
1954	106,366.2	(315,683	"	"	"	")
1955	183,968.9	(462,302	"	"	"	")

Percentage of total exports of Bananas, Sugar, Rum, Alumina (Bauxite), Cigars

	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955
Bananas	7.2	19.0	20.6	20.8	19.2	14.4	7.7	10.9	18.7	17.9	15.3
Sugar	39.0	32.2	26.7	32.1	39.0	39.4	38.3	40.7	41.1	36.7	33.1
Rum	16.3	23.0	25.9	18.3	10.9	10.64	9.7	7.2	3.7	2.8	3.0
Bauxite	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2.4	11.3*	10.3*	11.9
Alumina	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9.7	15.5
Cigars	6.2	6.4	9.1	4.5	3.2	3.8	3.8	3.4	1.8	1.3	1.3

* Alumina included

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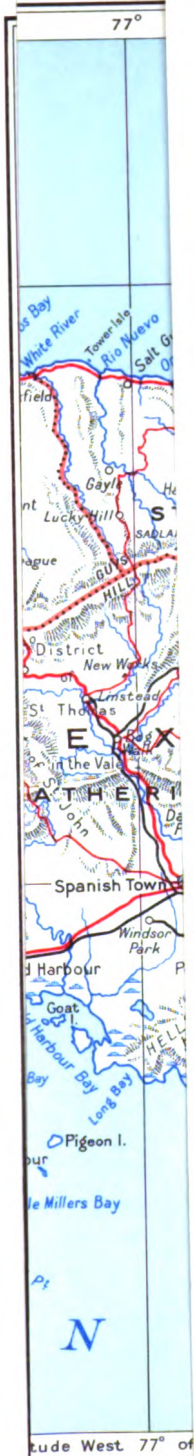
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